

*The Third Volume of  
M. T. Brown's Works*





THE  
THIRD VOLUME  
OF THE  
WORKS  
OF

MR. Thomas Brown,

CONTAINING,

AMUSEMENTS Serious & Comical,

Calculated for the Meridian of *London*.

To which is added,

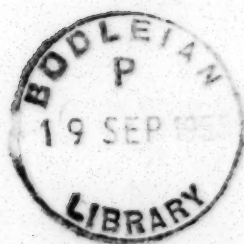
Ten LETTERS, on several Subjects

Together with

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|-------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| His <i>Pocket-book of Common Places</i> .       | His Diverting Letters, <i>Billet-deux</i> , |
| His Walk round <i>London</i> and <i>West-</i>   | both Originals and Translations,            |
| <i>minster</i> , pleasantly exposing the        | to <i>Gentlemen</i> and <i>Ladies</i> .     |
| Vices and Follies of several                    | His Voyage on the <i>Thames</i> ; or,       |
| parts of the <i>Town</i> .                      | the <i>Water-Dialect</i> .                  |
| Letters translated from <i>Aeneas Syl-</i>      | <i>Poems, Translations, Lampoons, and</i>   |
| <i>vius</i> , Poet-Laureat to the Empe-         | <i>Satyrs</i> on several Occasions, in      |
| ror, who was after that created                 | Latin and English.                          |
| Pope, [ <i>Pius II.</i> ] with his <i>Satyr</i> | A Continuation of the <i>Quaker's</i>       |
| on <i>Women</i> of the <i>Town</i> .            | Sermon.                                     |
| A Declamation in Defence of <i>Ga-</i>          | His <i>London</i> and <i>Lacedaemonian</i>  |
| <i>ing</i> , &c. against <i>Drunkenness</i> .   | Oracles, resolving many Nice                |
| The Dispensary; or, The <i>Quacks</i>           | and Curious Questions.                      |
| in Fashion: a Farce, wrote in                   |                                             |
| the Year 1697.                                  |                                             |

The Second Edition.

*London*, Printed for Sam. Briscoe, and Sold by B. Bragg, at  
the Raven in Pater-noster-Row. 1709.



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THE  
BOOKSELLER  
TO THE  
READER.

THE Great Success the *Two Volumes* of Mr. *Brown's* Works, already printed, have met with from the Publick, has encourag'd me to commit this *Third Volume* to the Press. The Town has shew'd an *Earnest Desire* for his Works; and the frequent Demands that have been made on this account, have induc'd me to publish the ensuing Pieces. The *Amusements*, which contain part of *this Volume*, have been printed three several times in a few Years, and now are become so scarce, that a fourth Impression is universally desir'd. The Residue of his Works, which at this time see the Light, were with great Difficulty obtain'd by me, from Mr. *Brown's* near Relations, and some Gentlemen, who set a great and a just Value on his Productions: They contain the *Letters of Aeneas Sylvius*, Poet-Laureat to the Emperour, a Person who afterwards enjoy'd the



## *The Bookseller to the Reader.*

Supreme Dignity of the Popedom, and was himself as Eminent for his *Wit* and *good Sense* as for the *high Performments* he enjoy'd.

'Tis very observable, that all Mr. Brown's Translations were chosen with great Judgment; he had a particular Talent in pitching upon the *best* of Authors and they never appear'd, when *Originals*, so beautiful or engaging as in the Dress he cloath'd 'em. His Learning was Universal, and his Wit agreeable to the *Humors* of all *Polite Nations*, as well as his own. His *London* and *Lacedæmonian Mercuries* gives us Undeniable Instances of his acquir'd Parts and Judgment, by his satisfying such Questions as were propos'd to him with a surprizing Resolution. Nor is the Turn of his *Fancy* less conspicuous in his *Walk round London*: His Remarks on that Subject are not only *entertaining*, but *instructive*; and had he liv'd to have given the *Last Hand* to this and other Pieces, 'tis reasonable to believe (as some discerning Judges have affirm'd) he would not only have equal'd the *Moderns*, but came up to the Spirit and Elegancy of the *An-*

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THE  
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OF THE  
Third Volume  
OF  
Mr. B R O W N's Works.

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A M U S E M E N T I.

*The P R E F A C E.*

**T**H E Title I have confer'd upon my Book, gives me Authority to make as long a Preface as I please; for a long Preface is a true *Amusement*.

However, I have ventur'd to put one here, under the apprehension that it will be very necessary toward the *understanding* of the Book; tho' the generality of Readers are of opinion, that a Preface, instead of setting off the Work, does but expose the Vanity of the Author.

A good General of an Army is less embarrass'd at the head of his Troops, than an ill Writer in

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the Front of his Productions. He knows not in what figure to dress his Countenance: If he puts on a fierce and haughty Look, his Readers think themselves oblig'd to lower his Top-sail, and bring him under their Sterns: If he affects an humble sneaking Posture, they slight and despise him: If he boasts the Excellency of his Subject, they believe not a Syllable of what he says: If he tells 'em there is little or nothing in it, they take him at his Word; and to say *nothing* at all of his Work, is an unsufferable Imposition upon an Author.

I know not what Success these Papers will find in the World; but if any amuse themselves in criticising upon 'em, or reading 'em, my Design is answer'd.

I have given the following Thoughts the name of *Amusements*; you will find 'em Serious or Comical, according to the Humour I was in when I wrote 'em; and they will either *divert, instruct,* or *tire* you, after the Humour you are in when you read 'em.

T'other day one of the imaginary serious Wits, who thought it a weakness in any Man to laugh, seeing a Copy of this Book, at the opening of it, fell into a Passion, and wrinkling up his Nostrils like a heated Stallion that had a Mare in the Wind, said, *The Book was unworthy of the Title, for grave Subjects should be treated with Decorum; and 'twas to profane Serious Matters, to blind 'em with Comical Entertainments. What a Mixture is here,* says he!

This Variety of Colours, said I to my Censurer, appears very natural to me; for if one strictly examines all Mens Actions and Discourses, we shall find that Seriousness and Merriment are near Neighbours, and always live together like Friends, if sullen moody Sots don't set 'em  
at.

at Variance. Every Day shews us, that *Serious Maxims* and *Sober Counsels* often proceed out of the Mouths of the pleasantest Companions, and such as affect to be always grave and musing, are then *more comical* than they think themselves.

My Spark push'd his Remonstrance further: *Are not you asham'd*, continued he, *to print Amusements? Don't you know, that Man was made for Business, and not to sit amusing himself like an Owl in an Ivy-bush?* To which I answer'd after this manner:

The whole Life of Man is but one entire *Amusement*: Virtue only deserves the Name of Business, and none but they that practise it can be truly said to be employ'd, for all the World beside are idle.

One amuses himself by *Ambition*, another by *Interest*, and another by that foolish Passion *Love*. Little Folks amuse themselves in Pleasures, great Men in the acquisition of Glory, and I am amused to think that all this is *nothing but Amusement*.

Once more, the whole Transactions of our Lives are but meer *Amusements*, and Life it self is but an *Amusement* in a continued expectation of Death.

Thus much for Serious Matters; let us now make haste to Pleasantry.

I have a great mind to be in Print; but above all, I would fain be an Original, and that is a true Comical Thought: When all the learned Men in the World are but Translators, is it not a pleasant Jest that you should strive to be an Original! You should have observ'd your Time, and have come into the World with the *ancient Greeks* for that purpose; for the *Latines* themselves are but Copies.

This Discourse has mightily discourag'd me. Is it true then, that there is such an Embargo



laid upon *Invention*, that no Man can produce any thing that is perfectly *new*, and entirely his own? Many Authors, I confess, have told me so: I will enquire further about it, and if Sir *Roger*, Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *D'Urfey* confirm it, then I will believe it.

What need all this Toil and Clutter about Original Authors and Translations? He who Imagines briskly, Thinks justly, and Writes correctly, is an Original in the same things that another had thought before him. The Natural Air and Curious Turn he gives his Translation, and the Application wherewith he graces 'em, is enough to perswade any *Sensible Man*, that he was able to think and perform the same things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an *Advantage* owing to their Birth, rather than to the Excellency of their Parts beyond their Successors.

Some of our Modern Writers, that have built upon the *Foundation* of the *Ancients*, have far excel'd in disguising their Notions, and improving the first Essays, that they have acquir'd more Glory and Reputation than ever was given to the *Original* Authors: Nay, have utterly effaced their Memories.

Those who rob the *Modern Writers* study to hide their Thefts; those who filch from the *Ancients*, account it their Glory. But why the last should be more reproach'd than the former, I can't imagine, since there is more Wit in disguising a Thought of Mr. *Lock's*, than in a lucky *Translation* of a Passage from *Horace*. After all, it must be granted, that the *Genius* of some Men can never be brought to Write correctly in this Age, till they have form'd their Judgments from the Standard of the *Ancients*, and the Delicacy of their Expression from the Variety and Turns of the

the *Moderns*; and I know *no reason* why it should be their Disparagement, to capacitate themselves by these Helps to serve the Publick.

Nothing will please some Men but Books stuf with *Antiquity*, groaning under the weight of Learned Quotations drawn from the *Fountains* And what is all this but Pilfering? But I will neither rob the *Ancient* nor *Modern Books*, but pil-lage all I give you from the Book of the World.

The Book of the World is very *ancient*, and yet always *new*. In all times Men and their Passions have been the Subjects: These Passions were al-ways the same, tho' they have been deliver'd to Posterity in *different manners*, according to the different Constitution of Ages; and in all Ages they are read by every one according to the Cha-racters of their Wit, and the Extent of their Judgment.

Those who are qualified to read and under-stand the Book of the World, may be beneficial to the Publick, in communicating the Fruit of their Studies; but those that have no other knowledg of the World but what they collect from Books, are not fit to give *Instructions* to others.

If the World then is a Book that ought to be read in the *Original*, one may as well compare it to a Country that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without travelling thro' it himself. I began this Journey very young; I al-ways lov'd to make Reflections upon every thing that presented it self to my view; I was amused in making these Reflections: I have amused my self in Writing them; and I wish my Reader may amuse himself in Reading them.

Some will think it another Amusement to find a Book without a Dedication, especially from the Hand which this comes from: For my part, I

give 'em leave to make what Reflections they please, but I can assure 'em this Omission of mine did not happen so much from a Scarcity of *Panegyrick*, as the want of a *Patron*; for I can flatter as well as I could twenty Years since, and still retain the knack of *dignifying* and *distinguishing* such as do not deserve it.

But as the Devil would have it, my L— such a one has been laugh'd into Sence, and has order'd his Porter to say he is not at home to a Poetical Visitant; the D — of — loves to be call'd a *Hero* no where but in the Frontispiece of a Play; and the M — of — civilly returns his *Thanks to the Gentleman for his Present*, but without one piece of Gold to enable him to live up to the Title he compliments him with. The Lady — loses such Sums at Cards, and her good-natur'd Husband is under such apprehension of being ruffled by the P —, and taken a Peg lower, that *Elegies*, I am afraid, must henceforth supply the place of *Dedications*, and Men of my Profession will be more employ'd in writing on the Deaths of the Muses, than making gross Comments on the Lives of those who did not think 'em worth living.

However, I am one of the first of the Suburban Class that has ventur'd out with an Amusement of this bulk, without making application to a Nobleman's Porter, and tiring him out with shewing him his Master's Name. Which Consideration I comfort my self at no small rate with, and if I have sent into the World what may divert the Pleasant, please the Serious, and instruct those that are willing to be advis'd, it's beyond my expectation, and consequently must be an *Amusement* to my self as well as others.



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AMUSEMENT II.

*The Voyage of the World.*

**T**Here is no Amusement so entertaining and advantageous as improving some of our leisure-time in Travelling, and giving a loose to our Souls that have been upon the stretch, by diverting 'em with agreeable Reflections on the *Manners* of the different Countries we journey thro', and the *Constitutions* of the several People, the Places we visit, are furnish'd with. If any Man therefore has an Inclination to divert himself, and sail with me round the Globe, to supervise almost all the Conditions of humane Life, without being infected with the Vanities and Vices that attend such a whimsical Perambulation, let him follow me, who am going to relate it in a Style and Language proper to the variety of the Subject: For, as the *Caprichio* came naturally into my *Pericranium*, and I am fond of what is the product of my Fancy, as a young Woman of the Fruits of her lost Virginity, I am resolv'd to pursue it thro' thick and thin, in order to enlarge my Capacity for a Man of Business.

Where then shall I begin? In the Name of Mischief, what Country will first present it self to my Imagination? *He Bien!* I have hit upon't already: Let's steer for the Court, for that's the Region whose Inhabitants will read us the best Lecture of true Knowledg, and give the most instructive Ideas that the Prospect of the whole World can possibly *Amuse* us with.

*The COURT.*

**T**HE *Court* is a sort of a *πῶς*, an Epitome of what is Universal, and abounds with all the Variety of *Amusements* that humane Occurrences can present us with, or the Mind of Man is capable of receiving. The Air they breath there, is very fine and subtile; only for about three parts and a half of four in the Year 'tis liable to be infected with gross Vapours full of *Flattery* and *Lying*. All the Avenues leading to it are gay, smiling, agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the same point, *Honour* and *Self-interest*. Here *Fortune* keeps her Residence, and seems to expect that we make our Addresses to her, at the bottom of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at first sight, that he might reach the End on't before he could count Twenty; but there are so many By-walks and Alleys to cross, so many turnings and windings to find out, that he is soon convinc'd of his Mistake. 'Tis contriv'd into such an intricate Maze, and obscure manner, that the straitest way is not always the nearest; and indirect Practices and Measures are oft-times very effectual Helps to bring you to your Journeys end, and forward your Designs to reach it. It looks gloriously at a distance, but when you approach it, its Beauty diminishes.

After all the Enquiry I have made about it, I am not able to satisfy your Curiosity, whether the Ground it stands upon be firm and solid. A *Dutch Boor* can as soon out the controverted Article of *Predestination*, or an *English Quaker* prove *Infallibility* from his Wives lying on her Back, as the most *Intelligent Persons* in affairs, that are foreign to the knowledg of it, can discover the

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*Arcana's* of it at first sight. I have seen some New-comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been born there; but quickly found they were in a new World, where the tottering Earth made 'em giddy and stumble: For tho' they knew Good and Evil were equally useful to their Advancement, yet were so confounded to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their Fortunes with, that for want of Understanding only that pretty knack, they made a Journey to Court only to go back again, and report at Home they had the Honour of seeing it. On the other side, I have seen some old Stagers walk upon Court-ground as gingerly as upon Ice or a Quagmire, and with all the Precaution and Fear imaginable, lest they should fall from a great Fortune by the same Defects that rais'd 'em; and not without cause, for the *Ground* is hard in some places, and sinks in others; but all People covet to get upon the highest spot, to which there is no coming but by one Passage, and that is so narrow, that no Ambitious Pretender can keep the way, without justling other People down with his Elbows: And the further mischief on't is, that those that keep their Feet will not help up those that are fallen, but make use of the same Methods as are in practice amongst a certain Community of Birds, (Heavens forbid I should say *Canary*) that expel the Lame and Wounded from their Society, and are no manner of Company for those that are helpless, while they are still clapping their Wings in defence of those who have no occasion for it, and permit every Privilege to those of their feather'd Acquaintance who have the least need of Assistance.

*Stout should his Heart, and thoughtful be his Head,  
That would in slippery Paths with Judgment tread,  
And*



*And tempt the Dangers which on Courts attend,  
A smiling En'my, and a treach'rous Friend,  
As he of great Preferments waits the Call,  
Certain to slip, and almost sure to fall.*

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country are very surprizing; for he takes the longest way about that keeps the old Tract of Honesty and true Merit; for where the Address of some does not help to make the Fortune of others, immediately to eclipse his Desert, Calumny raises the thickest Clouds, Envy the blackest Vapours, and the Candidate is lost in the Fog of Competitors, and must hide himself behind a Favourite's Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for: So that Virtue is no longer Virtue, nor Vice Vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular Interests.

A profess'd Courtier, tho' he never aims at the *Peace of God*, is past any Man's *understanding*, and if he does Good, it may be wholly attributed to *Chance*; if Evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but *Design*. He that holds him by the hand, is in the same condition with him that has a wet Eel by the Tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him, but you have lost him, and he slips thro' your Fingers with the same swiftness as he dismisses you from his Memory, after a thousand Promises of *never forgetting you*.

If *Familiarity breeds Contempt*, he ought to be the most despicable Creature living, for *My dear Friend* is the first Title you go by, tho' he never saw you before that minute, and *the next time you visit me, I shall have nothing to do but to give you Joy of the possession of what you are now asking me for*, is the Dialect you understand him by, when if you understood him as you ought, you would never lose your time in making Addresses to him.

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Would you know what Religion he is of, you must enquire of his Prince, for he is the fittest Person to resolve the Question, provided he can give an account of his *own*: But have you a desire to be inform'd what Good he has done for his Country? To deal ingenuously with you, follow my Advice, and ask no body, for no man living can tell you. Other Mens Sins *stare 'em in their Faces*, but these Gentlemens Guilt rides behind 'em, and may be distinguish'd by the multitude of their Liveries. If you offer to present one of 'em, *He must be excus'd, he dare not accept of it, it's Bribery, &c.* But his Man calls you aside, tells you the Business shall be done, gives the Law a milder Interpretation, and telling over the Guinea's, has a round Sum of his Master for his pains, and is sent out of the way, to prevent the detection of such unwarrantable Proceedings.

But tho' the Courtiers seem to tend *one and all* to the same Centre, and Honour and Interest are what their Wishes and Endeavours terminate in, there are different Species among 'em, as they have rais'd themselves by different ways.

Observe that old starch'd Fop there; his Hat and Peruke continue to have as little acquaintance together as they had in the Year 65. You would take him for a Taylor by his Mein, but he is another sort of an Animal, I assure you, a *Courtier, a Politician*, the most *unintelligible thing* now in being. Ask him his Profession, and you'll puzzle him with the Enquiry, for he has run thro' the whole Circle of Employments, and never has been Master of one grain of Honesty since his admission into either. *Transubstantiation, Non-resistance, and Predestination* have *vice versa* been Articles of his Creed; and he is so well provided with Distinctions, that he can prove Infidelity to his Prince to be an Act of Service to his Coun-

Country, and that the only way to preserve the *Protestant Religion*, is for such as he to abjure it. Of all Trades that are necessary to set up an Antiquated Beau, his *Haberdasher* loses the least by him, for he wears no Hat otherwise than under his Arm, lest his Brains should be overheated, and his Head be rendred not cool enough for him to over-reach his Master with. In short, he is *Divisibile in infinitum*, and you may as soon square the Circle, as reduce the several Branches of the matters of Fact he may be charg'd with under one single Head. Your puny unexperienc'd Courtier fears every thing, but his Gentleman is skilful in matters of Change, and so well read in the Vicissitudes of sublunary things, that he disdains the Reproaches of the Subject, and being wrapt up in the Protection of his Prince, seems apprehensive of nothing, till a Vote of Parliament flings him behind the Curtain, and makes him play at Bo-peep with Politicks: at which Diversion we will leave him, to take a prospect of yonder gay thing, that basks himself in his Sovereign's smiles, and has elbow'd out as good a Man, and as well descended as himself, from his Master's Intimacy. He wears much such another habit on his Shoulders as he formerly carried upon his Arm, and as an instance of his Conquests the last War in the *Netherlands*, has six as good *Flanders* Mares to his Coach as *English* Money could purchase. Some are apt to blame him for making use of a Coat of Arms on it, and maliciously try their Wits in making Enquiries how much Money was paid the Herauld for the Purchase of it, but I must have more Manners, since he's a *Great Man*, and there's no reason to suspect him for any other than a *Wise One*, for keeping his ground where the generality of the same Profession lose theirs. He has had as many Estates

as



as any *English* P---- of 'em all, yet it is endued with that *Fore-cast*, as not to have a foot of Land in a place where one day his Title may be call'd in question; and as for the *Dirty Acres*, like Sir *Joseph* in Mr. *Congreve's Old Batchelor*, he has wash'd his Hands of 'em, but in another manner, for he has sufficiently daub'd 'em with fingering what he receiv'd in exchange for 'em. In short, his *Mansion-house* is not in this World, i. e. in the Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, tho' his *Abiding-place* is; and there is such a great *Gulph* between his Possessions, and ours, that a *Resumption Act* has as little regard with him as that against *Immorality* and *Prophaneness*.

But as this Gentleman has work'd himself in- to favour by his good Looks and Deportment, so it will not be amiss to take a View of that superannuated Sinner there, who has had other Qualifications to recommend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's a brave thing to be a G—l Offi--r, without bearing the Fatigues of a Camp, and there's nothing like being paid for a Regiment of *Red Locusts*, without running the hazard of bearing 'em company amongst the Desolations of War and Famine. It's the happiest and most contented state imaginable, to see the resemblance of Battels without the danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the *Artillery* roar by Days without any apprehensions of being frightened from *flushing in the Pan* at Night with one's Mistress. As for my part, if it were allow'd me to chuse my conditions of Life, I should assuredly pitch on such a one as this; only if it was my fortune to have his Bedfellow, I should desire to be without his Age: And in this Wish Madam ——— would not refuse to joyn with me, if Report speaks true of her, as grey Hairs seem to demonstrate in relation to him.

I could

I could pursue my Discourse in the Character of that B—— that has a Pendulum on his Neck, as if he mov'd by *Mechanism*, but, poor honest indefatigable Pains-taker, he has so mortified himself with Fasting and Praying, that the *Translation-Bill* may not pass, that it would be a piece of Cruelty to triumph over his Imperfections, tho' the World is apt to censure him for taking another Man's House over his Head, and bespeaking the possession of it before the Tenant, for Life, is dead. A multitude of Observations might also be made on others that inhabit in this slippery Tenement, but as the City is more Peopled than the Court, and consequently must have a greater number of *Amusements*, we must reserve a greater space for Remarks on it, since there is Matter enough to employ us, should we take up the whole duration of Time, and bespeak *Eternity* for a Life that is equal to it.

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### A M U S E M E N T III. L O N D O N.

**L**ondon is a World by it self; we daily discover in it more new Countries and surprising Singularities than in all the Universe besides. There are among the *Londoners* so many Nations differing in *Manners*, *Customs*, and *Religions*, that the *Inhabitants* themselves don't know a quarter of 'em. Imagine then what an *Indian* would think of such a motly Herd of People, and what a diverting Amusement it would be to him to examine with a Traveller's Eye all the remarkable things of this mighty City. A Whimsy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me: No doubt but his

his odd and fantastical Idea's will furnish me with *Variety*, and perhaps with *Diversiſion*.

Thus I am reſolv'd to take upon me the *Genius* of an *Indian*, who has had the Curioſity to travel hither among us, and who had never ſeen any thing like what he ſees in *London*. We ſhall ſee how he will be amaz'd at certain things, which the prejudice of Cuſtom makes to ſeem reaſonable and natural to us.

To diverſifie the ſtile of my Narration, I will ſometimes make my Traveller ſpeak, and ſometimes I will take up the Diſcourſe my ſelf. I will repreſent to my ſelf the abſtracted Ideas of an *Indian*, and I will likewise repreſent ours to him. In ſhort, taking it for granted, that we two underſtand each other by half a word, I will ſet both *his* and *my Imagination* on the ramble. Thoſe that won't take the pains to follow us, may ſtay where they are, and ſpare themſelves the trouble of reading further in the Book ; but they that are minded to amuſe themſelves, ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few moments.

I will therefore ſuppoſe this *Indian* of mine dropt prependicularly from the Clouds, and finds himſelf all on a ſudden in the miſt of this prodigious and noiſy City, where Repoſe and Silence dare ſcarce ſhew their Heads in the darkeſt Night. At firſt daſh the confus'd Clamours near *Temple-bar* ſtun him, fright him, and make him giddy.

He ſees an infinite number of different *Machines*, all in violent motion, ſome *riding* on the top, ſome within, others behind, and *Jehu* in the Coach-box, whirling ſome *dignified Villain* towards the *Devil*, who has got an Eſtate by cheating the Publick. He lolls at full ſtretch within, and half a dozen brawny Bulk-begotten *Footmen* behind.

In



In that dark Shop there, several Mysteries of *Iniquity* have seen *Light*, and it's a sign our Saviour's Example is little regarded, since the Money-changers are suffer'd to live so near the *Temple*. T'other side of the Way directs you to a House of a more sweet-smelling savour than its Owner's Conscience, and you can no sooner prepare your self to make water near his back Window, but you shall have an *obliging* Female look thro' her Fingers to take the dimensions of the Pipe that emits it. Here stands a Shopkeeper who has not Soul enough to wear a Beaver Hat, with the Key of his Small Beer in his Pocket; and not far from him a stingy Trader who has no Small Beer to have a Key to. One side of the Way points you out a Bookseller turn'd Quack, with his *Elixirs* and *Gallipots* ready to poyson old *Galen*, and the rest of his Wormeaten Men of Physick's Works, which have taken no other Air than what blows upon his Stall, since they unhappily fell into his hands; and t'other directs you to a *Divinity-monger*, who, to the D--- of St. P-----'s immortal Credit, is ready to attest, that there is one *living* that has got Money by him, and can prove any Man's Opinion to be heterodox, and inconsistent with that of the *Christian Church*, if he believes otherwise.

Some Carry, others are Carried: *Make way there*, says a gouty-leg'd Chairman, that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a *Morning's-Exercise*; or a *Bartholomew-Baby Beau*, newly launch'd out of a Chocolate-house, with his Pockes as empty as his Brains. *Make room there*, says another Fellow driving a Wheel-borrow of Nuts, that spoil the Lungs of the City Prentices, and make them wheze over *their Mistrisses*, as bad as the phlegmatick Cuckolds *their Masters* do when call'd to *Family Duty*. One draws, another drives. *Stand*

up there you blind Dog, says a Carman, will you have the Cart squeeze your Guts out? One Tinker knocks, another bauls, Have you Brass Pot, Iron Pot, Kettle, Skillet, or a Frying-pan to mend? Whilst another Son of a Whore yelps louder than Homer's Stentor, Two a groat, and Four for six-pence Mackerel. One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and howls out, Buy my Flounders, and is follow'd by an old burly Drab, that screams out the sale of her *Mades* and her *Soul* at the same instant.

Here a footy Chimney-sweeper takes the Wall of a grave *Alderman*, and a *Broom-man* justles the *Parson* of the Parish. There a fat greasie *Porter* runs a Trunk full-butt upon you, while another salutes your Antlers with a Flasket of Eggs and Butter. Turn out there you Country Putt, says a Bully with a Sword two yards long jarring at his heels, and throws him into the Kennel. By and by comes a *Christning*, with the *Reader* screwing up his Mouth to deliver the Service *a-la-mode de Paris*, and afterwards talks immoderately nice and dull with the Gossips, and the *Midwife* strutting in the Front, and young Original Sin as fine as Fippence, follow'd with the Vocal Musick of *Kitchen-stuff* ha' you Maids, and a damn'd *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to see a Calf with six Legs and a Topknot. There goes a Funeral with the Men of *Rosemary* after it, licking their Lips after three hits of White, Sack and Claret at the House of Mourning, and the *Sexton* walking before, as big and bluff as a *Beef-eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* scampers for't as fast as his Legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of *Bandog Bailiffs*, with open Mouths ready to devour him and all the Nine Muses: And there an *Evidence* ready to spue up his false Oaths at the sight of the common Executioner.

We were jogging forward into the City, when our *Indian* cast his Eye upon one of his own Complexion, at a certain Coffee-house which has the *Sun* staring its Sign in the face, even at *Midnight* when the Moon is Queen Regent of the Planets, and being willing to be acquainted with his Country-man, gravely enquir'd what Province or Kingdom of *India* he belong'd to; but the footy Dog could do nothing but Grin, and shew his Teeth, and cry, *Coffee, Sir, Tea, will you please to walk in, Sir, a fresh Pot upon my word.* Wherefore to rest our selves a little, and recover our Ears from the deafness which the confus'd Noise of the Street had occasion'd in 'em, we follow'd; and at the Entrance of the Room, according to ancient Custom, saluted the handsom Woman at the Bar with our Hats, and took our Seats. But we had no sooner plac'd our selves, when a Gentleman whose Sword was in Mourning for his extravagance, and whose Whig had out-liv'd every such thing as a Curl in it, came and fate down by us, and perceiving us to be Strangers, under pretext of Civility, accosted us with Discourses relating to the Town, &c. The *Indian*, for his part, hearken'd to him very attentively; but I who had been accustom'd to such sort of Pensioners took him aside, and told him I had heard the Story of *Sir John* several times, that the *Indian* was a Person of Philosophy, &c. however he might call for a Dish of Coffee or two, they were at his service, provided he would spare the repetition of his *Legend* to us, at a time when there were so many young Fops that had both leisure and inclination enough to believe every word he said, and would probably give him a Dinner for his pains.

We were no sooner got rid of our Impertinent, but had a hurry of Objects, whose every individual



dual was worthy our strictest observation: Parsons, Lawyers, Apothecaries, Projectors, Excisemen, Organists, Picturesellers, Fiddlers and Bailiffs, were the several Ingredients this Miscellany of Mortality was compos'd of, and it was extremely pleasant to take notice of a certain *Mechanick*, who mov'd like Clock-work, a dandling another *Man's* Children, and as fond of 'em as if they were his *own*. But what call'd for our particular observation, was a certain Triumvirate of Persons who are always fond of a *particular* place, and are as constantly to be seen sitting on the Bench near the Fire, as a certain Church-Warden of *St. B---* in the same Street is giving Audience in his Shop amongst *Old Jack Philips's* merry Politicks, to Beadles, and other Underlings of the Parish, from Eight to Ten in the Morning, in his Night-Cap. These Gentlemen, with very *cogitabund* Aspects, made up the three degrees of comparison amongst 'em. The least of 'em, to give the Company a tincture of his exemplary Sobriety, cry'd, *I'm the most abstemious Man in the World*; the middlemost for his part, as he had nothing in him, so he pretended to emit nothing from him, but contented himself with the name of an humble Auditor; but the tallest, like the Son of *Kish*, having found his two *Asses*, manag'd 'em accordingly,: As he was singular in the position of his Hat, so he held Opinions contrary to the rest of the World, and he was grown so *scabbed* with the *Itch* of disputing, that for the sake of shewing his Parts, the worst of Persuasions were as Orthodox with him as the best. Sometimes he argu'd on the side of Popery, because it tolerated Pictures, another time *Geneva* was a blessed Place, on account of its Inhabitants not regarding 'em, whence he deduc'd this lucky inference, that a Man who sold 'em again

might buy 'em cheap there. Whatever the Doctrine was, Int'rest was the Application, and *Oliver Cromwell's* Picture was in more esteem with him than *Charles the Martyr's*, if it bore a higher price. This worthy Person also desir'd to be amongst the number of the *Abstemious*, and knew the method prime well of talking Three Hours for a penny-worth of Tea; but that Man that cannot abstain from *Flesh in Lent*, is like to pass undistinguish'd from the rest of his fellow Creatures, whose Failings he's so apt to take notice of.

So many Contradictions fell from the mouth of this *would be an Oracle*, with his Hat button'd behind, that the judicious *Indian* was in haste to be gone to a Place where he might have more instructive discourse, wherefore we left him and his *abstemious* Comrades, and taking our leave of Smoke, Noise and Nonsense, made the best of our way down the *Exchange*, without making any other Observations than that there were more *Monthly* Collections in one Shop than would be sold in a *twelve Month*, and malice and ill-nature in the Owner of another, than he could disperse amongst his Neighbours, should he live to the next Year of Jubilee.

As our way to the great Cathedral lay down Street, so we forbore going to see the Place where *Peter's* Wife formerly stood, to pay a Visit to what was consecrated to *Paul*. Tho' there are People of some Persuasions that don't stick to say one *Temple* is full as Edifying as the other, and many Women entertain those very thoughts of Elopement at Church, which they after put in practice at Taverns. But businesses of this nature are grown so frequent in this City, that in a short time we shall sooner admire at the Continency of a Married Woman, than her want of it; and since there is no other Punishment than for 'em  
to

to be depriv'd by Act of Parliament of the Company they fled from, in all probability we shall, in a short time, have more Horns of our growth here, than are to be found in the *New Forrest*.

After a happy deliverance from the brawling consort of Fish-women, and those that sell Puddings and Pyes on *Fleet-Bridge*, and our Passage by good King *Lud*, and his two Sons, where the poor Citizens are confin'd, and starve amidst Copies of their Freedom, we enter'd in the *Strait Gate*, which is Westward of that noble Edifice, and leads us into those Paths which, as our Religion teaches us, tend to Salvation. The multitude of Work-men, the Bulk of the Stones, and the prodigious circumference of the Pillars, amaz'd my Companion to such a degree, that could we have met Sir *Christopher Wren*, he would have paid him that Act of Adoration the Place was built for an Infinite Being to receive. He look'd upon the labour that was spent in building the *Chinese Wall* to be nothing to it, &c. however, after he was recovered from his wonder, he could not but observe from the smallness of the Windows, that the Builder was no Enthusiast, and had no Intention to make any great Boasts of the *Light within*.

He agreed the Choir was very magnificent, the Iron-work exquisitely fram'd, and nothing could be more agreeable than the Organ, but having met with very little that look'd like Religion before, since his arrival in these parts, he seem'd inquisitive in relation to the numerous Congregation, and reasons that brought 'em together. When I return'd for Answer, These dark Souls in *white* Garments here come for the sake of their Salaries, and are *hir'd* to ask Blessings for *themselves*; those Gentlemen that know nothing of the matter, and carry all their Devotion in their Eyes and Ears, are Strangers, and *come in only to go out again*; and those Ladies that look thro' their Fingers while the Service



is *Singing*, had never been here but for the sake of the *Musick* and *Long Perukes*.

This sort of Devotion was a new manner of Worship, to a Person who was born in a Country where they were such Bigots to the Profession they were Educated in, and he express'd his dislike of it in Terms which bore a suitable abhorrence of such unjustifiable Proceedings. Wherefore we turn'd our backs on Bishop *Overall's* tall meagre Disciple, and staying to see him take his Wife, alias his *Reasons*, in his hand after the Service was done, and bad Adieu to the Residentiary's Stalls, whose Owners made a *Sine Cure* of 400 l. per *Annum*; while *H---ll* was stretching his Lungs in order to maintain a long white Wig, and a Hackney Coach, and the worthy Subdean was chanting forth such deep Strains, as made it appear to the Female Audience, that tho' he had not a *Chamber-Voice*, his Quail-Pipe shewed him excellently well qualify'd for Chamber-practice. But before we got out of this venerable Dome, I chanc'd to hammer out the following Stanza's, in relation to the rebuilding it:

*This Fabrick which at first was built,  
To be God's House of Pray'r,  
And not to pamper Priests in Guilt,  
Or hold a sleeping Mayor;  
Once perish'd by the vengeful Flame,  
Which all its Beauties raz'd,  
Nor could its awful Patron's Name,  
Protect the Pile it grac'd.  
But as it fell before, by Fire,  
Which then destroy'd it whole,  
So now to Heav'n its Hights aspire,  
And rise again by Coal.*

Our direct Way to the great place of Noise and Tumult the *Royal Exchange*, lying down *Cheapside*, we forbore paying a Visit to the Booksellers in the Church-Yard, but left one rich old Curmudgeon walking about his Shop in Vindication of a *Perpe-*

*tual Motion*, that having got by the Priesthood to shew his Gratitude, was perpetually cloath'd like a Parish Clerk ; another sitting behind his Compter with multitudes of Reams of Divinity Wast-Papers about him, in expectation of some Clergyman or other, whom he had lost by, to take a hearty Glass with ; and a third a tearing those Calculations of gain in a Fury which he had made, and assur'd himself of before *Dampier's* last unsuccessful Voyage, to hasten our Arrival at that Fabrick, where Mankind seems to be Epitomiz'd, and the different Tempers of Humanity in its several Species tend to one Center, *viz.* Self-interest, which is accounted the *Summum Bonum*.

But as *Cheapside* is a Street well furnish'd with matter for Observation, and the Shopkeepers stand here on purpose to be taken notice of, so it may possibly be look'd upon as an indecency offer'd to their Employments, to pass by 'em without a Compliment, or an Harrangue upon their Characters ; for they are the fondest People living of being made Publick, and rather than not be *known* at all, would be known for what *they are*. However I must *husband* my observations at this time, and since a more Convenient opportunity will offer it self hereafter, shall only take notice, that my *Indian*, whether out of the several indigested Ideas he had receiv'd from the diversity of Objects he met with, or a sort of a surprize that had laid hold of him, at the sight of the Chimney-sweepers at the Conduit, that look'd so much like his own Country-men, was taken sick in an Instant, and I was forc'd to carry him to a Neighbouring Physician, whom some have falsly aspers'd with the name of a *Horse-Doctor*, because he lives so near their *Furniture Office*.

The Worshipful Graduate in the noble Art of Man-slaughter, receiv'd us with a Civility that was peculiar to him at the sight of four Half-Crowns, and tho' he had made a *Sine Cure* of most of his other

tients, recover'd him from his Indisposition in an Instant. But as the Doctor's Voluminous Works made no ordinary Figure amongst the Refuse of the Learned in *Duck-Lane*, or those redoubted Authors that take the benefit of the Air upon the Rails in *More-fields*, so the Method he made use of towards his Recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a word, we were no sooner enter'd into his Consultation-Room, but the Physician in ordinary made his appearance with two large Folio's in his hands, and having ask'd me the nature of my Friend's Distemper, (for he was not then capable of giving him an Account of it himself) and made some enquiry, with his Fingers, in relation to the Beating of the Pulse, he open'd the *tremendous* Page by way of Exorcism, and fell a Reading one of the Descriptions of Prince *A-----r's* Battels so pathetically, that the very Noise of the Words awaken'd the modest *Indian* out of his Lithargy, and by way of Sympathy recover'd him from one Fright, by putting him into another.

For Heaven's sake, said the Patient, my dear Friend, where are we, or what Language does that honest Gentleman there make use of, that rattles so mightily in the Throat, and confounds a Man's Understanding by endeavouring to improve it? This is one of our *English* Doctors, cry'd I, that having *Murdred* the People, is for extirpating the *Language*, and falling foul upon every individual Syllable that composes the Vocabulary. He's a Poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes Verses in his own Coach too; he tells a Story admirably well in a Coffee-house, if Apothecaries and Surgeons are Judges, and has been some time since made a Fool of at Court, if there are any wise Men there. In short, he has been dignify'd with a Title for making a King of a Prince, and whatever you do, you must use him as the Great ones have done, that is, flatter him, and tell him he's the best Man at *Heroicks* in the  
pre-



present Age, or he'll dismiss you with a Pill to rectify your Judgment, that shall send you to a Place where a great many bold *Tell-truths* are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or sit within ten Yards of him, upone Pair of Stairs at *Garraway's* Coffee-house, you must cry, *Sir R—, your Paraphrase upon Job outdoes your Ar——s*, but for your own dear Health's sake, don't say in Dulness. This thought put me in mind of some Verses a Friend of mine wrote some time since on that inimitable Undertaking, which for the Novelty of the Expression, and the Odness of Thought, I judg'd proper to communicate, as follows ;

*When Job contending with the Devil I saw,  
It did my Wonder, but not Pity draw :  
For I concluded, that without some Trick,  
A Saint at any time could match Old Nick.  
Next, came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,  
I mean his Spouse, and stun'd him with her Clack ;  
But still I could not pity him, as knowing  
A Crab-tree Cudgel soon would send her going.*

*But when the Quack engag'd with Job I spy'd,  
The Lord have Mercy on poor Job, I cry'd.  
What Spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,  
The Quack will compass with his Murd'ring Pen,  
And on a Dunghil leave poor Job agen.  
With Impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,  
And make the Saint against his Will blaspheme.*

From hence we made towards the *Royal Exchange*, and, between *Sadlers-Hall* and *Woodstreet*, met a Friend of mine that deals in Linnen, standing at a Shopdoor, and having occasion for his acquaintance, in Order to take up some Shirts and Hankerchiefs which Men under Poetical circumstances generally stand in need of, I struck into discourse with him, but the first thing, as ill-luck would have it, I cast  
my

my eyes on, was an Inscription in several Places of the Shop, which made me almost as mute as a Fish, and was, *No trust upon Retail*. However, I reflected to my self, that this Caveat did not exclude those that would tick upon *Wholesale*. Wherefore rather than not be a Customer, I propos'd to take up several whole Pieces by way of credit, but the Cream of the Jest was, the Man knew his Trade, as also that which I had made profession of, so that I was never the farther from continuing shirtless from the Proposal. We were now almost come to *Woodstreet Corner*, when I bethought my self it was more advisable to go on the other side of the street, than to endanger my Corps by coming within reach of the *Men-eaters*, that stood not far off *seeking whom they might devour*, and desir'd the *Indian* to cross over the way, which he did accordingly. Avoid that Turning, said I, if you would have me for your Companion, for it's a place of no security for a Man who has made as much use of the Publick Faith as I have. Those Fellows, that give their attendance a little below, at the Prison Gate, I must be plain with you, are no Company for Poets, I have been too lately under their Clutches to desire any more dealings with 'em; and I cannot come within a Furlong of the *Rose Spunging-House* without Five or Six Yellow Boys in my Pockets to cast out those Devils there, who would otherwise infallibly take Possession of me. With that, I told him how I had once (on account of damn'd *Noverint Universi's*, and other Heretical Papers, as Notes under my Hand, &c.) been confin'd there, that being without hopes of Release, I had put Pen to Paper and written my own Elegy, which being too long to be repeated, I satisfied his Curiosity in some part, by the rehearsal of the following Epitaph, which was the close of it,

*Reader, beneath this Turf I lye,*

*And hold my self content,*

*Piss, if you please, pray what care I,*

*Since now my Life is spent :*

*A*

*A Marble Stone indeed might keep  
 My Body from the Weather,  
 And gather People as I sleep  
 And call more Fools together :  
 But hadst thou been from whence I came,  
 Thou dst never mince the matter,  
 But shew thy Sentiments the same,  
 And hate Stone-Doublets after.  
 I'm dead, and that's enough t' acquaint  
 A Man of any Sence,  
 That if he's looking for a Saint,  
 He must go farther hence,  
 Between two Roses down I fell,  
 As 'twixt two Stools a Platter ;  
 One held me up exceeding well  
 T'other did no such matter :  
 The Rose by Temple-Bar gave Wine,  
 Exchang'd for Chalk and fill'd me,  
 But being for the Ready Coin,  
 The Rose in Wood-street kill'd me.*

My Companion was pleas'd to see me so merry under my Affliction, but being of a *genius* altogether full of Speculation, diverted the Discourse to more material enquiries in relation to Trade, which he saw was the whole Business of our Citizens.

While I behold this Town of *London*, said our Contemplative Traveller, I fancy I behold a Prodigious Animal. The Streets are as so many *Veins*, wherein the People Circulate. With what Hurry and Swiftneſs is the Circulation of *London* perform'd ? You behold, cry'd I to him, the Circulation that is made in the Heart of *London*, but it moves more briskly in the Blood of the *Citizens*, they are always in Motion and Activity. Their Actions succeed one another with so much Rapidity, that they begin a Thousand Things before they have finish'd one, and finish a thousand others before they may properly be said to have begun them.

They are equally incapable both of Attention  
 and



and Patience, and tho' nothing is more quick than the Effects of Hearing and Seeing, yet they don't allow themselves time either to Hear or See ; but like Moles, work in the Dark, and Undermine one another.

All their Study and Labour is either about Profit, or Pleasure ; and they have Schools for the Education of their Stalking-Horse, which they call *Apprentices* in the Mystery of *Trade*. A Term unintelligible to Foreigners, and which none truly understand the Meaning of, but those that practice it. Some call it *Over-writing those they deal with*, but that is generally denied as a Heterodox Definition ; for Wit was never counted a *London* Commodity, unless among their Wives, and other City Sinners ; and if you search all the Warehouses and Shops, from *White-chapel* Bars to *St. Clement's*, if it were to save a Mans Life, or a Womans Honesty, you cannot find one Farthing-worth of *Wit* among them.

Some derive this Heathenish Word *Trade* from an *Hebrew* Original, and call it *Over-reaching*, but the *Jews* deny it, and say the Name and Thing is wholly *Christian* ; and for this Interpretation quote the Authority of a *London Alderman*, who sold a *Jew* five Fatts of Right-handed Gloves without any Fellows to them, and afterwards made him purchase the Left-handed ones to match them, at double the Value.

Some call *Trade* *Honest Gain*, and to make it more palatable, have lacker'd it with the Name of *Godliness* ; and hence it comes to pass, that the Generality of *Londoners* are counted such Eminent Professors ; but of all Gueffers, he comes nearest the Mark that said, Trade was playing a Game at *Losing Loadum*, or dropping *Fools* Pence into *Knaves* Pockets, till the *Sellers* were Rich, and the *Buyers* were Bankrupts.

That Magnificent Building there, which stands in the middle of *London*, is for the Accommodation  
of

of the *Lady Trade*, and her Heirs and Successors for ever, and is so full of Amusements about Twelve a Clock every Day, that one would think all the World was converted into News-mongers and Intelligencers; for that's the first Salutation among all Man-kind that frequent that Place: What News from *Scanderoon* and *Aleppo*? says the *Turkey Merchant*. What Price bears Currants at *Zant*? Apes at *Tunis*? Religion at *Rome*? Cutting a Throat at *Naples*? Whores at *Venice*? And the Cure of a Clap at *Padua*?

What News of such a Ship? says the *Insurer*. Is there any hope of her being Cast away, says the *Adventurer*, for I have Insur'd more by a Thousand Pounds than I have in her? So have I through Mercy, says a second, and therefore let's leave a Letter of Advice for the Master at the New Light-House at *Plimouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Goodwin-Sands*, and give us Advice of it from *Deal*, or *Canterbury*, and he shall have another Ship for his Faithful Service as soon as he comes to *London*.

I have a Bill upon you, Brother, says one *Alderman* to another. Go Home, Brother, says the other, and if Money and my Man be Absent, let my Wife pay you out of her *Privy-Purse*, as your *Good Wife* lately Paid a Bill at Sight for me, I thank her Ladyship.

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a Parcel of excellent Log-wood, Block-tin, Spiders Brains, Philosophers Guts, *Don Quixot's* Windmills, Hens-Teeth, Ell-Broad Pack-Thread, and the Quintessence of the Blue of Plumbs. Go you Puppy, you are fit to be a Broker, and don't know that the *Greshamites* buy up all these Rarities by Wholesale all the Year, and Retail them out to the Society every first of *April*.

Hah, Old Acquaintance! *Touch Flesh*: I have been seeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a pressing Occasion for some Seeds of Sedition, *Jacobite Rue*,  
and

and *Whig Herb of Grace*, Can't furnish me? Indeed Iau, no; faith the Merchant, I have just parted with them to the several Coffee-houses about the Town, where the respective Merchants meet that Trade in those Commodities; but if you want but a small Parcel, you may be supplied by Mrs *Bald—n*, or *Da—y*, and his Son-in-Law *Bell and Clapper*, and most Booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little Mr. ——— I have a Word in private to you. If you know any of our *Whig* Friends that have occasion for any Stanch Votes for the Choice of Mayors or Sheriffs, that were Calculated for the Meridian of *London*, but will serve indifferently for any City or Corporation in *Europe*, our Friend Mr. *Pats—l* has abundance that lie upon his Hands, and will be glad to dispose of them a good Penny-worth. Enough, said the other, They are no Winters Traffick, for tho' Mayors and Woodcocks come in about *Michaelmas*, they don't lay Springes for Sheriffs till about Midsummer, and then we'll talk with him about those weighty Matters.

There stalks a Sergeant and his Mace, smelling at the Merchants Backsides, like a Hungry Dog for a Dinner.

There Walks a Publick *Notary* tied to an Ink-horn, like an Ape to a Clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek Commodities, Bills of Store, and Charter Parties.

That wheefing sickly Shew, with his Breeches full of the Prices of Male and Female Commodities, Projects, Complaints, and all Mismanagements from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, is the *Devil's Broker*, and may be spoken withalevery *Sunday* from eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, at the *Quakers Meeting*, to his Lodging, and not after; for the rest of his time on that Day he employs in adjusting his Accompts, and playing at *Back-gammon* with his Principal. There goes a *Rat-catcher* in state, brandishing



dilshing his Banner like a Blackamoor in a Pageant on the Execution-day of Roast-Beef, greasie Geese, and Custards. And there sneaks a Hunger-starv'd Usurer of a Drugster, in quest of a crazy Citizen for Use or Continuance-money, whom the other shuns as carefully as a Serjeant, and avoids with as much Industry as he does making up his Accounts with God Almighty.

Now say I to my *Indian*, Is not all this *Hodg-podg* a pleasant Confusion, and a perfect Amusement? The astonish'd Traveller replied, Without doubt the indigested *Chaos* was but an imperfect Representation of this congregated Huddle. But what most amuses my Understanding is, to hear 'em speak all Languages, and talk of nothing but *trucking* and *bartering*, *buying* and *selling*, *borrowing* and *lending*, *paying* and *receiving*; and yet I see nothing they have to dispose of, unless those that have 'em sell their Gold Chains, the Brasiers their Leathern Aprons, the young Merchants their Swords, or the old ones their Canes and Oaken Plants, that support their feeble Carcases. That *Doubt*, quoth I to my inquisitive *Indian*, is easily solv'd, for tho' their grosser Wares are at home in their Storehouses, they have many things of value to truck for, which they always carry about 'em; as, *Justice* for *fat Capons*, to be deliver'd before Dinner; a *Reprieve* from the Whipping-post for a *dozen Bottles of Claret* to drink after it; *Licenses* to sell Ale for a *Hogshead of Stout* to his Worship; and *Leave* to keep a Coffee-house, for a *Cask of Cold Tea* to his Lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the Walks where you shall find the Merchants that will furnish you. Would you buy the *Common Hunt*, the *Common Cryers*, the *Bridge-master's*, or the *Keeper of Newgate's* Places? Stay till they fall, and a Gold Chain and great Horse will direct you to the Proprietors. Would you buy any Naked Truth, or Light in a dark Lanthorn? Look in the *Wet-Quaker's* Walk. Have you

occa-

occasion for Comb-brushes, Tweezers, Cringes or Complements *Ala mode*? The *French Walk* will supply you. Want you old Cloaks, plain Shoes, or formal Gravity? You may fit your self to a Cows-Thumb among the *Spaniards*. Have you any Use in your Country for upright *Honesty* or downright *Dealing*? You may buy plenty of 'em both among the *Stockjobbers*, for they are dead Commodities, and that Society are willing to quit their hands of 'em. Would you lay out your *Indian Gold* for a new *Plantation*? Enquire for the *Scotch Walk*, and you'll buy a good Pennyworth in *Darien*. Three of your own Kings for as many new Hats, and all their Nineteen Subjects into the Purchase, to be deliver'd at the *Scotch East-India-Office*, by Parson *Pattison*, or their Secretary *Wisdom Webster*. If you want any Tallow, Rapparee's Hides, or *Popish* Massacres, enquire in the *Irish Walk*, and you cannot lose your labour: But I am interrupted.

Look Yonder's a *Jew* treading upon an *Italian's* Foot, to carry on a Sodomitical Intrigue, and Bartering their Souls here for Fire and Brimstone in another World.

See, there's a Beau that has Play'd away his Estate at a Chocolate-House, going to Sell himself to *Barbadoes*, to keep himself out of *Newgate*, and from Scandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a Poet Reading his Verses, and squeezing his Brains into an Amorous Cit's Pockets, in hopes of a Tester to buy himself a Dinner.

Behind that Pillar is a *Welch Herald*, deriving a Merchant's Pedigree from *Adam's* Great-Grandfather, to entile him to a Coat of Arms, when he comes to be an Alderman.

Take notice of that tall black Gentleman; there is scarce a Merchant-ship at Sea but he has a Share in her, and scarce a Corporation in *England* that he has not been Tampering with for the Choice of M---b---rs of P-----. Would you think a Man of his

his Appearance had been brought upon his Knees before the H— of C—, or that a Person of so goodly and wise an Aspect could be spew'd out of a Place, where only *wise Men* should meet together. But more unlikely things have come to pass, witness that Merry A— Fortune there, who has neither Parts nor Countenance to recommend him to any Conversation but that of the Fair Sex, yet he keeps his Place, and *Represents* the Town that chose him to a Miracle. Say that he came in by Bribery if you dare, his Gifts are Acts of Charity, and 'tis Heretical to say that he is not a Godly Conscientious Man, in making himself *Great* by providing for the Poor. He give Money! 'Tis no such thing; he *Builds Houses*, in order to get *into one*, and pull down our Constitution. A pleasant sort of a Spark! the Mayor and Aldermen of R—d—g can never want a Representative while Spinning of Flax goes on so merrily among 'em, nor the City of L— want a M—, while such as he are suffer'd to set up for Chief Magistrate. However his Wife has another Opinion of him, and she that shew'd her wisdom in the Choice of such a *Husband*, thinks he shews his *irreversible* Chosen for such a *C—p—tion*. But that unaccountable Knight there has more Comedy in him than all his Fellow Citizens besides. Ask on what day the New War with *France* and *Spain* is to be Proclaim'd, he'll tell you he knows the Time to a Second of a Minute; desire to know of him when the King comes over from *Holland*, or whereabouts in the *Netherlands* the first Hostilities will break out, and he'll lay *Ten to One* he points out the Time and Place to you. Would you be told what he is worth, you are to be inform'd he is better stock'd with Projects than any *New East-Indian* of 'em all; and where he chiefly signaliz'd his Courage, you'll be answer'd, in the famous Campaign the City Regiment made, and at *Tunbridge*, where a damn'd unlucky Pipin made him *save himself* after he had lost his Money.



As he was made a *Knight* from a *News-monger*, so he is again become a *Gamester* from a *Sh—*, and if I was to venture a *Wager* on his side, it should be, that the first thing he did was to *lay* one, neither would I refuse to go his *Halves*, would he make these the *Conditions* on which he ventur'd his *Monny*, viz. That the *C—p—tion* of *B—b—r* in *Suffex* and *S—d—ch* in *Kent* don't know his *Abilities* so well as I do: That he is not *Master* of those *Fortunes* which the *World* thinks him to be, nor *Possessor* of that *Magazine* of *Brains* he himself would have us think he is; That whatever he has done by way of *Stock-jobbing* other *Commodities*, the *L—ds D—S—* and *H—* can witness from his *Conversation* at *Garraway's*. He never monopoliz'd *Wit*, or engross'd any thing like it to his own use. These *Propositions* would bring us both in *Money*, and his *Sagacity* would run a less risque in laying on their side, than he did some *Years* since about the *Siege* of *Namur*. But he has got some *Wag* in his *Head*, and is march'd off with his *Chapman* to a *Publick Notary* to confirm it: And so much for Sir *H—*.

Why first here is a *Ship* to be sold, with all her *Tackle* and *Lading*. There are *Virtuous Maidens* that are willing to be *Transported* with *William Pe* into *Maryland*, for the *Propagation* of *Quakerism*. In another is a *Tutor* to be hired, to instruct any *Gentleman's*, or *Merchant's* *Children* in their own *Families*: And under that an *Advertisement* of a *Milch-Ass*, to be sold at the *Night-Man's* in *White-chapel*. In another *Column* in a *Gilded-Frame* was a *Chamber-Maid* that wanted a *Service*; and over her an *Old Batchelor* that wanted a *House-keeper*. On the sides of these were two less *Papers*, one containing an *Advertisement* of a *Red-headed Monkey*, lost from a *Seed-Shop* in the *Strand*, with two *Guineas* Reward to him or her that shall bring him *Home* again with his *Tail* and *Collar* on. On the

the other side was a large Folio fill'd with Wet and Dry Nurfs; and Houses to be Lett; and Parrots, Canary-Birds, and Setting Dogs to be fold.

Having no occasion for Wet-Nurfs, &c. since my Children sat by other Folks Fires, and being desirous to give my *Indian* a sight of the most Remarkable things my time would allow me; we squeez'd out of a throng of Cuckolds, and went to make a visit to the *Madmen* in *Morefields*.

*Bedlam* is a pleasant Piece, that it is, and abounds with Amusements; the first of which is the building so stately a Fabrick for Persons wholly unsensible of the Beauty and use of it: The Outside is a perfect Mockery to the Inside, and admits of two Amusing Queries, Whether the Persons that ordered the Building it, or those that Inhabit it, were the Maddest? And whether the Name and Thing be not as disagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one entire Amusement: Some were Preaching, and others in full Cry a Hunting. Some were Praying, others Cursing and Swearing. Some were Dancing, others Groaning. Some Singing, others Crying, and all in perfect Confusion. A sad Representation of the greater *Chimerical World*, only in this there's no Whoring, Cheating, or Sleeping, unless after the *Platonic Mode*, in Thought, for want of Action. However, any Gentleman that is dispos'd for a Touch of the Times may take his Choice for the Price of a Penny, which is *Cerberus* his Fee at the Entry; or any Lady that has got the *Prurigo Copulandi* has a Spark at her Service to be found walking here any time of the day. Is your Wife, or your Daughter *Mad* for something that shall be nameless? send 'em hither to be made *Sober*; or has any one a Relation Male or Female that's over-bashful? let not either him or her despair of a cure, for here are Guests enough to teach 'em to part with their Modesty. As the Buildings took their Magnificence

from a Pallace at *Paris*, so the Company that resort to make assignations within 'em, very often bring off the *Parisian* Distemper from the Bottled Ale and Cheesecakes, which are eaten after they are Coupled and gone out of 'em, and if we have been Witty upon the *French* in giving *Bedlam* the Resemblance of the *Louvre*, they have been even with us to a witness, by making a present of a Disease to us, which may be bargain'd for with no more difficulty than half a Turn in the *Long Gallery*. Here were *Persons* Confined that having no Money nor Friends, and but a small Stock of Confidence, run Mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that, for want of Wit and Sense, run Mad for want of Victuals; and a Hard-favour'd *Citizens Wife*, that lost her Wits because her *Husband* had so little as to let her know that he kept a Handsom Mistress. In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* Pleading; in another a *Civilian* Sighing; a third enclosed a *Jacobite* Ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a Morose Melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining against Abuses at Court, and Mismanagements. A fifth had a Comical sort of a Fellow, that was Laughing at his Physician Doctor *Tyson*, for his great skill in *Taciturnity*; and a sixth, had a Cantabrigian Organist for his Tenant, that had left Sonnet and Madrigal for Philosophy, and had lost his Senses for a Fool, while he was in pursuit of Knowledge. How now! said I, honest Friend, what dost thou think of *Materia Prima* and the rest of the pretended *Entities*? I think, said he, if you thought of 'em at all you would ask a more pertinent question, for I am Mad because I know nothing of the Matter, when thou art so much in love with Ignorance, thou wouldst have lost thy wits if thou hadst. I expected not such a home reply from a *Bethlemite*, and without any more to do with such a Touchy Spark, left him railing against the Sin of Murthering of Lice, and shewing his detestation against eating  
good



good Roast Mutton, as a Cruelty to the Creatures, to take a sight of a Young Fellow quite dumfounded with Love. Poor Lad, his Mother and two Sisters that are Milliners in *Oxford*, I dare swear, will never keep him Company, for they know a Trick worth two of his, and have often Experimented that *if one won't, another will*. Here was *Bishop* the Quaker preaching, and an Audience of *Modest Women* peeping thro' their Fingers to see whether his Notes were written in *Legible Characters* or no, and there was a Shopkeeper's Wife retailing out the sight of the best in Christendom, for a Half-penny a Head to young Templers, *Morefields* Sharpers, and old Citizens that had taken the opportunity of their Wives being abroad, and being ready to run Mad themselves, were come to divert themselves with the sight of those that were actually so.

Missing many others, whom I thought deserved a Lodging among their Brethern, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houses of the same Foundation in the City, were they were disposed till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualified to be admitted Members of this *Soberer Society*. The Projectors, who are generally Broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The Beaux, and Rakes, and Common Mad Jilts, that labour under a *Furor Uterini* in *Bridewell*, and Justice *Long's* Powdering-Tub; and the Virtuosi were confined to *Gresham Colledge*. Those, continued he, in whose Constitutions Folly has the Ascendant over Frenzy, are permitted to Reside and be Smoked in Coffee-Houses; and those that by the Governours of this Hospital, are thought utterly Incurable, are shut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhausted, and they begin to Dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hospital built for that purpose near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had leisure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of these Amusements, who after the best manner his Genius would suffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Sense, as the only Beneficial Quality, since the bare pretences to *Wit* was attended by such Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, Small Drink, and Flogging.

Hearing a Noise and some approaches of Nonsense that always bears it Company, where should we step but into *C--pp--gate Church*, and whom should I see perch'd up in a Pulpit, but Honest *Orthodox E--- S---*, as knowing a Divine as ever *P-----* with a Bible in his Pocket, a spreading the Word very dextrously. Hey day! cry'd I, nonjuring *Man* has left off cheating People in a *Coat*, to put Tricks upon the World in a *Gown*! I wish his Dutch Merchant were here to be one of his Auditors, that he might be satisfy'd the Reverend Dr. is not such a Man as he reports him to be: He laid forth the Blessings of a Handsom Wife most emphatically, and I expected every Minute to hear when the *C--ty K--ve* would have invited his Male Auditors home to see *his*, according to ancient Custom; but he's grown more Politick since he had Father'd *Æsop* at *Tunbridge*, and was abundantly more reserv'd, since he had read over those two Laborious works, the *Whole Duty of Man Epitomis'd*, and Dr. *Talar's holy living and dying*; and 'twould have done a Man under Poetical Circumstances good, to think how powerfully he laid himself out, to perswade his Hearers to be Charitable to the Poor, as if he was Begging for himself, and reading his own wants to the Audience in the Life of his own *unhappy Mendicant*. 'Slife, thought I, we must drink together, but imagining from the drift of his discourse the Parson was Pennyless, away went I up *Redcross-street*, leaving him to come down from his *borrow'd* Pulpit, as soon as he had finish'd his *borrow'd* Harangue, to make the best of his way to his Eloquent and Reverend Bro-

ther, and deliver the *Gown* he borrow'd of him, on such an Emergent occasion as shewing his Parts.

Now I, that am always more scared at the sight of a *Sergeant* or *Bailiff* than at the Devil and all his Works, was mortally frighted in my passage thro' *Barbican* and *Long-Lane*, by the Impudent *Ragfellers* in those Scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me *what I lack'd*? At first it made me tremble worse than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthusiasm*, imagining it had been an Arrest, and was just asking the customary Question, *at whose Suit*, but their Rudeness continuing at every Door, relieved me from those Pannick Fears; and the next that attack'd my Arm with *What ye buy, Sir, What ye lack*? I threw him from my Sleeve into the Kennel, saying, Tho' I want nothing out of your Shops, methinks you all want good Manners and Civility, that are ready to tear a New Suit from my back, under pretence of selling me an Old one; Avant Vermine, your Cloaths smell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the Bedding to be sold at the *Ditchside* near *Fleet-bridge* smells of a *Bawdy-house* and *Brandy*.

*Smithfield* would have afforded us a great variety of Objects, but it being neither *Bartholomew-Fair* time, nor any of the chief Market-days, I passed thro' the Quarters of the Jockeys, and Graziers, and taking the Clancular Roads, that were most agreeable to my Circumstances, I went thro' *Baldwins-Gardens*, and whom should I see standing at the Door of the *Hole in the Wall*, but an old acquaintance of mine, an honest *Dear Joy*, that had taken the House; and as the Gentlemen of that Country are Famous for being Men of particular Ceremony, so the first word that came from him, was, *Master, I am your very Humble Servant*; and the next, *Hey, you Bastard You*, on account of my putting a Civil Question, relating to two young Ladys looking thro' their Fingers at him.

He was immediately for *Presenting me with a Tar-*  
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hard;



*kard*; and down my Fellow Traveller and I fate our selves, when I found my Neighbour *K*— had been new Christened since I saw him last, and was made a Commission-Officer by the name of Captain *Whip 'em*. I made no enquiry after the *etymology* of his new Title, but Judg'd he had been *Whipping* it in with the Gentlewomen before mention'd, tho' 'twas not convenient to tell him so, least his Wife should watch his waters more narrowly than she had done, which might have been no small Grief to the two Virtuous Ladies; and a great disappointment to a Man of his known Modesty. I'll say that for the Man, his Liquor was the best of the sort that ever I drank, had his Company been answerable to it, but there was such a Jargon of contradictions among 'em, such a difference of Trades and Opinions, and such an unintelligible Captain among 'em, that my poor *Indian* and I were in a perfect Wilderness. To pay there, said I, and so left the witty Dogs by themselves, and a Bookbinder talking about the Adventures of *him and two or three more Gentlemen*, to make the best of my way thro' *Gray's Inn*, were I met with nothing Material.

This was all we entertain'd our selves with, before we came to the *Play-House*.

#### AMUSEMENT IV.

##### *The Play-House.*

THE *Play-House* is an Inchant'd Island, where nothing appears in reality what it is, nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by Persons of all Degrees and Qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of Idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worse. Here *Lords* come to Laugh, and to be Laugh'd at for being there, and  
seeing

seeing their Qualities ridicul'd by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the Amorous Smirk, the *Alamode* Grin, the Antick Bow, the Newest-fashion'd Cringe, and how to adjust their Phiz, to make themselves as Ridiculous by Art as they are by Nature.

Hither come the Country Gentlemen to shew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their Handsome Wives, and their Housewifery.

There sits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not stir his Head, nor move his Body, for fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de Dance* set it in, whilst a *Bully Beau* comes drunk into the Pit, screaming out, *Damn me, Jack, 'tis a Confounded Play, let's to a Whore and spend our time better.* Here the Ladies come to shew their Cloaths, which are often the only things to be admir'd in or about 'em. Some of them having Scab'd, or Pimpled Faces, wear a thousand Patches to hide them, and those that have none, scandalize their Faces by a Foolish imitation. Here they shew their Courage by being unconcerned at a *Husband* being *Poison'd*, a *Hero* being *Kill'd*, or a *Passionate Lover* being jilted: And discover their Modesties by standing buff at a bawdy Song, or a naked obscene Figure. By the Signs that both Sexes hang out, you may know their Qualities or Occupations, and not mistake in making your Addresses. Men of *Figure* and *Consideration* are known by seldom being there, and Men of *Wisdom* and *Business*, by being always absent. The *L— D—* is known by his Ribbon, and *T— D—* or some other Impertinent Poet, talking Nonsense to him; the *L— —* by sitting on the *Kitcat* side, and *Jacob T—* standing Doorkeeper for him; the rest of the Witty *No—*ity have their several distinguishing Characteristicks, and those that are the easiest things to be understood  
in

in the Universe : As for instance, that *Toaster* there, is it Possible he can give a Judgment of the Beauties of a Play, while he is wholly taken up in Surveying those of the Ladies ? or that incorrigible Fop know any thing of the Matter, that is taking such pains not to know himself, as to be carry'd away with the thoughts that all Eyes were fix'd upon him on account of his amazing Perfections, when the quite contrary cause diverts the Audience from what they came to take a view of ?

Would you think that little *Lap-dog* in Scarlet there, has stomach enough to digest a Guinea's worth of Entertainment at *Pontack's* every Dinnertime, or that Odoriferous *Time-server* there had nothing he so much laid to heart, as the Disappointment of not having his Whore brought to him at the Fountain Tavern, after the Curtain is let down again ?

Hey-day ! what have we here ? A Dutcheess and a Dutchman together, *Pepper* and *Vinegar* on my Conscience, only 'tis a difficult time of the Year, and People that lye so close together are warm enough without any such maters to heat 'em. But that *Poet* there that shews his Assiduity by following yonder Actress, is the most entertaining sort of an Animal imaginable. But 'tis *the way of the World*, to have an Esteem for the fair Sex, and She looks to a Miracle when She is acting a Part in one of his own Plays. Would not any one think it pitty she should not have an Humble Servant, when that Mrs. *Abigail* there, who is one of her Attendants, can be brought to bed of a Living Child without any manner of notice taken of her. Look upon him once more I say, if She goes to her *Shift*, 'tis Ten to One but he follows her, not that I would say for never so much to take up her *Smock* ; he Dines with her almost ev'ry day, yet She's a *Maid*, he rides out with her, and visits her in Publick and Private, yet she's a *Maid* ; if I had not a particular respect for her, I should go near to say he lies with her, yet She's a *Maid*.



*Maid.* Now I leave the World to Judge whether it be His or Her Fault that She has so long kept her *Maidenhead*, since Gentlemen of his Profession have generally a greater Respect for the Lady's than that comes to.

Now for that Majestical *Man* and *Woman* there, stand off, there is no coming within a Hundred Yards of their High Mightinesses, they have revolted like the *Dutch* from their once Lords and Masters, and are now set up for Sovereigns themselves. See what a deference is paid 'em by the rest of the Cringing Fraternity, from Fifty down to ten Shillings a week; and you must needs have a more than Ordinary Opinion of their Abilities: Should you lye with her all Night, She would not know you next Morning, unless you had another five Pound at her Service, or go to desire a piece of Courtesy of him, you must attend longer than at a Secretary's of State. His Gravity will not permit him to give you Audience till the Stateliness of his Countenance is rightly adjusted, and all his high swelling Words are got in readyness: nor will her Celebrated Modesty suffer her, almost to speak to an Humble Servant without a Piece or two to rub her Eyes with, and to conceal her Blushes, while She *Sluggishly* goes through a Vacation She might take more Pains in, did she not Grudge a *Pennyworth* for a Penny.

There are two setts of these Histrionical Entertainers, and I should be too partial should I not divide my thoughts equally between 'em, both are call'd His Majesty's Servants, yet neither have done any Service to their King or Country; if we may take Mr. Collier's word, or the Affidavits of a multitude of decay'd *Beaux*, who have been undone and afterwards laugh'd at by 'em.

Do but take notice of that Scornful Piece of Flesh there, does not she tread the Stage as haughtily as if she knew no such thing as Condescension to the desires of any man breathing, yet she was found-  
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ly beaten by a Spark of hers, for opening her Legs to another humble Servant. I would not for the wealth of the *Indians* divulge any harm to her, but a Person might say without the help of a Prophetick *Cassandra*, that it will not be for want of shewing her endeavours for the Publick Good, that she does not bring his Majesty a New Subject into the World this Year, as she did the last; and I dare swear that her Ingenious Friend Mr. S——, tho' his Modesty will not permit him to be the Father of it, will be ready at all times and seasons to fetch out the Velvet Petticoat, that may occasionally be in Trouble, on account of the decency of her next Lying-in.

From this Lady, that is always quarelsom with the Prompter, and who has enough of that Grand Issue in the middle of her, without any other disturbances of that Nature about her; it falls out of Course, that we pay our Respects to that Bewitching Creature, that has entangled a very great Man into her Noose; and from so mean a Beginning as Pippins, small Nuts and Gingerbread, has the Honour to have a Nobleman wear her Chains. The Virtuous Gentlewoman before mention'd was lineally descended from a Retailer of *Rumps* and *Kidneys*, and had greater Pretensions from her Birth to the smiles of *Fortune* than her hypocritical *Ladiship*, that owes her being to a *Mother*, who, poor Woman, would not be forc'd to begg, were she as young a bit of Flesh as her Daughter, had she as much Natural Affection for a Parent as she for a Gallant.

Away with her, cry'd out the Indian, if she's unnatural she's no Mistress for me; but it's a Custom among you Europeans to forget Father and Mother, and cleave to your own Interest: Your People of the highest Rank practise it daily; and would you think this Woman, that mimicks 'em in their Cloaths and Fashions, would behave her self so vulgarly, as not to imitate 'em? As my Companion had nothing but Truth in his Observations, so I could not contradict his Opinion of us, but turned

ned my Eye upon the Boxes, to let him know there were some of the Fair Sex in that bright Circle, that were *Exceptions* to his *General Rule*. Let us lose no more time about her, said I, you have seen all she has, but the Furniture of her Chamber, and that she may thank the D— for ; as to her clean Gloves and Finery here, they are owing to the old good-natur'd Mr. R——, who from his drowfie Constitution in the Day-time, makes it appear that some or other has disturb'd his Rest in the Night. That *Beau* there, is known by the decent management of his *Sword-knot* and *Snuff-box* ; a *Poet*, by his empty Pockets ; a *Citizen*, by his Horns and Gold Hat-band ; a *Whore*, by a Vizor-mask and the multitude of Ribbons about her Breast ; and a *Fool*, by talking to her : A *Play-house Wit* is distinguish'd by wanting Understanding ; and a *Judge of Wit*, by nodding and sleeping till the fall of the Curtain, and crowding to get out again awake him.

I have told you already, that the *Play-house* was the *Land of Enchantment*, the *Country of Metamorphosis*, and perform'd it with the greatest speed imaginable. Here, in the twinkling of an Eye, you shall see Men transform'd into *Demi-gods*, and *Goddeesses* made as true Flesh and Blood as our Common Women. Here *Fools* by flight of hand are converted into *Wits*, *Honest Women* into *errand Whores*, and which is most miraculous, *Cowards* into *valiant Heroes*, and rank *Coquets* and *Filts* into as chaste and virtuous *Mistresses* as a Man would desire to put his *Knife* into.

Let us now speak a word or two of the *Natives* of this Country, and the Stock of *Wit* and *Manners* by which they maintain themselves, and ridicule the whole World besides. The People are all somewhat *whimsical* and *giddy-brain'd* ; when they *speak* they *sing*, when they *walk* they *dance*, and very often do both when they have mind to it.

The Stage has now so great a share of Atheism,  
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Impudence and Prophaneness, that it looks like an Assembly of *Demons*, directing the Way *Hellward*; and the more blasphemous the *Poets* are, the more are they admir'd, even from huffing *Dryden* to sing-song *D'Urfey*, who always stutters at *Sense*, and speaks plain when he swears. What are all their new Plays but damn'd insipid dull *Farces*, confounded toothless *Satyr*, or plaguy rhiming Plays, with Scurvy Heroes, worse than the *Knight of the Sun*, or *Amadis de Gaul*? They are the errant'st *Plagiaries* in Nature, and, like our common *News-writers*, steal from one-another.

When a *Humor* takes in *London*, they ride it to death e're they leave it: The *Primitive Christians* were not persecuted with half that variety as the poor *Unthinking Beaux* are tormented with upon the Theatre: *Character* they supply with a smutty Song, *Humor* with a Dance, and *Argument* with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has oft repriev'd many a scurvy Play from *Damning*. A huge great Muff, and a gaudy Ribbon hanging at a Bully's backside, is an excellent Jest; and new-invented Curfews, as, *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragm*, *Slit my Windpipe*, *Sink me Ten thousand fathom deep*; rig up a new Beau, tho' in the main 'tis but the same everlasting Coxcomb; and there's as much difference between their *Rhimes* and *solid Verse*, as between the *Royal Psalmist* and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay's* and *Eke's* about 'em. Wherefore let us take a Voyage into the *Land of Wit*, since there is so little stirring now-adays in the *Playhouse*, and make an inspection into the growth of that Commodity elsewhere.

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#### AMUSEMENT V.

##### *Westminster-Hall.*

**A** Magnificent Building, which is open to all the World, and yet in a manner is shut up, by the pro-

prodigious concourse of People, who crowd and sweat to get in or out, and happy are they that don't leave their *Lives, Estates, nor Consciences* behind 'em. Here we entered into a great *Hall*, where my *Indian* was surpriz'd to see, in the same place, Men on the one side with Baubles and Toys, and the other taken up with the Fear of *Judgment*, on which depends their inevitable Destiny.

In this Shop are to be sold *Ribbons, Gloves, Towers* and *Commodities*, by Word of Mouth; in another Shop *Lands and Tenements* are dispos'd of by Decree. On your left hand you hear a nimble-tongu'd painted *Sempstress*, with her charming Treble invite you to buy some of her Knick-knacks; and on your right a deep-mouth'd Cryer commanding *Impossibilities*, viz. Silence to be kept among Women and Lawyers. What a fantastical Jargon does this heap of Contrarieties amount to? While our Traveller is making his Observations upon this motly Scene, he's frighted at the terrible approaches of a multitude of Men in black Gowns and round Caps, that make betwixt 'em a most hideous and dreadful Monster call'd *Pettyfogging*, of which there is such store in *England*, that the People think themselves oblig'd to pray for the *Egyptian* Locusts and Caterpillars, in exchange for this kind of Vermin: And this Monster bellows out so pernicious a Language, that one word alone is sufficient to ruine whole Families.

Here's honest, good-natur'd, modest Mr. S——l, that has done by the Council on the opposite side, as the *King of France did by the Confederates*; and there a worshipful R—— drawing up *Indictments*, with no less than twenty flaws in 'em at a time: That Breach directs you to a Judge's Favourite fingering the Pence, as if he deserv'd it from his great knowledg in the Law, rather than his Interest; and that C——t of J——ce there up in the corner, points Men of some Characters out to you, that are for holding out their hands to *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*.

dant. At certain hours appointed, there appears grave and dauntless Men, whose very sight's enough to give one a *Quartan Ague*, and who lay this *Monster* on his back; scarce a day passes over their heads but they rescue out of his greedy Jaws some Thousand of Acres half devour'd.

This cursed *Pettifogg*ing is much more to be fear'd than *Injustice* it self; the latter openly undoes us, and affords us at least this comfort, That we have a Right to bewail our selves; but the former, by its dilatory Formalities, rob us of all we have, and tells us for our eternal Despair, that we suffer by Law.

*Justice*, if I may so express my self, is a beautiful young Virgin disguis'd, brought on the Stage by the *Pleader*, pursu'd by the *Attorney*, cajol'd by the *Counsellor*, and defended by the *Judge*.

Some pert Critick will tell me now, that I have lost my way in Digressions: Under favour, this Critick is in the wrong Box, for Digressions properly belong to my Subject, since they are all *nothing but Amusements*; and this is a Truth so *uncontested*, that I am resolv'd to *continue* 'em.

By way of *Digression* I must here inform you, that in all those places of my Voyage where the *Indian* perplexes me with his Questions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to pursue my *own Reflections*; upon this *Condition* however, that I may be allow'd to take him up again when I'm weary of travelling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage whenever the Fancy takes me; for I am so far from *confining* my self like a Slave to one particular Figure, that I will keep the Power still in my hands, to change, if I think fit, at every Period my Figure, Subject, and Stile, that I may be less tiresome to the modern Reader; for I know well enough, that Variety is the *predominant Taste* of the present Age.

Altho' nothing is durable in this *transitory World*, yet 'tis observ'd that this Saying proves false in  
West



*Westminster-Hall*, where there are things of *eternal continuance*, as thousands have found true by woful experience, I mean *Chancery Suits*. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd *Sollicitors* and *Barristers*, make it their whole business to keep the *Shuttle-cock* in motion, and when one hand is weary, they play it into another: 'Tis the chiefest part of their Religion to keep up and animate the Differences among their Clients; as 'twas with the *Vestal Virgins* in the *days of Yore*, to maintain the sacred Fire.

'Tis a most surprizing thing, that notwithstanding all the Clamour, Squaling, and Bawling there is in the Courts, yet you shall have a Judge now and then take as comfortable a Nap on the *Bench*, as if he were at *Church*; and every honest *Christian* has reason to pray that as often as a Cause comes to be heard, the J——s of ancient times were awake, and the modern fast asleep. However, this must be said for 'em, that they are righteous enough in their Hearts; but the Devil on't is, that they can't tell which way to take to instruct themselves in the Merits of the Cause: The *Contending Parties* are suspected by 'em, the *Solicitor* embroils 'em, the *Counsellor* deafens 'em, the *Attorney* importunes 'em, and the *She-Solicitor* distracts 'em. Well, let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the *Female Solicitor*.

A certain Judge in the *days of Yore* made his boast, that *the most charming Woman in the World was not able to make him forget that he was a Judge*. Very likely, Sir, said a Gentleman to him, *but I'll lay Twenty to One on Nature's side*. The Magistrate was a *Man* before he was a *Judge*; the first Motion he finds is for the *She-Solicitor*, and the second is for *Justice*.

A very beautiful *Countess* went to a morose surly Judge's Chamber, to prepossess him in favour of a very unrighteous Cause, and to sollicite for a *Colonel* against a *Tradesman* that sued him: This *Tradesman* hapned that very moment to be in his Lordship's Closet, who found his Cause to be so just and clear,

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that he could not forbear to promise him to take care he should carry the Day.

The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but our charming *Countess* appear'd in the Antichamber. The *Judge* immediately ran as fast as his gouty legs would give him leave, to meet her Ladiship; her *Eyes*, *Air*, and graceful *Deportment*, the sound of her *Voice*, so many *Charms*, in short, pleaded so powerfully in her favour, that at the first moment he found the *Man* too powerful for the *Judge*, and he promised our *Countess* the *Colonel* should gain his Cause. Thus you see the poor *Judge* engag'd on both sides. When he came back to his Closet, he found the *Tradesman* reduc'd to the last, Despair. *I saw her*, cries the Fellow almost out of his Wits; *I saw the Lady that solicites against me, and, Lord, what a charming Creature she is! I am undone, my Lord, my Cause is lost and ruin'd.* Why, says the *Judge*, not yet recover'd from his confusion, *imagin your self in my place, and tell me if 'tis possible for frail men to refuse any thing so beautiful a Lady asks.* As he spoke these words, he pull'd a hundred Pistoles out of his Pocket, which amounted to the Sum the *Tradesman* sued for, and gave 'em to him. By some means or other the *Countess* came to the knowledge of it, and as she was virtuous even to a scruple, she was afraid of being too much oblig'd by so generous a Judge, and immediately sent him a hundred Pistoles. The *Colonel* full as gallant as the *Countess* was scrupulous, paid her the Sum aforesaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The *Judge* was afraid of being unjust, the *Countess* fear'd to be too much oblig'd, the *Colonel* paid, and the *Tradesman* was satisfied: Or, according to our old *English* Adage, all was well; *Jack* had *Joan*, and the *Man* had his *Mare* again.

Shall I give you my Opinion of this *Judge's* Behaviour? The first Motion he found in himself, was for the charming *Sollicitrix*, which I cannot excuse him for; the second for *Justice*, for which I admire him.

While

While I thus amus'd my self, my Traveller was lost in a Fog of Black-Gowns ; I'll go and find him. Oh, yonder he is, at the farther end of the *Hall* ; I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his Breath fails him, the Crowd overpasses him, he's carried down the Stream, he swims upon his Elbows to get to shore ; at last, half spent, and dripping from every Pore in his Body, he comes up to me, and all the relation I could get from him of what he had seen, was, *Oh, this confounded Country ! let us get out of it as soon as possible, and never see it more.*

Come, come, says I to him, let's go and refresh our selves after this Fitigue ; and to put the Idea of the *Hall* out of our Heads, let's go this Evening into the delicious Country the *Walks*, and Places apart for the Publick Refreshment.

# AMUSEMENT VI.

## The WALKS.

**W**E have divers sorts of *Walks* about *London*, in some you go to see and be seen, in others neither to see nor be seen, but like a Noun Substantive, to be felt, heard, and understood.

The Ladies that have an inclination to be private take delight in the close *Walks* of *Spring Gardens*, where both Sexes meet and mutually serve one-another as Guides to lose their Way ; and the windings and turnings in the little *Wildernesses* are so intricate, that the most experienc'd Mothers have oft lost themselves in looking for their Daughters.

From *Spring Garden* we set our Faces towards *Hide-Park*, where Horses have their Diversion as well as Men, and neigh and court their Mistresses almost in as intelligible a Dialect. Here People Coach it to take the Air, amidst a Cloud of Dust able to choak a Foot-Soldier, and hinder'd us from



seeing those that come thither on purpose to shew themselves; however, we made hard shift to get now and then a glance at some of 'em.

Here we saw much to do about nothing; a world of brave Men, gilt Coaches, and rich Liveries; within some of 'em were upstart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could swell 'em, sitting as upright in their Chariots as if a Stake had been driven thro' 'em: It would hurt their Eyes to exchange a glance upon any thing that's vulgar, and that's the reason they are so sparing of their Looks, that they will neither bow nor move their Hats to any thing under a *Duke* or a *Dutchess*, and yet if you examin some of their Originals, a covetous Soulless Miser, or a great Oppressor, laid the Foundation of their Families, and in their Retinue there are more Creditors than Servants

*See*, says my *Indian*, *what a Bevy of gallant Ladies are in yonder Coaches; some are singing, others laughing, others tickling one-another, and all of 'em toying and devouring Sweetmeats, March-Pane, and China Oranges. See that Lady*, says he, *Was ever anything so black as her Eye, and so clear as her Forehead?* One would swear her Face had taken its Tincture from all the Beauties in Nature, and yet perhaps, answer'd I to my Fellow-Traveller, all this is but Imposture; she might, for ought we know, go to Bed last night as ugly as a Hag, tho' she now appears like an Angel; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, she's all but Paint and Plaister.

From hence we went to take a turn in the *Mall*: When we came into these pleasant Walks, my Fellow-Traveller was ravish'd at the most agreeable Sight in Nature; there were none but Women there that day as it hapned, and the Walks were cover'd with 'em. *I never* (said he to me laughing) *beheld in my life so great a flight of Birds; bless me! how fine they are! Friend*, reply'd I, *these are Birds to amuse one, they change their Feathers two or three times a day.*

They

They are Fickle and Light by Inclination, Weak by Constitution, but never weary of Billing and Chirping. They never see the Day till the Sun is just going to set, hop always upright with one Foot upon the Ground, and touch the Clouds with their proud Toppings. In a word, the generality of Women are Peacocks when they Walk; Water-Wag-tails when they are within Doors, and Turtles when they meet Face to Face.

This is a bold Description of them, says my *Indian*. Pray tell me, Sir, says he, is this Portrait of them after Nature? Yes, without Question, answer'd I, but I know some Women that are Superior to the rest of their Sex, and perhaps to Men also. In relation to those, I need not say much to distinguish 'em, they'll do it by their virtuous Discourse and Deportment. Nothing is so hard to be Defined as Women, and of all Women in the World none are so undefinable as those of *London*. The *Spanish* Women are altogether *Spanish*, the *Italians* altogether *Italian*, the *Germans* altogether *Germans*, the *French* Women always like themselves; but among the *London* Women we find *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Germans*, and *French*, blended together into one individual Monopoly of all Humors and Fashions. Nay, how many different Nations are there of our *English* Ladies. In the first place there is the *Politick* Nation of your Ladies of the Town. Next the *Savage* Nation of the Country Dames. Then the *Free* Nation of the Coquets. The *Invisible* Nation of the Faithful Wives, (the worst Peopled of all.) The *Good-Natur'd* Nation of Wives that Cuckold their Husbands, (they are almost forced to Walk upon one anothers Heads, their Numbers are so prodigious.) The *Warlike* Nation of Intriguing Ladies. The *Fearful* Nation of —, but there are scarce any of them left. The *Barbarous* Nation of Mothers-in-Law. The *Haughty* Nation of Citizens Wives, that are Dignified with a Title. The *Strawling* Nation of

Your regular Visitants, and the Lord knows *how* many more : not to reckon the *Superstitious* Nation that run after Conjurers and Fortune-Tellers. 'Tis pity this latter sort are not lock'd up in a Quarter by themselves, and that the Nation of *Cunning* Women are not rooted out that abuse them, and set them upon doing some things which otherwise they would not.

I have suffer'd my self to be carried too far by my Subject. 'Tis a strange thing that we cannot talk of Women with a just Moderation : We either talk too much, or too little of them : We don't speak enough of *Virtuous* Women, and we speak too much of those that are not so. Men would do Justice to 'em all, if they could talk of them without Passion ; but they scarce speak at all of those that are Indifferent : They are prepossessed for them they Love, and against them by whom they cannot make themselves to be Beloved. They rank the latter in the Class of *Irregular* Women, because they are Wise, and indeed Wiser than they would have them be. The Railing of the Men ought to be the Justification of the Women ; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the World take delight to raise Scandalous Stories, and t'other half in believing them. Slander has been the Product of all Times, and all Countries ; it is very near of as ancient standing in the World, as Vertue. Defamation ought to be more severely punish'd than Theft. It does more Injury to Civil Societies, and 'tis a harder matter to secure one's Reputation from a Slanderer, than one's Money from a Robber. All the World are agreed, that both one and the other are Scoundrels, yet for all that we esteem 'em when they excel in this Art. A Nice and a Witty Railer is the most agreeable Person in Conversation ; and he that Dextrously picks another Man's Pocket, as your Quacks and Attornies, draws the Veneration even of those who live by Cutting of Purfes. When one observes in what Reputation



tion both of them live, one would be apt to say, That 'tis neither Defamation, nor Robbery, that we blame in others; but only their *Awkardness* and want of Skill. They are punish'd for not being able to arrive at the Perfection of their Art.

Come, come, says my *Indian*, you ramble from your Subject; you speak of Back-biting in General, whereas at present we are only talking of that Branch of it which belongs to Women. I would bring you back to that Point, which puts me in the mind of certain Laws, which was heretofore proposed by a Legislator of my Country. One of these Laws gave permission for one Woman to Slander another; in the first place, because it is *impossible to prevent it*; and besides, because in Matters of Gallantry, she that accuses her Neighbour, might her self be accused of it in her turn, pursuant to the Ancient and Righteous Law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*. But how would you have a Woman quit Scores with a Man, who has publish'd disadvantageous Stories of her? Must she serve him in the same kind? By all means; For if Men think it a piece of Merit to Conquer Women, and Women place theirs in well defending themselves, she that gets a Lover sings a Triumph; and she that Loves, confesses her self to be Conquer'd. If it were true, that the Ladies were more Weak than we are, their Fall would be more excusable; but I think we are weaker than our Wives, since we expect they should pardon us, and not we them. One would think that when a Man had got a Woman into a Matrimonial Noose, 'twas enough for her to be wholly his: And by the same Reason should not the Man be wholly hers? What a Tyranny is this in the Men, to monopolize Infidelity to themselves?

But if Men will be slandering Women, let them vent their Fury against those only that are ugly, for that is neither Slandering nor Calumniating, tho' it be a Crime the Ladies will never forgive, for the ge-

rality of them are more Jealous of the Reputation of their Beauties, than of their Honours, and she that wants a whole Morning at least to bring her Face to perfection, would be more concern'd to be surpriz'd at her *Toilet*, than to be taken in the Arms of a Gallant.

I am not at all surpriz'd at this Notion, for the chief Virtue in the Ladies Catechism is, to please; and Beauty pleases Men more effectually than Wisdom. One Man loves Sweetness and Modesty in a Woman; another loves a Jolly Damsel with Life and Vigour, but Agreeableness and Beauty relishes with all Humane Palates. A Young Woman who has no other Portion than her hopes of Pleasing, is at a loss what Measures to take that she may make her Fortune. Is she Simple? we despise her: Is she Virtuous? we don't like her Company. Is she a Coquet? we avoid her: therefore to succeed well in the World, 'tis necessary that she be Virtuous, Simple, and a Coquet all at once. Simplicity Invites us, Coquetry Amuses, and Virtue Retains us. 'Tis a hard matter for a Woman to escape the Censures of the Men. 'Tis much more so to guard themselves from the Womens Tongues. A Lady that sets up Virtue, makes her self envied; she that pretends to Gallantry, makes her self despised; But she that pretends to nothing, escapes Contempt and Envy, and saves her self between two Reputations. This Management surpasses the Capacity of a young Woman, she being exposed to two Temptations: To preserve themselves from them, they want the Assistance of Reason; and 'tis their Misfortune that Reason comes not in to their Relief, till their Youth and Beauty and the Danger is gone together. Tell us why should not Reason come as soon as Beauty, since one was made to defend the other? It does not depend upon a Woman to be Handsom; the only Beauty that all of them might have, and some of them, to speak modestly, often part with, is *Chastity*;  
but

but of all Beauties whatsoever, 'tis the easiest to lose. She that never was yet in Love, is so ashamed of her first Weakness, that she would by all means conceal it from her self: As for the second, she desires to conceal it from others; but she does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any body. When *Chastity* is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriev'd than Youth. Those that have lost their Chastities, assumes an affected one, which is much sooner provoked than that which is real: Of which we had an Experiment in the Close Walk at the Head of *Rosamond's Pond*, where for one poor Equivocal Word, a Brisk She was ready to tear a Gentleman's Cravat off; who, after a further Parley, discover'd her self to be sensible of some things which she ought to have been ignorant of, for *Modesty* sake. A Lady of this Character was sitting on the side of this *Pond* upon the *Grass*, with her Younger Sister newly come out of the Country, to whom a Spark sitting by, entertain'd her with a Relation of an Amorous Adventure between my Lord — and my Lady *Love* it; but expressing himself in such Obscene ambiguous terms, that a Woman that did not know *What* was *What*, could as soon fly with a Hundred Weight of Lead at her Heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obscurely the Gentleman told his Story, the more attentively did our young Creature listen to it, and discover'd her Curiosity by some simple harmless Questions. The Elder of the two Sisters desirous to let the Gentleman, and others that sat by them, understand that she had more Modesty than her Younger Sister, cry'd out, *Oh fie, Sister, fie; can you hear such a wicked Story as this without Blushing? Alas, Sister*, says the Young Innocency, *I don't yet know what it is to Blush, or what it is you mean by it!*

The Gentleman soon took the Hint, and whispering the elder Sister in the Ear, she immediately sends Home the Young Ignorant Creature by her

Foot-



Foot-man, and Trip'd away Hand in Hand with the Gentleman. Her cunning Management shew'd her an Experienc'd *Coquet*, who observ'd a sort of *Decorum*, to usher in a greater Liberty.

Every thing is manag'd in good Order, by a Woman that knows her Company, and understands her Business. He that loses his Money out of Complaisance, yields place to him who lends the Lady his Coach to take the Air in. The Young *Heir* begins where the Ruined *Cully* ended. He that pays for the Collation, is succeeded by another that eats it; and when my *Lord* comes in at the Gate, poor Sir *John* must scamper out at the Window.

The GreenWalked afforded us variety of Discourses from Persons of both Sexes. Here walk'd a *Beau Bare-headed* by a Company of the Common Profession in Dishabille, and Night-Dresses; either for want of Day-Cloaths, or to shew they were ready for Business. Here walk'd a *French Fop* with both his Hands in his Pockets, carrying all his Pleated Coat before to shew his Silk Breeches. There were a Cluster of Senators talking of State Affairs, and the Price of Corn, and Cattle, and were disturb'd with the Noisy *Milk-Folks*, crying, *A Can of Milk, Ladies; a Can of Red Cows Milk, Sir*. Here were a Bevy of Bucksom Lasses complaining of the Decay of Trade, and Monopolies; and there Virtuous Women Railing against Whores, their Husbands, and Coquetry.

And now being weary of Walking so long, we repos'd our selves upon one of the Benches, and digesting several Dialogues between the Modest Ladies and Coquets, made this Observation, That tho' the Coquets were despised by the generality of *Ladies*, yet they imitate them to a Hairs breadth in their whole Conduct. They learn of them the *Winning Air*, the *Bewitching Glance*, the *Amorous Smirk*, and the *Sullen Pout*. They *Talk*, and *Dress*, and *Patch* like them: They must needs go down  
the

the Stream: It is the Coquets that Invent the New Modes and Expressions; every thing is done for them, and by them; tho' with all these Advantages, there's a vast difference between 'em; the *Reputation of Virtuous Women* is solid, that of *Coquets* is more extended. But I am sensible I have made too long a stay in this part of my Voyage; a Man always amuses himself longer with the *Women* than he is willing. Well, since we are here, let's shew our *Indian* the Horse-Guards, the Country of Gallantry. In our Way thither was nothing worth our Observation, unless 'twas the Bird-Cage, inhabited by Wild-Fowl; the Ducks begging Charity, the Black-Guard Boys robbing their own Bellies to relieve them, and an *English Dog-kennel* Translated into a *French Eating-house*.

## G A L L A N T R Y.

LET's enter this Brave Country, and see——. But what is there to be seen here? Gallantry and Bravery, which was formerly so well Cultivated, so flourishing and frequented by many Persons of Honour, is at present Desolate, Unmanur'd, and Abandoned! What a Desert 'tis become! Alas, I can see nothing at all in it but a Disbanded Soldier mounted upon a Pedestal, standing Centinel over the Ducks and Wild-Geese, and to prevent an Invasion by O——'s *Spanish Pilgrims*, or *Webster's Darcinus*.

Why, says my *Indian*, is that a Soldier? He has ne'er a Sword, and is Naked.

I suppose, reply'd I to the *Indian*, since the Peace he has Pawn'd his Sword to buy him Food; and for his being Naked, who regards it? What signifies a Soldier in Time of Peace? Pish! A Soldier Naked, is that such a Wonder? What are they good for else but Hanging or Starving, when we have no occasion for them; as has been learnedly determined  
by

by the Author of that Original Amusement, *Arguments against a standing Army.*

*Our God and Soldier we alike adore,  
Just at the Brink of Danger, not before ;  
After Deliverance, they're alike requited,  
Our God's Forgotten, and our Soldier's Slighted.*

*Come, this is a Melancholy Country, let's leave amusing  
our selves about Gallantry and Bravery, and all at once,  
like Men that have nothing to Do, nor nothing to Have,  
take a Trip into the Land of Marriage, and see Who and  
Who are together : But first, What are those Soldiers  
doing ? They look like Brave Fellows.*

They are ( says I ) drawn up to Prayers, and  
would be brave Men indeed, if they were half as  
good at Praying and Fighting, as they are at Cur-  
ling and Swearing.

## AMUSEMENT VII. MARRIAGE.

' **T**IS a difficult Task to speak so of Marriage, as  
to please all People. Those who are not  
Noos'd in the Snare, will thank me for giving a  
Comical Description of it. The Grand Pox eat  
this Buffoon, says the Serious Wary Husband, if  
he was in my Place, he would have no more Temp-  
tation to *Laugh*, than to Break his Neck. If I mo-  
ralize gravely upon the Inconveniences of Matri-  
mony, those that have a Longing to enter into that  
Honourable State, will complain that I dissuade  
them from so charming a Condition. How then  
shall I order my Discourse ? For I am in great Per-  
plexity about it.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a  
young Lover. *I would have him drawn*, says this  
Passionate



Passionate Gentleman, with all the Graces your utmost Skill can bestow upon him: Above all remember, that Hymen ought to be more Beautiful than Adonis: You must put into his Hands a Flambeau more brilliant than that of Love. In short, give him all the Charms that your Imagination and Colours can bestow. I will pay you for your Picture, according as I find you use my Friend Hymen. The Painter who was well acquainted with his Generous Temper, was not wanting, you may be sure, to answer his expectations, and brought him home the Piece the Evening before he was Married. Our young Lover was not at all satisfied with it. *This Figure*, says he, *wants a certain Gay Air, it has none of those Charms and Agreements. As you have Painted him, he makes but a very indifferent Appearance, and therefore you shall be but indifferently paid.*

The Painter, who had as much Presence of Mind, as Skill in his Profession, took a Resolution what to do that very Moment: *You are in the right on't, Sir*, said he, *to find fault with my Picture, it is not yet dry: This Face is Soak'd, and to deal freely with you, the Colours I use in Painting don't appear worth a Farthing at first. I will bring you this Table some Months hence, and then you shall pay me, as you find it pleases you: I am confident it will appear quite another thing then. Sir, your Humble Servant, I have no occasion for Money.*

The Painter carried his Piece home; our young Lover was Married the next Day, and some Months went over his Head before the Painter appear'd. At last he brings the Picture with him, and our young Husband was surpriz'd when he saw it. *You promis'd* says he, *that time wou'd mend your Picture, and you are as good as your Word. Lord, what a difference there is! I swear I scarce know it now I see it again. I admire to see what a strange effect a few Months have had upon your Colours; but I admire your Ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, That in my Opinion his Looks are somewhat of the Gayest, these Eyes are too Brisk and Lively: Then to deal plainly*  
with

with you, the Fires of Hymen ought not to be altogether so bright as those of Love; for his is a Solid but Heavy Feir. Besides, the Disposition of your Figure is somewhat too Free, and Chearful, and you have given him a certain Air of Wantonness, which, let me tell you, Sir, does not at all sit well upon . . . . In short, this is none of Hymen.

Very well, Sir, said the Painter, what I foresaw is now come to pass. Hymen at present is not so beautiful in your Idea, as in my Picture. The Case is mightily alter'd from what it was three Months ago. 'Tis not my Picture, but your Imagination that is changed: You were a Lover then, but now a Husband.

I understand you very well, says the Husband interrupting him, Let us drop that Matter. Your Picture now pleases, and here is more Money for it than you could reasonably have expected. By no means, says the Painter, you must excuse me there; but I will give you another Picture, wherein by certain Optick Rules and Perspectives, it shall be so contrived, as it shall please both the Lovers and the Husbands: and perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a Long Gallery, upon a kind of an Alcove; and to come to this Alcove; one must first pass over a very Slippery Step. On this side of it was the Critical Place where the Piece look'd so Lovely and Delicious; but as soon as you were gone beyond it, it made a most lamentable Figure.

If you understand how difficult a thing it is to paint *Matrimony* to the Gust of all People, pray suspend your Censure here, I am going to Present my Picture, chuse what Light you please to view it in. To come back to my traveling stile, I must tell you at first dash, that *Marriage* is a Country that Peoples all others: The *Commonalty* are more fruitful there than the *Nobility*, the reason of which perhaps is, That the *Nobility* take more delight to ramble Abroad, than stay at Home. *Marriage* has this peculiar Property annex'to it, that it can alter the Humours of those that are settled in it. It frequently

ly transforms a Jolly Fellow into a Meer Sor, it often melts down a *Beau* into an errant *Sloven*, and on the other Hand it so happens sometimes, that a *Witty* Virtuous Woman will improve a *Dull* Heavy Country *Booby* into a Man of Sence and Gallantry.

People marry for different Motives: Some are lead by Portion, and others by Reason; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more, but that the thing must be done. There are Men in the World so weary of Quiet and Indolence, that they marry only to divert themselves. In the first place the *Choice* of a Woman employs them for some time: Then Visits and Interviews, Feasts and Ceremonies; but after the last Ceremony is over, they are more Tired and Weary than ever. How many Hundred Married Couples do we see, who from the second Year of their coming together, have nothing more in Common than their Names, their Quality, their Ill Humour and their Misery. I don't wonder there are so many Unhappy Matches, since Folks marry rather wholly of their own Heads, or wholly by those of others. A Man that marries of his own Head, not seeing that in his *Spouse* which all the World sees in her, is in danger of seeing much more in her than others ever did.

Another that has not Courage enough to trust his own Judgment, fairly applies himself to the next *Match-Maker* in the Neighbourhood, who knows to a tittle the exact Rates of the Market, and the Current Price of Young Women that are fit to Marry. These Marriage-*Hucksters*, or *Wife-Brokers*, have an admirable Talent to sort Conditions, Families, Trades and Estates: In short, every thing together, except Humors and Inclinations, about which they never trouble themselves. By the Procurement of these experienc'd Matrons, a *Marriage* is struck up like a *Smithfield* Bargain: There is much *Higling* and *Wrangling* for t'other Ten Pound. One  
side



side endeavours to raise, and the other to beat down the Market Price. At last, after a World of Words spent to fine purpose, they come to a Conclusion.

Others that have no time to Truck and Bargain so, go immediately to a Scrivener's, to find out a *Rich Widow*, as they go to the Office of Intelligence to hearken out a Service. It is not altogether the Match-makers Fault, if you are deceived in your Woman. She gives you an account of her *Portion* to a Farthing: You examine nothing but the Articles relating to the *Family* and the *Fortune*; the Woman is left in the Margin of the Inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After all that I have said, I am not afraid to advance this Proposition; that *'tis possible for those that Marry to be Happy*. But you must call it Trucking or Bartering, and not Marrying, to take a Woman meerly for her Fortune, and reckon her Perfections by the Number of *Pounds* she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to Marry but to Please one's self, to choose a Wife as we do a *Tulip*, meerly for her Beauty. It is not to Marry, but to *Doat* at a certain Age, to take a *Young Woman* only for the sake of her Company. What is it then to be Marry'd? Why, 'tis to choose with Circumspection, and Deliberation, by Inclination, and not by Interest, such a Woman as will chuse you after the same manner.

Besides other things in common with all the World, the Country of *Marriage* has this Particular to it self; That Strangers have a desire to Settle there, and the Natural Inhabitants wou'd be Banish'd out of it with all their Hearts. A Man may be Banish'd out of his Country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true way of getting out of it is by Widowhood, and is much to be preferred before Separation; for the Separated are *Savage Animals*, incapable of the prettiest Ties of Society. The usual Causes of Separation is assign'd as the Fault of the Wife, but often the Husband is the occasion

casion that the Wife is in the Fault ; and he himself is a Fool to proclaim to the World that his Wife has made a false Step.

It will be expected now, that I speak a few Words of Widowhood. 'Tis a Copious and Fertile Subject that's certain : but a Man may burn his Fingers by meddling with it. For if I describe them as but little concern'd for the Death of their Husbands, I shall offend the Rules of Decency and good Manners, and if I exaggerate their Afflictions, I shall offend the Truth. Whatever our Railers pretend to the contrary, I say, there's no Widowhood without a sprinkling of Sorrow in it. Is it not a very Sorrowful Condition to be obliged to Counterfeit a perpetual Sorrow ? A very Doleful Part this, that a Widow must play, who would not give the World occasion to Talk of her. There are some Widows in the World so mightily befriended by Providence, that their Sighs and Tears cost them nothing. I know one of a contrary Temper to this, who did honestly all that in her lay to afflict her self, but Nature it seems had denied her the Gift of Tears : She desir'd to raise the Compassion of her Husband's Relations, for her All depended on them.

One Day her Brother-in-Law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having shed one Tear. Alas, reply'd the Widow to him, my poor Heart is so overwhelm'd with this unexpected Calamity, that I am as it were become insensible by it. Great Sorrows are not felt at first ; but I am sure mine will Kill me in the End. I know very well, said her Brother-in-Law to her, that Grievs too great don't make themselves at first to be perceived ; and I know as well, that Violent Grievs don't continue long. Thus, Madam, you will be strangely surpriz'd, that the Grief of your Widowhood will be past before you are aware.

Another Widow was reuced to the last pitch of Despair, nor was it without a very Sorrowful Oc-

Occasion. She had lost upon the same Day the *Best Husband*, and the Prettiest little *Lap-Dog* in *London*. This double Widowhood had brought her to so low a Condition, that her Friends were afraid of her Life. They durst not speak to her of Eating and Drinking; nay, they durst not so much as offer to Comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous Matter, you know, to combat a Woman's Grief. The best way is to let Time and their Natural Inconstancy work it off. However to accustom our Widow by little and little to support the Idea of her Two Losses, a Good Friend spoke to her first of her *Little Dog*. At the bare Name of *Dony* there was such a Howling and Crying, such Tearing of Hair, and Beating of Breasts; in short, such a Noise, and such a Pother, that one would have thought Heaven and Earth had been coming together: At last she fainted away. Well, says this Prudent Friend of hers, God be prais'd, I was so happy as not to mention her *Husband* to her, for then she had certainly Died upon the Spot. The next Day the Name of *Dony* set her Tears a running in so great plenty, that it was hoped the Spring would stop of it self, and the above-mentioned Zealous Friend thought she might now venture to administer some consolation to her. Alas, says she, if the bare Name of *Dony* gives you so much Affliction, what might we not fear from you, should we talk to you of your *Dear Husband*? But God forbid I should do that. *Ah Poor Dony!* To be Mow'd down thus in the Flower of Youth and Beauty! Well, *Madam*, you'll never have such another pretty Creature again. But 'tis happy for the *Dog* that he's Dead, for you cou'd never have Lov'd him longer that's certain! Is it possible for a Woman to love any thing after she has lost her *Husband*? After this manner it was that this *Discreet Gentlewoman* very dexterously mingled the Idea of the *Husband* with that of *Dony*, well knowing that as two Shoulders of Mutton drive down one another



ther, so two powerful Grievs destroy one another, by making a Diversion. She observed that at the Name of *Dony* her Tears redoubl'd, which stopt short at the Name of *Husband*: It was without question, a sort of a *Qualm*. Every body knows that Tears are a Tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary Grievs. However it was, our poor afflicted Widow passed several Days and Nights in this sad Alternative of Weeping for her *Dog*, and Lamenting her *Husband*. At last her Good Friend enquired all over the Town for a *Pretty Dog*; and it was her good Luck to light upon one much Finer and Prettier than *Dony* of happy Memory, and presented it to our Widow, who burst into a fresh Stream of Tears as she accepted it. This Beautiful New-comer, so strangely insinuated himself into her Good Affections, that within Eight Days he had got the Ascendant of her Heart, and *Dony* was no more thought of, than if he had never had a Being there. Observe now what a Consequence our Widows Friend drew from it. If a New *Dog* has put a stop to her Tears, perhaps a New *Husband* will have the same Operation upon her *Qualms*. But, alas, the one was not to be so easily effected as the other. The New *Dog* so Play'd his Cards, that he effaced the memory of his Predecessors in Eight days; but it was above *Three* long tedious Months before our Widow could be brought to take a New *Husband* into her Bed. Now tho' I left my self full power to drop my *Indian Traveller* as often as I saw convenient, yet I have no intention to lose him out of my Sight; for I have occasion for him to Authorise certain Odd Fances that come into my Head, while I pass from the Country of *Marriage*, where we lose our Liberties, into that of *Gaming*, where we lose our Estates.

## A M U S E M E N T VIII.

*Gaming-Houses.*

**G**AMING is an Estate to which all the World has a Pretence, tho' few espouse it that are willing to keep either their Estates or Reputations. I knew two *Middlesex Sharpers* not long ago, that Inherited a West-Country Gentleman's Estate, who, I believe, would have never made them his Heirs in his last Will and Testament.

*Lantrillou* is a kind of a Republick very ill ordered, where all the World are Hail Fellow well met; no distinction of Ranks, no Subordination observ'd. The greatest Scoundrel of the Town, with Money in his Pockets, shall take his Turn before the best *Duke or Peer in the Land*, if the Cards are on his side. From these Privileg'd-Places not only all Respect and Inferiority is Banish'd; but every thing that looks like Good Manners, Compassion, or Humanity: Their Hearts are so Hard and Obdurate, that what occasions the Grief of one Man, gives Joy and Satisfaction to his next Neighbour.

The *Gracians* met together in former Times, to see their Gladiators shew their Valour, that is, to Slash and Kill one another; and this they called Sport; What a Cursed Barbarity was this? But are we a jot inferiour to them in this respect, who christen all the Disorders of *Lansquenets* by the Name of Gaming; or, to use the Gamesters own Expression where a Parcel of *Sharks* meet, *To Bite one anothers Heads off*.

It happened one Day, that my Traveller dropt into a Chocolate-House in *Covent-Garden*, where they were at this noble Recreation; He was wonderfully surprized at the oddness of the Sight. Set  
your

your self now in the room of a Superstitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our Customs at Play, and you will agree that his Notions, as Abstracted and Visionary as they may seem, have some Foundations in Truth. I present you here with his own Expressions as I found them set down in a Letter which he sent into his own Country.

*The Fragments of an Indian Letter.*

**T**HE *English* pretend that they Worship but one God, but for my part, I don't believe what they say: For besides several Living Divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their Vows, they have several other Inanimate ones to whom they pay Sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their Publick Meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this Place there is a great Altar to be seen, built round and covered with a Green *Wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several Persons, in a sitting Posture, as we do at our Domestic Sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the Room, one of those, who I supposed was the *Priest*, spread upon the Altar certain Leaves which he took out of a little Book that he held in his Hand. Upon these Leaves were represented certain Figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the Images of some Divinities, for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the Assistants made an Offering to it, greater or less, according to his Devotion. I observed that these Offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other Temples.

After the aforesaid Ceremony is over, the Priest lays his Hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the Book, and continues some time in this posture seiz'd with Fear, and without any Action at all: All the rest of the Company attentive to what he does, are in Suspence all the while,



and unmoveable Assistants are all of them in their turn possess'd by different Agitations, according to the *Spirit* which happens to seize them: One joins his Hands together, and *Blesses Heaven*, another very earnestly looking upon his Image, *Grinds his Teeth*, a third *Bites his Fingers*, and *stamps upon the Ground with his Feet*. Every one of them, in short, make such extraordinary Postures and Contortions, that they seem to be no longer Rational Creatures. But scarce has the Priest returned a certain Leaf, but he is likewise seiz'd by the same Fury with the rest. *He tears the Book, and devours it in his Rage, throws down the Altar, and Curses the Sacrifice*. Nothing now is to be heard but *Complaints and Groans, Cries, and Imprecations*. Seeing them so Transported, and so Furious, I judge that the God they Worship is a Jealous Deity, who to Punish them for what they Sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an Evil *Demon* to Possess him.

I have thus shewed you what Judgment an *Indian* would be apt to pass upon the Transports he finds in our Gamesters. What wou'd he not have thought then if he had seen any of our *Gaming Ladies* there? 'Tis certain that Love it self, as extravagant as it is, never occasion'd so many Disorders among the Women as the unaccountable Madness of *Gaming*. How come they to abandon themselves thus to a Passion that discomposes their Minds, their Healths, their Beauty, that Ruines——What was I going to say? But this Picture does not shew them Advantage, let us draw a Curtain over it.

In some Places they call Gaming-Houses *Academies*; but I know not why they should inherit that Honourable Name, since there's nothing to be learn'd there, unless it be *Slight of Hand*, which is sometimes at the Expence of all our Money, to get that of other Mens by Fraud and Cunning. The Persons that meet are generally Men of an *Infamous* Character, and are in various Shapes, Habits, and Employments.

ments. Sometimes they are Squires of the *Pad*, and now and then borrow a little Money upon the *King's High-Way*, to recruit their Losses at the *Gaming-House*, and when a Hue-and-Cry is out, to apprehend them, they are as safe in one of these Houses as a *Priest* at the *Altar*, and practise the old Trade of *Cross-biting Cullies*, assisting the *Frail square Dye* with high and low *Fullums*, and other *Napping Tricks*, in comparison of whom the common *Bulkers*, and *Pick-Pockets* are a very honest Society. How unaccountable is this way to *Beggary*, that when a Man has but a little Money, and knows not where in the World to compass any more, unless by hazarding his *Neck* for't, will try an Experiment to leave himself none at all: Or, he that has Money of his own, should play the Fool, and try whether it shall not be another Man's. Was ever any thing so Nonsensically Pleasant? One idle day I ventur'd into one of these *Gaming-Houses*, where I found an *Oglio* of *Rakes* of several Humors and Conditions met together. Some that had left them never a Penny to bless their Heads with. One that had play'd away even his Shirt and Cravat, and all his Clothes but his Breeches, stood shivering in a Corner of the Room, and another comforting him, and saying, *Damme Jack*, who ever thought to see thee in a State of Innocency: Cheer up, Nakedness is the best Receipt in the World against a Fever; and then fell a ranting, as if Hell had broke loose that very Moment. What the Devil have we here to do, says my *Indian*, does it rain Oaths and Curses in this Country? I see Gamesters are Shipwrackt before they come to understand their Danger, and lose their Clothes before they have paid their *Taylors*. They should go to School in my Country to learn Sobriety and Virtue. I told him, instead of *Academies*, these Places should be call'd *Cheating-Houses*: Whereupon a Bully of the *Blade* came strutting up to my very Nose, in such a Fury, that I would wil-

lingly have given half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition, crying out, Split my Wind-pipe, Sir, you are a Fool, and don't understand *Trap*, the whole World's a Cheat.

The *Play-House* cheats you of your Time, and the *Tradefemen* of your Money, without giving you either Sense or Reason for't. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and gives you *Law* for't; the *Whore* picks your Purse, and gives you the *Pox* for't; and the *Poet* picks your Pocket, and gives you nothing for't. *Lovers* cozen you with their *Eyes*, *Orators* with their *Tongues*, the *Valiant* with their *Arms*, *Fidlers* with their *Fingers*, *Surgeons* with *Wooden Legs*, and *Courtiers* and *Songsters* empty your Pockets, and give you *Breath* and *Air* for it: And why should not we Recruit by the same Methods that have Ruin'd us.

Our Friends, continued he, gives us good Advice, and would fain draw us off from the Course we are in, but all to no purpose: We ask them what they would have us do? Money we have none, and without it there is no Living: Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would you have a poor *Individuum Vagum* live, that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him, and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a *Tavern*, a *Bawdy-House*, or a *Gaming-Ordinary*? No, we are the Men, says he, that Providence has appointed to live by our Wits, and will not want while there is Money above Ground. *Happy Man catch a Mackeril.* Let the worst come to th' worst, a *Wry Mouth* on the *Tripple Tree* puts an end to all Discourse about us. From the *Gaming-House* we took our Walk through the Streets, and the first Amusements we encountred, were the Variety and contradictory Language of the *Signs*, enough to perswade a Man there were no Rules of Concord among the Citizens. Here we saw *Joseph's Dream*, the *Bull and Mouth*, the *Hen and Razor*, the *Ax and Bottle*, the *Whale and Crow*, the *Shovel and Boot*, the  
Leg



*Leg and Star*, the *Bible* and *Swan*, the *Frying-Pan* and *Drum*, the *Lute* and *Tun*, the *Hog* in *Armour*, and a thousand others that the wise Men that put them there can give no Reason for.

Here walk'd a Fellow with a long white Rod on his Shoulder, that's ashamed to cry his Trade, though he gets his Living by it; another bawling out *Todd's* Four Volumes in Print, which a Man in reading of wou'd wonder that so much *Venom* should not tear him to pieces, but that some of the ancient Moralists have observed, that the rankest *Poyson* may be kept in an *Asses* Hoof, or a *Fool's* Bosom. Some say, the first Word he spoke was *Rascal*, and that if he lives to have Children, they will all speak the same Dialect, and have a Natural Antipathy to *Eggs*, because their Father was palted with hundreds of 'em, when he was dignified on the Pillory.

Other Amusements presented themselves as thick as Hops, as *Moses* Pictur'd with *Horns* on his Head, to keep *Cheapside* in Countenance. The Sign of the Three *Nuns* very dismally Painted, to keep up young Women's Antipathy to Popery and Maiden-heads. Here sat a Fellow selling little *Balls* to take the Stains out of the Citizens Wives Petticoats, that should have been as big as *Foot-Balls*, if applied to that purpose. Under that Bulk was a *Projector* clicking off his *Swimming Girdles*, to keep up Merchants Credits from sinking. A pretty *Engine* to preserve Bankers and Insurers from Breaking, and prevent publishing it in the *Gazette*, when they are Broke, that they will pay all their Debts as far as it may stand with their Convenience. In that Shop was an indebted Lord talking of his *Honour*, and a Tradesman of his *Honesty*, things that every Man has and every thing is, in some Disguise or other; but duly consider'd, there are scarce any such things in the World, unless among Pawn-Brokers, Stock-Jobbers, and Horse-Courfers; so that the Lord and Tradesman were discoursing about nothing; and signified

nified no more than the Parson's Preaching against *Covetousness* to the Maim'd, Blind, and superannuated Soldiers in *Chelsea-College*, nor Dr. *Salmon's* prescribing *Cow-Heels* to a Married Couple, as a conglutinating Aliment. But there the *Weaver* had the Ascendant of the *Doctor*.

As we pass'd along, I could not forbear looking into some of the Shops to see how the Owners employed themselves in the Absence of Customers, and in a Barber's Shop I saw a *Beau* so overladen with Wig, that there was no difference between his Head and the Wooden one that stood in the Window. The Fop, it seems, was newly come to his Estate, though not to the years of Discretion, and was singing the Song, *Happy is the Child whose Father is gone to the Devil*; and the Barber all the while keeping time on his Cittern; for you know a Cittern and a Barber is as natural as Milk to a Calf, or the Bears to be attended by a Bagpiper.

In the Scrivener's Shop I saw a company of *Sparks* that were selling their Wives and their Portions, and purchasing Annuities; and old *Ten-in-the-hundred* Fathers damning themselves to raise their Posterities. In the Tobacconists Shops Men were sneezing and spauling, as if they were all clapt, and under a Salivation for the cure on't: They that smoak'd it, were persecuting others to follow their Example; and they that snuff'd it up in powder, were drawing on themselves the Incommodities of Old-age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of Rheum and Drivel.

Pursuing my Voyage thro' the City, and casting a leer into the Shops of the rich *Drapers*, *Mercers*, and *Lacemen*, I saw them haunted by many People in Want, especially young *Heirs* newly at age, and *Spendshrifts*, that came to borrow Money of 'em. *Alas*, said the Traders, *Times are dead, and little Money stirring*; all we can do, is to furnish you with what the Shop affords, and if a Hundred Pound or two

*in Commodities will do you any good, they are at your service.* These the Gallants take up at an excessive rate, to sell immediately for what they can get, and the Trader has his Friend to take 'em off underhand at a third part of the value, by way of helping Men in distress. These are they that inveigle unthinking Animals into all sorts of extravagant Expences, and ruine 'em insensibly, under colour of *Kindness* and *Credit*; for they set every thing at double the value, and if you keep not touch at the Day, your Persons are imprison'd, your Goods seized, and your Estates extended; and they that help'd to make you *Princes* before, are now the forward'st to put you in the condition of *Beggars*.

Among other *Amusements*, let us speak a word or two of *Lombard-street*, where *Luxury* seems to carry us to *Peru*, where you behold their Magazines, Ingots of Gold and Silver as big as Pigs of Lead; and your Ladies, after they have travel'd thither with some liberal Interloper, carry home with 'em more than their *Husbands* are worth, and drag at their long Tails the whole substance of a Herd of Creditors. Here are Jewels and Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds, Broad-pieces, Guineas, *Lewis d'Or's*, Crown pieces, and Dollars without number: Nay, in some of their Shops is nothing to be seen or sold but great heaps of Money, that would tempt a Man to think the whole *Indies* were emptied into one single Shop, 'tis so full of Gold and Silver; and yet it often happens, that he who is possesst of this vast Treasure is not worth a Brass Farthing; to day his Compters bend under the weight of Cash, and to morrow the Shop is shut up, and you hear no more of our Goldsmith, till you find him in a *Gazette*, tore to pieces by a Statute of Bankrupt, and he and his Creditors made a Prey by a parcel of devouring Vermin call'd *Commissioners*.

The neighbouring Country is *Stocks-market*, where you see a large Garden pay'd with *Pebble Stones* in all  
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the Beds and Alleys, indifferently open to all comers and goers, and yet bears as good Herbs, Fruits and Flowers as any in the World : Here is *Winter* drest in the Livery of *Summer* ; every Day a Crop is gather'd, and every Night are stock'd up in Baskets till the next day's Sun does open 'em.

About this Garden great numbers of Nymphs reside, who each of 'em live in their respective Tubs ; they have not only that in common with *Dio-genes*, but, like that Philosopher also, they speak out freely to the first com'er whatever comes uppermost. A further Description I would give you of their Parts and Persons, only I cannot endure the smell of the *Serjeants* at the *Counter-gate*, who stink worse than *Assa foetida*, and would poyson the Country, if *this* pleasant Garden was not an *Antidote* against their *Infection* : And therefore I'll go back again into the *Country* of

#### C O F F E E - H O U S E S.

**W**Here being arriv'd, I'm in a Wood, there are so many of 'em, I know not which to enter : Stay, let me see, where the Sign is painted with a *Woman's Hand* in't, 'tis a Bawdyhouse ; where a *Man's*, it has another Qualification ; but where it has a *Star* in the Sign, 'tis calculated for every lewd purpose.

Every Coffee-house is illuminated both without and within doors ; without by a fine glass Lantern, and within by a Woman so light and splendid, you may see thro' her without the help of a Perspective. At the Bar the good Man always places a charming *Phillis* or two, who invite you by their amorous glances into their smoaky Territories, to the loss of your Sight. This is the place where several *Knights Errant* come to seat themselves at the same Table, without knowing one-another, and yet talk as familiarly together as if they had been of many Years

acquaintance : They have scarce look'd about 'em, when a certain Liquor as black as Soot is handed to 'em, which being foppishly fum'd into their Noses, Eyes, and Ears, has the vertue to make 'em talk and prattle together of every thing but what they should do : Now they tell their several Adventures by Sea and Land ; how they conquer'd the Gyant, were overcome by the Lady, and bought a pair of wax'd Boots at *Northampton* to go a wooing in. One was commending his *Wife*, another his *Horse*, and the third said he had the best *smoak'd Beef* in *Christendom*. Some were discoursing of all sorts of Government, *Monarchical*, *Aristocratical*, and *Democratical* ; some about the Choice of *Mayors*, *Sheriffs* and *Aldermen* ; and others, of the transcendant Vertues of *Vinegar*, *Pepper* and *Mustard*. In short, I thought the whole *Room* was a perfect resemblance of *Dvoer-Court*, where *all speak*, but *no-body heard* or answer'd.

To the Charms of *Coffee* the wiser sort joyn'd *Spirit of Clary*, *Usquebaugh*, and *Brandy*, which compleatly enchants the Knights : By the force of these *Soporiferous Enchantments* you shall find one snoring heartily on a *Bench*, another makes Love to beautiful *Phillis* at the Bar, and the third, as valiant as *Orlando Furioso*, goes to signalize his Valour in scouring the Streets.

I should never have done, if I should attempt to run thro' all the several Countries within the Walls of *London*, as the *Long Robe*, the *Sword*, the *Treasury*. Every State, in brief, is like a separate Country by it self, and has its particular Manners and Gibberish. Here you may view the fruitful Country of *Trade*, that has turn'd Leather Breeches into Gold Chains, blue Aprons into Fur-gowns, a Kitchenstuff-tub into a gilded Chariot, a Drayman into a Knight, and Noblemens Palaces into Shops and Warehouses. Here is also the barren Country of the *Philosopher's Stone*, inhabited by none but Cheats in the Operation, Beggars in the Conclusion, and now is become  
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almost desolate, till another Age of *Fools* and *Knaves* do People it. To this may be added the *cold Country* of the *Newsmongers*, that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe, who rob one-another, and lie in *Sheets* for want of a *Coverlid*. The *hot Country* of the *Disputers*, that quarrel and raise a Dust about nothing. The *level Country* of bad *Poets* and Presbyterian *Parsons*, one of which is maintain'd by a good stock of *Confidence*, and the other by *Flattery* and *Canting*. The *desart uninhabited Country* of *Virtuous Women*. The *Conquer'd Country* of *Coquets*, and an infinite number of others; not to reckon the *Lost Country* inhabited by *Strollers*, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their way: They are of easie access, but 'tis dangerous to traffick with 'em. Some of 'em have the Art to please without Management, and to love without Loving.

But how have I forgot my own *dear Country*, that is consecrated to *Bacchus*, that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder-working Liquor of the World, that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in his own conceit, a *Coward* valiant, and a *Beggar* as rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at ease, and in plenty, swagger and carouse, quarrel with the *Master*, fight the *Drawer*, and ne'er trouble my self about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me: A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a new *Amusement*.

In *Leicester-fields* I saw a *Mountebank* on the Stage, with a Congregation of *Fools* about him, who, like a Master in the Faculty of *Lying*, gave 'em a History of his Cures, beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World: He told 'em of fifteen Persons that were run clear thro' the Body, and glad to carry their Puddings in their hands for a matter of three days together, but in four and twenty hours he made 'em as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a Scar for the remembrance of the Orifice. If a Man  
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had been so bold as to ask him *when* and *where*, his Answer would have been ready without studying, That it was some Twelve hundred Leagues off, in *Terra incognita*, by the token, that at the same time he was Physician in Ordinary to a great Prince, who died about five and twenty Years ago; and yet the *Quack* was not forty.

All these Subjects, tho' very amusing, were not equally edifying; and therefore in my Voyage towards the City I call'd in at a *Quaker's Meeting*, where a Fellow was talking *Nonsense* as confidently as if he had got a Patent for it, and confirm'd the Popish Maxim, that *Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion*. The Women were the oddest Creatures in the World, neither Fish nor Flesh, but like *Frogs*, only their lower part were Man's meat.

From thence I sail'd into a *Presbyterian Meeting* near *Covent-garden*, where the vociferous *Holderforth* was as bold and sawcy as if the Deity and all Mankind had ow'd him Money: He was shewing the way *to be rich when Taxes rise and Trading falls*, and descanting upon all Humours and Manners: *He* (says the Tubster) *that would be rich according to the Practice of this wicked Age, must play the Thief or the Cheat; he that would rise in the World, must turn Parasite or Projector; he that marries, ventures for the Horn, either before or afterwards: There is no Valour like Swearing, Quarreling, or Hectoring: If you are poor, no body owns you; if rich, you'll know no body: If you die young, what pity 'twas, they'll say, that he should be cut off in his prime? If old, he was e'en past his best, there's no great mis of him: If you are Religious, and frequent Meetings, the World will say you are a Hypocrite: And if you go to Church, and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we say you are a Papist.* To which I make bold to add, if you are gay and pleasant, you pass for a Buffoon; and if pensive and reserv'd, you are taken to be sour and censorious. *Courtesie* is call'd Colloguing and Currying Favour; down-right

right Honesty and Plain-dealing is interpreted to be Pride and Ill-manners. And so I took my leave of Dr. —, and peep'd into a fine *Church* in my way to *Fleet-street*, where a huge double-belly'd Doctor was so full of his *Doubtlesses*, that he left no room for one grain of *Scepticism*, and made me so perfect a *Dogmatist*, that I made these innocent Reflections: The Dr. does not love butter'd Buns, *Doubtless*, he is glad his first *Lady Wife* is under ground, for he married again within two months after her death; *Doubtless*, he is carnally inclin'd, he has got his second Wife with Child; *Doubtless*, a Man of his sanguine appearance had no body to help him: He is very fat, *Doubtless* he is rich; he looks very grum and surly, *Doubtless* he is not the best-humor'd Man in the World. But I soon gave over these *Remarks*, for being a Stranger to his Worship, *Doubtless* I might have been sometimes in the right, and *Doubtless* I should sometimes have been in the wrong; and therefore I remov'd my Corps to another Church in my Road to *London*.

Here, before Sermon began, the Clark (in a slit Stick contriv'd for that purpose) handed up to the Desk a number of Prayer-bills, containing the humble Petitions of divers Devotee's, for a supply of what they wanted, and the removal of their Afflictions. One was a Bill from a *Courtier*, that having a good Post, desir'd he might keep it for his Life, without being call'd to account for *Neglect* or *Mismanagement*; and, that he might continue God's Servant in *Ordinary*, and the King's *Special Favourite*. A young *Virgin*, apprehensive of her Wants and Weaknesses, being about to enter into the holy state of Matrimony, pray'd for proportionable *Gifts* and *Graces*, to enable her for such an *Under-Taking*.

Some pray'd for good Matches for their *Daughters*, and good Offices for their *Sons*; others beg'd Children for themselves; and sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will  
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be so civil as to take 'em home when they are given him.

Now came abundance of *Bills* from such as were going Voyages to Sea, and others that were taking long Journeys by Land; both Praying for the Gift of Chastity for their *Wives*, and *Fidelity* for their *Prentices*, till they should return again. Then the *Bills* of Complaint coming in thick and threefold, *Humbly shewing*, that many Citizens Wives had hard Hearts, *Undutiful Husbands*, and *Disobedient Children*, which they heartily Pray'd to be quit of; I discharg'd my Ears from their Attendance on so Melancholy a Subject, and employed my Eyes on the variety of *Diverting Faces* in the Gallery.

Where you might see in one *Pew*, a Covey of Handsome, Bucksome, *Bona Roba's*, with High Heads, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* of Ornament and Dress about them, as Merry as *Hawks* in a Mew, as *Airy* as their *Fanns*, and as Light as a *Beaux* Head, or his *Feather*.

In another *Pew* was a Nest of such Hard-favour'd *She's*, that you would have blest your self. Some with their Faces so Pounced and speckled as if they had been *Scarrified*, and newly pass'd the *Cupping-Glass*; with a World of little Plaisters, *Large*, *Round*, *Square*, and briefly cut out into such variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure. They employ'd them, selves while the *Bills* were reading about — Hush, hush.

The *Wou'd be Bishop* is beginning, and 'tis a sign of a *Clown*, as well as an *Atheist*, *Ludere cum Sanctis*; for tho' I expose the Foppery of Persons, I have a great Veneration for Holy Offices. Our *Doctor*, I *Grant* it, has some of the Qualifications of an *All-Souls* Candidate, *Bene Vestiti & Mediocriter Docti*; and in good earnest fills a Pulpit very well, but that he so often hauls in his *Common-Place Book* by Neck and Shoulders, that he cloyes his Auditors with

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that unpalatable *Ragoust*, call'd in Latin *Cramben Biscoctum*, and in plain English, *Twice-boil'd Cabbage*; for having in every Harangue, let the Subject be what it will, Marshal'd his Discourse by the help of the *Warlick* Josephus, and by the Assistance of the learned Grotius, and pious Dr. Hammond our own Countryman, puzzled Aquinas, confuted Bellarmin, and baffled Origen, pass we on (says he) to the next thing as considerable.

The *Clark* is such an Affected C. C. C——, that he sings out of Tune, repeats out of Order, and does nothing as he should do: For instead of saying, *Amen*, he screams out *A Main*, which had like to put me into a confounded Fit of Laughter; for a Spark who had been over-night at 7 or 11, falling a sleep in the Church, and being waked by the Noise of *A Main*, he starts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll set you Half a Crown*.

Crowding to get out to breath my Spleen at this Adventure, I put the *Bilk* upon a *Pick-Pocket*; who measuring my Estate by the Length and Bulkiness of my *New Whig*, which (God knows) is not paid for, he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountering a Disappointment, Rub'd off, Cursing the *Vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his Folly, that could think a *Poet* ever went to Church when he had Money to go to a Tavern. *Poets* are better principl'd than to hoard up *Trash*; and could they as well secure themselves from the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, as they do from the World, there would not be a Hairs breadth 'twixt them and Heaven. This Pains-taker of a Divine has some time since, I hear, been oblig'd to his kind Parishioners, for letting him make a sure Cure of his Care of Souls, by pulling down that Church he gave such Instances of preternatural endowments in, and have rebuilt it to pull it down again, or one of the Church Wardens does not talk so much like an Apothecary as he's reported to do, the t'other takes as much Care of other Peoples Money.

ney, as he does of his own. But talk is but talk, and the Gentlemen of the Vestry would never shew their own Heads to be heavier than their Bodies, by building a greater Superstructure to that of the Church, than its Foundations will bear: Tho' *W---K---*, to be sure knows more of the matter than Sir *Christopher Wren*, and the Booksellers thereabouts will have more than sufficient Amends made for the Cost they will be at in beautifying the Dr's Church and Pulpit, would his Reverence oblige 'em with the Copies of his elaborate Sermons.

After so learn'd a discourse, I could digest nothing under the *D—* of St. *P—*, and over went to the Temple Church, but who should be a laying down new Schemes of Church-Government but *W—K—D. D.* he had learn'd to flatter Arch-Bishops and other great Men, from this Pedantick Translation of *Pliny's* fulsome Panegyrick, and was drawing forth his Words at full length, in order to draw himself into some Church Preferment, tho' in my Opinion, it was very improper, that a Man that had written contrary to the Canons of the Church, and the municipal Laws of the Kingdom, should be perch'd up in a Pulpit to give Instructions to those Gentlemen whose Abilities would be too hard for his Ignorance. But Dr. *Atterbury* has handled him with that dexterity, as to have occasion for no one else to expose his Weakness, and if he must have other Preferment before he flings him upon his Back, he may rest contented with his Arch-Deaconry and Curacy. Now I cross'd the way to a *Booksellers*, in hopes to get a Dinner and a Bottle, but the stingy Cur Popt me off with a Dish of Coffee, and the old Talk, that Trading was Dead, that they suffer'd for other Mens Works as well as their own; and in short, finding not a Penny to be screw'd out of the *Prig*, I pursued my Voyage to the City; but it happening to Rain, to shelter my self from it, I run my Face into

*A Herald's Office.*

**H**ERE was a confounded Noise of Descents, Pedigrees, Genealogies, Coats of Arms, Bearings, Additions, Abatements, and a deal of that insignificant Jargon. While I was listening to this *Gibberish*, in comes a Fellow with a Roll of Parchment in his Hand to be made a *Gentleman*, and to have a Coat of Arms finely painted to hang up in his *Dining-Room* till his Wife died, and then to be transported on the Outside and Front of the House, to invite a rich Widow to marry him.

My *Father*, says he, has bore Arms for his *Majesty* in many honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*, and has made many a *Tall Fellow* speak to the Constable at all Hours of the Night. My *Uncle* was the first Man that ever was of the Honourable Order of the *Black Guard*: And we have had five Brave Commanders of our Family, by my *Father's* side, that have serv'd the *State* in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Thief-Takers*, and gave his *Majesty* a fair Account of all the *Prisoners* that were taken by them: And by my *Mother's* side, it will not be denied, but that I am Honourably Descended; for my *Grandmother* was never without a dozen *Chambermaids* and *Nurses* in Family. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of *Honour*, I have here a Testimonial in my Hand, in Black and White; and in my Pocket brave *Yellow-Boys*, to pay for a Coat of Arms: Which being produc'd and Finger'd by the Herald, he immediately assign'd him a Coat, viz. A *Gibbet* erect, with a Wing volant, a Ladder ascendant, a Rope Pendant, and a *Marshal's Man* Swinging at the End on't.

I am Scandalized, says my *Indian*, at your Custom  
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in *London*, in making every saucy *Jack* a Gentleman. And why are you not as well offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almost every Gentleman call one another *Jack*, *Tom*, and *Harry*. They first dropt the Distinction proper to Men of *Quality*, and Scoundrels took it up and bestow'd it upon themselves; and hence it is that a *Gentleman* is sunk into plain *Jack*, and *Jack* is rais'd into *Gentleman*.

In Days of *Yore*, a Man of *Honour* was more distinguishable by his *Generosity* and *Affability*, than by his *Lac'd Liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the Vices of the vulgar Fry, *Honour* is grown contemptible, the *Respect* that is due to their *Births* is lost in a *Savage Management*, and is now assum'd by every Scoundrel.

The *Cobler* is affronted, if you don't call him *Mr. Translator*; the *Groom* names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*, and the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes himself *one of his Majesty's Officers*. The *Page* calls himself *a Child of Honour*, and the *Foot-boy* stiles himself my *Ladies Page*. Every little *Nasty Whore* takes upon her the Title of *Lady*, and every impudent *Broken-mouth'd Manteau-maker*, must be call'd *Madam Theodosia Br—*. Every *Dunce* of a *Quack* is call'd a *Physician*. Every *Gown-Man* a *Councillor*. Every silly *Huff* a *Captain*. Every *Gay* thing a *Chevalier*. Every *Parish Reader* a *Doctor*: And every *Writing Clerk* in the Office, *Mr. Secretary*: Which is all but *Hypocrisy* and *Knavery* in *Disguise*; for nothing is now call'd by its right Name. The *Heralds* I see have but little to do, *Honour* and *Arms* which us'd to employ all Men of *Birth* and *Parts*, now almost dwindled into an *Airy Nothing*: Let us then go and see how the *World* wags in the *City Circle*.

## A M U S E M E N T IX.

*The City Circle.*

I Have given my Traveller Walking enough from Country to Country, let us save him the Trouble now of beating the Hoof, and shew him the rest of the World as he sits in his Chair.

To be acquainted with all the different Characters of it, it will be sufficient for him to frequent certain Numerous Assemblies, a sort of a *City Circle*, they are set up in Imitation of the Circle at Court.

The Circle in Foreign Courts is a Grave Assembly, but ill seated, upon low Stools set in a Round. Here all Women Talk and none of them listen. Here they make a Pother about nothing. Here they decide all things, and their most diversified Conversations are a sort of Roundelays, that end either in Artificial Slaunders, or gross Flattery, but this being in no wise applicable to the *English* Court, I shall wave a further Description of it, and come to

*The City Ladies Visiting-day.*

Which is a familiar Assembly, or a general Council of the fair and charming Sex, where all the important Affairs of their Neighbours are largely discus'd, but judg'd in an arbitrary manner, without hearing the Parties speak for themselves. Nothing comes amiss to these Tribunals; matters of high and no consequence, as *Religion* and *Cuckoldom*, *Commodities* and *Sermons*, *Politicks* and *Gallantry*, *Receipts of Cookery* and *Scandal*, *Coquetry* and *Preserving*, *Filting* and *Laundry*; in short, every thing is subject to the Jurisdiction of this Court, and no Appeal lies from it. The Coach stops at the *Goldsmith's* or *Mercer's* Door, and off leaps Mr. Skip-kennel

kennel from behind it, and makes his Address to the Book-keeper or Prentice, and asks if his Lady (for that is always the Name of the Mistress) receives any Visits that day or no : Some stay must be made till the Woman above Stairs sends down her Answer, and then the Pink of Courtesie is receiv'd at the top of the Stairs, like King James by the French King, and handed to her Stool of Discourse.

*My dear Lady, 'tis an Honour to give me your Company after so obliging a manner, is the first word that drops from her the Visit is paid to, and I should never have forgiven that uneasiness of Mind which must have been the consequence of it, had I any longer forbore paying my Respects to my dear Lady Tattle, is of course the Answer to it. Lord, Madam ! Did you hear the News of the misfortune that befel Mrs. such a one's Husband ? Never believe me again, if that old filthy Sot she was married to for the sake of his Money, has not had a Statute of Bankrupt taken out against him ; but Alderman Vanity's Lady had the most insupportable Accident that befel her, which it's possible to think of : Let me never go a visiting again, if her Coach did not overturn just against the Royal Exchange, in full Change time, and expos'd what her Ladiship had, a foul Smock and a dirty Skin, to the whole Company. I could never have outliv'd the Disgrace, nor have suffer'd my self to be seen in publick, but her Ladiship is of another sort of Complexion, than I carry about me. I suppose you are no Stranger to her making a Bedfellow of that filthy Fellow her Groom, or the Conversation Mr. Alderman turn'd away his Coachman for : But Heavens forbid I should expose her, &c.*

Thus they take a sip of Tea, then for a draught or two of Scandal to digest it, next let it be Ratafia or any other Favourite Liquor, Scandal must be the after draught, to make it sit easie on their Stomach, till the half-hour's past, and they have disburthen'd themselves of their Secrets, and take Coach for some other place, to collect new matter for Defamation.



A venerable old Gentlewoman, call'd Madam *Whimsy*, whose Relations are dispers'd into all corners of the Earth, is President of this Board ; she is lineally descended from the *Maggots* of the *South*, an illustrious and ancient Family, that were a Branch of the *Wag-tails* of the *East*, who boast themselves descended in a right Line from Madam *Eve*. Here are to be found as many different Opinions as there are Heads in the Room. The same Judge is sometimes severe, and sometimes indulgent, sometimes grave, and sometimes trifling, and they talk exactly there as I do in my *Amusements*.

They pass in a moment from the most serious to the most comical Strain ; from the greatest things to the smallest, from a Duke to a Chimney-sweeper, from a Council of War to a Christning ; and sometimes a sudden Reflection upon a Woman's Head-dress hinders the decision of a Case of *Conscience* under Examination.

In this Country twenty several Sentences are pronounc'd all at once. The Men vote when they can, the Women as often as they please ; they have two Votes for one : The great Liberty that is allow'd in the City Circle invites all sorts of Persons to come thither *to see and be seen* ; every one talks according to his *Designs*, *Inclination* and *Genius* ; the young folks talk of what they are now doing, the old Fellows talk of what they have done in the Days of Queen *Dick*, and your Sots and Coxcombs of what they have a design to do, tho' they never go about it.

The Ambitions rail at the Sluggards, as a company of idle Fellows, that take up room in the World and do nothing ? The Sluggards return back the Compliment to the Ambitious, That *they trouble all the World with their Plots, to advance themselves and ruine others*. The Tradesman curses War from the bottom of his Heart, as that which spoils Commerce, depopulates Countries, and destroys Mankind ;

kind ; and the *Soldier* wishes those who had a hand in making the Peace were at the Devil.

The *Vertuoso* despises the Rich for making such a bustle about so foolish and pale-fac'd a Metal as *Gold*. The Rich laugh at Learning and learned Men, and cry, A Fig for *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*. Your Men of Gravity and Wisdom rail at *Love*, as the most foolish and impertinent Trifle in the World : and the *Lover* fattens himself with his own Fancies, and laughs at Wisdom as a sour and severe thing, that is not worth the pursuit. Those who are Unmarried fall upon the jealous-pated Husbands, as Men that create their own Troubles ; and those who are married justify their own prudent Conduct in endeavouring to prevent their own Dishonour.

A young forward Puppy full of vigor and health, seem'd to intimate by his Discourse, that he thought himself immortal : *Well*, says he, *I have drank my gallon of Claret every night these Seven Years, and yet the devil of a Fever, or any other Disease, dare attack me, tho' I always keep two or three Sins going at once : Before George, I think our Family's made of Iron ; there is that old Prig my Father (a Plague on him) turn'd of Seventy, and yet he's as sound as a Roach still ; he'll ride you Forty mile outright at a Fox Chace ; Small-Beer be my Portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the good manners to troop off.* A grave old Gentleman, offended at this rude and frothy Discourse, gave his Whiskers a twirl, and thus reprimanded our sawcy Whipper-snapper : *Know Boy*, crys he to him in an angry tone, *know Sirrah, that every Age stands upon the same level as to the duration of Life ; a Man of Four-score is young enough to live, and an Infant but of Four Days birth is old enough to die. I apprehend your meaning, old Gentleman*, says our young Prig to him, *well enough ; You are young enough to live to day, and old enough to die to morrow.*

Those whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the Company see what they were ; the rest,  
both

both in their Conversation and Manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

You admire the gay noisie Impertinence of that Country Wit yonder, who tells so many pleasant Stories, and sets all the Company laughing. Don't be mistaken in him, he's the dullest Rogue alive, if you strip him of what he has plunder'd from others. All his Jests and Repartees he purloin'd from his *Father's Chaplain*; they are the effect of his Memory, and not of his Invention.

That other Spark there sets up for a *Wit*, and has some Sense to't. Pray mind that Worshipful *Lump* of Clay, that inanimated Figure who lolls in the Elbow-Chair, he takes no manner of notice of what is said in the Company: By his plodding, starch'd solemn Looks you would conclude that Business of Importance and Affairs of State took up all his Thoughts, and that his Head was brim-full of *Dispatches, Negotiations, Decrees, Orders of Council*, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what, he's the emptiest, dullest, shallowest Monitor within the *Bells of Mortality*; he's equally incapable of Business and Pleasure; he'll take you a Nap over a Game at Cards, and yawn and stretch at the most diverting Comedy; nay, under the Pulpit, when the Parson has preach'd all the Dogs out o' th' Church: He dreams as he walks, and the Sot, when he's asleep, differs from the Sot when awake, as a *Ninepin* does when 'tis up, from a *Ninepin* down. He has a considerable post in the Government, and a pretty Wife, and minds 'em both alike; 'tis pity he has not a *Deputy* to officiate for him.

That *Young Creature* there by the Window, at the bare mention of the word *Love*, starts and trembles as if a *Demi-Culverin* were shot off at her Ear: Her virtuous Mother has told her such terrible Stories about it, that the *poor Fool* believes she hates it. And do you think, Sir, she'll hate it to the end of the Chapter? That's so uncertain, I dare not engage

for



for it ; a Woman who hates *Love* before she knows *what it is*, is not in danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a freer manner than I ought, and unmask too many Faces in my Circle, but if I were never so much inclin'd to spare 'em, and they themselves had Address enough to conceal their own Defects, I see a Lady coming into the Room, who will decipher 'em more unmercifully than I can. Now she has seated her self, observe what a modest Air she has, how critically she draws off her Gloves, how artfully she manages her Fan ; and if she lift up her Eyes, 'tis only to see whether other Woman are as handsome and modest as her self ; she has so much Virtue, the *World* says, that she can't endure any that have a less Share on't than her self : What is harder still, those that have more Virtue than she, do equally displease her. 'Tis for this reason she spares no-body.

I ask'd a Lady of the same Character t'other day, how it came to pass that her Exhortations were half *Godliness* and half *Slauder* : *Bless me !* cries she *Slauder ! what mean you by the Word !* 'Tis enough to give one the Spleen, or an *Ague Fit*. The truth on't is, *I am sometimes oblig'd to accommodate my self to the Taste of the World, to season my Remonstrances with a little Satyr, for the World expects we should make every thing agreeable, even Connexion it self. We must sometimes give a little slip from Morality, to bring in a few strokes of Satyr. Speak more honestly, Madam,* says I to her, and confess, that you bring in one stroke of morality to countenance the making of a thousand scandalous Reflections.

*Very well,* replies the *Indian* to me, *I find the Londoners are as comical in their Garbs as affected in their Discourses ; they would think themselves dishonour'd to appear in a Suit they wore last Year : According to the Rule of Fashions, this furious Beau the next Year must make but a scurvy Figure ; but I pardon them for following the Custom of their Country : I put so ill a Constructi-*

*on upon their Curiosity, I will not hereafter judge of the Hearts of Women by the steps I see them make.*

*As for that Beau yonder, I have a great Curiosity to know whether his Inside answers his Outside ; not a Word has dropt from him as yet, but surely the Oracle will open anon.* The Ladies that encompass him, said I to my Curious Traveller, are as impatient to hear him talk as you can be ; therefore let us listen. They all compliment and address their Discourses to him. What Answers does he make 'em ? Sometimes *Yes*, sometimes *No*, and sometimes *Nothing* at all. He speaks to one with his *Eyes*, to another with his *Head*, and laughs at a third with so mysterious an *Air*, that 'tis believ'd there is something extraordinary meant by it. All the Company are of opinion that he has *Wit* in abundance ; his Physiognomy talks, his Air perswades, but all his Eloquence lies in the fine *Outside* he makes ; and as soon as the *Spark* has shew'd himself, *he has concluded his Speech.* 'Tis a thousand pities that Nature had not Time enough to finish her Workmanship : Had she bestow'd never so little *Wit* upon an *Outside*, so prepossessing us in his Favour, the idlest Tales from his Mouth would have pass'd for the most ingenious Story in the World.

But our Ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer Discourse with their Idol ; all of 'em resolv'd, if they must speak, to speak with somebody that will answer 'em again, and not with a *Statue*. Our *Beau* retires into the next Chamber, intent on nothing but how to display his Charms to the best advantage : He is at first view enamour'd with a pretty Lady, whom he saw in the Room ; he besieges her with his *Eyes*, he ogles at her, he primes and plumes himself, and at last boards her.

This Lady is very reserv'd, and tho' our Gentleman appear very charming to her, she is not surpriz'd at the first sight of him ; 'tis nothing but her Curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in  
the

the Field ; with this Intention she listens to what our Adventurer has to say. In short, this was the success of his Affair with her : He found himself mightily at a loss how to cope with this Lady ; she had an inexhaustible Source of *Wit*, and would not be paid with gracious *Nods* and *Smiles*, but as we see there are a hundred witty *Women* in the World, that are not displeas'd with a fair Outside ; our confident Spark flatter'd himself, that if he could but once persuade the Lady he was in love with her, the Garrison would immediately surrender. To effect this, he employ'd the *finest Turns* of Eloquence, and the most touching Expressions of the mute Language, but this fair Lady made as if she did not understand him : What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her ? He had a *Diamond Ring* of a considerable value upon his Finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a piece of Gallantry *a la mode* to present it to her : Thus playing with his Hand, and holding it so that he might shew his *Diamond* more advantageously to the Eyes of the *Fair Indifferent*, he plays with it ; she turns her Head first on one side, then on the other. This *Unconcernedness* mortified him extreamly, yet still he kept on his Shew, which is always the last Refuge of a Coxcomb : He is astonish'd to find a *Woman Insensible* to such a *Beau* as himself, and such a *Diamond* as his was ; but this made no Impression on the Lady.

At the very Moment he despair'd of his Enterprize, this Cruel, this insensible seiz'd him hastily by the Hand, to look nearer at the *Diamond*, from which she first turn'd her Eyes : What a *Blessed turn* of the Scene was this to a Dejected Lover ! He resumes his Courage, and to make a Declaration of his Passion for once and all, he takes the *Ring* from his Finger, and after a Thousand *Cringes* and *Grimaces*, Presents her with it. The *Lady* takes it in her Hand, and holds it close to her Eyes, to view it  
more



more carefully, redoubles his Hope and Assurance, and thought he had a Right to Kiss the Hand that had Received his *Diamond*. The Lady was so taken up in looking at it, that she was not at leisure to think of being angry at this Freedom; but on the contrary smiled, and without any more Ceremony put the *Ring* upon her Finger.

Now it is that our Lover thinks himself secure of *Victory*, and transported with Joy, proposes the *Hour* and *Place* of Meeting. Sir, says this Lady coldly to him, I am Charm'd with this *Diamond*; and the reason why I have accepted it without Scruple, is because it belongs to me. Yes, Sir, this *Diamond* is mine; my Husband took it from off my *Toilet* some Three Months ago, and made me afterwards believe he had lost it. That cannot be, replies our *Fop*, it was a *Marchioness* that exchange'd it with me for something that shall be Nameless.

Right, right, continues the Woman, my Husband was acquainted with this *Marchioness*, he Truck'd with her for my *Diamond*, the *Marchioness* Truck'd with you for it, and I take it for nothing, tho' if I were of a *Revengeful Nature*, my Husband very well deserves, that I should give the same Price for it as he receiv'd from the *Marchioness*. At this unexpected Blow our fine Thing stood Confounded and Astonish'd; but I can now forgive his being *Mute* upon so Odd an Occasion. A Man of Wit and Sense could hardly avoid it.

That Great Lord yonder, was Bred and Born a Lord: His Soul is full as Noble as his Blood, his Thoughts as high as his Extraction. I Esteem, but don't Admire his *Lordship*; but the Man, who by his *Merits* and *Virtues* raises himself above his Birth and Education, I both Esteem and Admire.

Why then should you, whose *Virtues* equal your Fortune, conceal the meanness of your Original, which raises the lustre of your Merit? We shall better esteem the Merit of your Elevation.

Look,

Look, yonder goes a Man, says one, that takes up-  
on him so much of the *Lord*, that one would think  
he had never been any thing else. It often happens  
that by our Over-acting of Matters, the World dis-  
covers we were not always the Men we appear.

While I made my Reflections, my *Indian* was like-  
wise busie in making his. He did not so much won-  
der at the Man in the Embroidered Coat, who did  
not know himself, as at the Assembly, who likewise  
seem'd not to know him. He was treated with the  
respect due to a Prince; these are not Civilities, but  
downright Adorations. What cannot you be con-  
tent, says our *Indian*, cannot you be content to Ido-  
lize *Riches* that are useful to you? Must you likewise  
Idolize the *Rich*, who will never do you a Farthings-  
worth of Kindness?

I confess, continued he, that I cannot recover out  
of this Astonishment. I see another Man of a very  
good Look come into the *Circle*, and no body takes  
the least Notice of him. He has seated himself, and  
Talks, and very much to the purpose too, and yet  
no one will vouchsafe him a Hearing. I observe,  
the Company Files off from him by degrees, to ano-  
ther part of the Room, and now he is left alone by  
himself. Wherefore, say I to my self, do they shun  
him thus? Is his *Breath* contagious, or has he a *Plague-  
Sore* running upon him? At the same time I took  
Notice, that these Deserters had flock'd about the  
*Gay Coxcomb* in the laced Suite, whom they wor-  
shipp'd like a little God. By this I came to under-  
stand, that the Contagious Distemper the other Man  
was troubled with was, his Poverty.

*Oh Heavens!* says the *Indian*, falling all on the sud-  
den into an Enthusiastick Fit, like that wherein you  
saw him in his Letter; *Oh Heavens!* Remove me  
quickly out of a Country where they shut there Ears  
to the wholsom Advice and sage Instructions of a  
*Poor Man*, to listen to the Nonsensical *Chat* of a Sot  
in *Gaudy Cloaths*. They seem to refuse this *Philo-  
sopher*

*sopher* a Place among Men, because his Apparel is but indifferent, while they rank that Wealthy Coxcomb in the Number of the Gods. When I behold this abominable Sight, I cou'd almost pardon those that grow Haughty and Insolent upon Prosperity.

This latter Spark a little while ago was less than a *Man* among you, at present you make a sort of a *Deity* of him. If the Head of their new Idol should grow Giddy, he may e'en think those who Incense him at this abominable rate.

There are among us in my Country, continues he, a sort of People who Adore a certain Bird for the Beauty and Richness of its *Feathers*. To justify the Folly wherein their Eyes have engaged them, they are perswaded that this proud Animal has a Divine Spirit that animates him. There Error is infinitely more excusable than yours; for, in short, this Creature is *mute*, but if he could talk like your *Brute* there in the rich *Embroidery*, they'd soon find him to be a Beast, and perhaps would forbear to *adore* him.

This sudden Transport carry'd our well-meaning Traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his Discourse, I desir'd him to cast his Eyes upon a certain Gentleman in the *Circle*, who deserved to have his *Veil* taken off, with which he covered himself, to procure the Confidence of Fools. Examine well this serious Extravagant. The *Fool's Bawble* he makes such a pother with, is his *Probity*, an amiable thing indeed, if his Heart were affected by it; but 'tis only the *Notion* of it that has Fly-blown his Head. Because, forsooth, it has not yet appear'd in his Story, that he is a Notorious Cheat and Falsifier, upon the Merit of this Reputation, the *Insect* thinks himself the most Virtuous Man in the World. He demands an Implicite Faith to all he says. You must not question any thing he is pleas'd to affirm, but must pay the same Deference to his Words as to the Sacred Oracles of Truth it self. If he thinks fit to assert, that *Romulus* and *Remus* were Grandchildren



dren to *John of Gaunt*, 'tis a Breach of Good Manners to enquire into their Pedigrees.

If any Difference happens, he pretends his Word is a Decree, from which you cannot appeal without Injustice. He takes it for a high Affront, if you do but ask him to give you the common Security.

All the Universe must understand that his Verbal Promise is worth a Thousand Pounds. He would fain have perswaded his *Wife's* Relations to have given him her in Marriage upon his bare Word, without making a Settlement. He affects to be exactly nice to a Tittle in all his Expressions, and if you think it impossible to find it in him, all his Words you ought to believe to a Hairs breadth: Nothing less, and nothing beyond it. If ever he gives you liberty to *stretch* a little, it must be in his Commendation. Let the Conversation turn upon what Subject it pleases, be it of *War*, or of *Religion*, *Morality*, or *Politicks*, he will perpetually thrust his *Nose* into it, though he is sure to be laugh'd at for his Pains, and all to make a fine *Parade* of his own good Qualities and Vertues.

A certain *Lady* for Instance, after she had effectually proved, that all Gallantry and Sincerity was extinct among the young Fellows of this Age, corrected her self pleasantly in this manner. I am in the *wrong* Gentlemen, says she, I am in the *wrong*, I own it. There is such a thing as Sincerity still among the Men: *They speak all that they think of us Women.*

Upon the bare mention of the Word *Sincerity*, our Gentleman thought he had a fair Opportunity to enlarge upon his own. Every Man says he, has his particular Faults; my Fault is to be too sincere. Soon after this, the Discourse fell upon other Matters, as want of Compassion and Charity in the Rich. What an Excess of Barbarity, cries our Man of Honour, is this? For my part I always fall into the opposite Extream. I melt at every thing, I am too

H

Good

Good in my Temper, but 'tis a Fault I shall never Correct in my self. To make short, another who towards the Conclusion of his Story, happen'd accidentally to let the Word Avarice drop from him, found himself interrupted by our *modest Gentleman*, who made no difficulty to own that *Liberality* was his Vice. *Ah Sir*, reply'd the Man coldly, who was interrupted, you have three great Vices, Sincerity, Goodness and Liberality. This Excess of Modesty in you, which makes you own these Vices, give me to understand, Sir, that you are Master of all the *contrary Virtues*.

In my Opinion now, this was plucking off the Vizor of our *Sir Formal*. This was discharging a *Pistol* at his Breast; one would have thought it would have went to the very Heart of him. In the mean time he did not so much as feel the Blow; the *Callus* of his Vanity had made him invulnerable, he takes every thing you say to him in good part. Call him in an Ironical manner, the *Great Heroe of Probity*, he takes you in the literal Sense. Tell him in the plain Language of *T. O.* that he's a *confounded Rascal*, Oh Sir, says he, your humble Servant, you are dispos'd to be merry I find: Thus he takes it for Raillery.

The *Railers* have a fine time on't you see, to Jest upon a Man of so *Oily* a Temper. What a Vexation is it to your Gentlemen that speak sharp and witty Things, to level them at so *supple* a Slave. All the Pleasure would be to touch him to the Quick, to confound his Vanity. Wit does but hazard it self by Attacking him in the Face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a Wall of Brass*.

But I find nothing will be lost. There sits a Gentleman in the Corner of a quite different Temper, who takes every thing upon himself that was meant to another. He *Blushes*, he grows *Pale*, he's out of Countenance; at last he quits the Room, and as he goes out, threatens, all the Company with his Eyes.

What

What does the World think of this holding up the *Buckler*, they put but a bad Construction upon it, and say that his Conscience is *Ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any String, but it will answer to some painful place. *Touch a Gall'd Horse and He'll Wince.* In a word, he's wounded all over, because he's all over sensible of Pain.

These are two Characters that seem to be directly opposite; however, it were easie to prove that these two are the same at Bottom. What's this Bottom? Divine it if you can: One Word wou'd not be sufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at leisure to give you any more. I perceive a Man coming into the Room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without Remorse. I had better be beforehand with him, and hold my Tongue. *Silence Gentlemen, Silence,* and see you shew due Respect. You will immediately see one of those *Noble Lords*, who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any Body. When my *Lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure Look, and he himself came in with a *Smiling* look, like a true Politician. Immediately he makes a thousand Protestations of Friendship to every one; but at the same time that he promises you his Service, he looks as Pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purse. He is scarce set down in his Chair, but he embroils the Conversation. He talks to four several Persons about four several Affairs at once: He puts a *Question* to one Man, without waiting for an *Answer* of another: He proposes a *Doubt*, treats it, and resolves it all by himself. He's not weary of *Talking*, though all the Company be of *hearing* him. They steal off by degrees, and so the Circle ended.

The *Publick* is a great Spectacle always New, which presents it self to the Eyes of private Men, and *Amuses* them. These private Men are so many diversified Spectacles, that offer themselves to the Publick View, and *Divert* it. I have already as



it were in *Minature*, shew'd some few of these small inconsiderable private Spectacles, which will suffice to point out the rest, and therefore to draw towards a Conclusion, shall in the last Place take a View of the desolate and frightful Country of *Philosophy* and *Physick*: Those being Regions that few Visitants return from in so good a State of Health as they went, or rather with any Life at all.

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## A M U S E M E N T X.

### *The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country.*

**I**N this Country every thing is obscure, their Habitations, their Looks, their Language, and their Learning. 'Tis a long time ago since they undertook to cultivate the Country of *Science*; but the only thing they have made clear and undeniable, is, that One and One makes Two: And the Reason why this is so clear, is because it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon so solid a Foundation, that as soon as ever they have well laid the first Stone, they carry on their Buildings without the least Fear, so high as the *Atmosphere*; but their *Philosophers* build those haughty Edifices they call Systems upon a quite different Bottom.

They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to solid Ground, the Building disappears, and the Architects tumble down from the Clouds.

This Country of *Experimental Philosophy*, is very amusing, and their Collections of Rarities exceeds that of *John Trudusken*, for here are the Galls of Doves, the Eye-Teeth of flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, and the Eyes of Oysters. Here they weigh the *Air*, measure *Heat*, *Cold*, *Dryness* and *Humidity*,  
great

great Discoveries for the publick advantage of Mankind. Without giving our selves the trouble to make use of our Senses, we need but only cast our Eyes upon a Weather-Glass, to know if 'tis Hot or Cold, if it Rains, or is Fair Weather.

Tempted by these Noble Curiosities, I desired the favour of seeing some of the Gentlemen they called Improvers of Nature, and immediately they shewed me an Old Bard cutting Asp-leaves into Tongues, which were to be fastened in the Mouths of Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, and Seeds, with design to make the whole Creation Vocal. Another was Dissecting Atomes, and Mites in Cheese, for the improvement of the Anatomical Science, and a third was transfusing the Blood of an *Ass* into an *Astrological Quack*; of a *Sheep* into a *Bully*; and of a *Fish* into an *Exchange-Woman*, which had all the desired Effects; the *Quack* prov'd a *Sot*, the *Bully* a *Coward*, and the *Tongue-Pad* was *Silent*. All Prodigies in Nature, and none miscarried in the Operation.

In another Apartment were a curious Collection of *Contemplative* Gentlemen, that had their Employments severally assign'd them. One was Chewing the Cud upon Dr. *Burnet's New System of the World*, and making Notes upon it in Confutation of *Moses*, and all the *Antidiluvian Historians*. Another was Reconciling the Differences among *Learned Men*, as between *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Christianity*, *Mr. Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the Controversy between the *Acidists* and *Alkalists*, and putting a Period to the Abstruse Debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouse-trap-makers*.

If any one ask me, which of these Disputants has Reason of his side, I will say, that some of them have the Reason of *Antiquity*, the other the Reason of *Novelty*; and in Matter of Opinion, these two Reasons have a greater influence upon the Learned than Reason it self.

Those that set up for finding the North-West Passage into the Land of *Philosophy*, would with all their Hearts, if it were possible, follow these two Guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a Road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Hecceities* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themselves all on the sudden seiz'd with Hot and Cold, Dry and Moist, penetrated by a subtile Matter encompass'd with *Vortexes*, and so daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A Man need not lay it much to Heart that he never Travel'd through this Country; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a Distance, know as much of it almost as those that have spent a great deal of Money and Time there; but one of their Arts I admire above all the rest, and that is, when they have consum'd their Estates in trifling Experiments, to perswade themselves they are now as Rich, and Eat and Drink as Luxuriously as ever; they view a single Shilling in a Multiplying Glass, which makes it appear a Thousand, and view their Commons in a Magnifying Glass, which makes a Lark look as big as a Turkey-Cock, and a three-penny Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.

Before I let my Traveller pass from this Place to *Physick*, 'twill not be amiss to make him Remark, That in the Country of *Science* and the *Court*, we lose our selves; that we don't search for our selves in *Marriage*; that in the *Walks* and among *Women* we find our selves again; but seldom or never come back from the Kingdom of *Physick*.

## A M U S E M E N T. XL.

### P H Y S I C K.

**T**HE first thing remarkable in the Country of *Physick*, is, that it is situate upon the *Narrow Passage*



Passage from this World to the other. 'Tis a Cly-macterick Country, where they make us breath a Refreshing Air, but such a one as is a great Enemy to the Natural Heat, and those that Travel far in this *Climate*, throw away a world of Money in Drugs, and at last Die of Hunger.

The Language that is spoken here is very Learned; but the People that speak it are very Ignorant.

In other Countries we learn Languages, to be able to express what we know in clear and intelligible Terms; but it looks as if *Physicians* learnt their *Gibberish* for no other purpose, than to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pity a Patient of good Sense that falls into their Hands? He is obliged at once to Combat the Arguments of the Doctor, the Disease it self, the Remedies, and Emptiness. One of my Friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Dilirium*, had a Vision in his Fever which sav'd him his Life. He fancied he saw a Fever under the shape of a Burning Monster, that press'd hard upon a Sick Man, and every Minute got Ground of him, till a Man who look'd like a *Guide* came and took him by the *Wrist* to help him over a River of Blood. The poor Patient had not Strength enough to cross the Stream, and so was Drown'd. The *Guide* used means to get himself paid for his pains, and immediately run after another Sick Man, who was carried down a Stream of *Carduus* Posset-Drink, Barley-Broth, and Water-Gruel. My Friend, advised by this Vision, discarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his Business; for when he was by himself, there was no Body to hinder him from recovering. The Absence of Physicians is a Sovereign Remedy to him that has not Recourse to a Quack.

These Gentlemen of the *Faculty* are Pensioners to Death, and travel Day and Night to enlarge that Monarch's Empire; for you must know, notwithstanding distemper'd Humours make a Man sick,

'tis the Physician has the honour of killing him, and expects to be well paid for the Jobb, by his Relations, that lye in wait for his Life to share his Fortune: So that when a Man is ask'd how such a one died, he is not presently to answer according to corrupt Custom, That he died of a *Fever* or a *Pleurisie*, but that he died of the *Doctor*.

See a Consult of 'em marching in state to a Patient, attended by a diminutive *Apothecary* that's just A—se high, and fit to give a Glyster; how magisterially they look, and talk of the Patient's Recovery, when they themselves are but *Death* in a Disguise, and bring the Patient's Hour along with 'em. While the Patient breaths and Money comes they are still prescribing; but when they have sent the Patient hence, like a Rat with a Straw in his A—se, they'll say his Body was as rotten as a Pear, and 'twas impossible to save him. *Cruel* People, that are not contented to take away a Man's Life, and like the *Hangman*, be paid when they have done, but must Persecute him in the Grave too, and blast his Honour, to excuse their Ignorance.

It were to be wish'd that every Physician might be oblig'd to marry, for it's highly reasonable that those Men should beget Children to the State, who every day rob the King of so many Subjects.

In this Land of *Physick* they have erected themselves a *College*, for the improvement of the Mystery of *Manslaughter*, which may be call'd their *Armory*, for here are their Weapons and Utensils forg'd, and a Company of Men attending to kill Poor Folks out of meer Charity.

In one part of their Convent is a *Chymical Elaboratory*, where some were calcining Calves Brains, to supply those of the *Society* that wanted; some fixing volatile Wits, and others rarifying dull ones: Some were playing Tricks with *Mercury*, promising themselves vast Advantages from the Process; but after they had resolv'd the viscous matter, and brought

brought the *Materia Prima* into the Coppel, all went away in a Fume, and the Operator had his Labour for his Travel.

In another place were *Apothecaries* preparing *Medicines*; the outsides of their Pots were gilt with the *Titles* of *Preservatives*, *Cordials*, and *Pharmacons*, but in the inside were *Poysons*, or more nauseous Preparations. However, of all our late pretended *Alchymists*, recommend me to the *Apothecaries*, as the noblest *Operators* and *Chymists*; for out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-reverence* it self, they will fetch ye Gold ready minted, which is more than ever *Paracelsus* himself pretended to.

Here were also *Chirurgeons* in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Dislocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy, and spoke *Greek* Words, without understanding the *English* of them. One of the Gravest among them, propounded this Question to the rest. Suppose a Man falls from the *Main-Yard*, and lies all bruised upon the *Deck*, pray what is the *First Intention* in that Case? A Brisk Fellow answers, You must give him *Irish Slate quantum sufficit*, and Embrocate the Parts affected *Secundum Artem*. At which I seeming to Smile, an another Reprimands me, saying, *What do you Laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th' right on't*. To whom I reply'd, With Reverence to your Age and Understanding, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*; for if a Man falls from the *Main-Yard*, the first Intention is, *To take him up again*.

Among all these People every thing is made a Mystery, to detain their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the Market of *Physick*; but were not the very Terms of Art and Names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distempers, 'tis to be feared their *Remedies* would prove worse than the *Disease*.

That nothing might be wanting in this Famous College, there were others that like Porters and  
Plaisterers



Plaisterers stood ready to be Hired, as *Corn-Cutters* and *Tooth-Drawers*. The One of which will make you Halt before the best Friend you have; and if you do but *Tawn*, the other Knaves will be examining your *Grinders*, Depopulate your Mouths, and make you Old before your time, and take as much for Drawing out an Old Tooth, as would buy a Sett of New ones.

An ill Accident happened while we were viewing the Curiosities of this College. A *Boy* had swallowed a Knife, and the Members of the College being sitting, he was brought among them, if it were possible to be cured. The *Chirurgeons* claim'd the Patient as belonging to their Fraternity, and one of 'em would have been poking a Crane's Bill down his Throat to pluck it up again, but the Doctors would not suffer him.

After a long Consultation, one of the two Remedies was agreed on, viz. That the Patient should swallow as much *Aqua fortis* as would dissolve the Knife into minute Particles, and bring it away by Seige; but the other Remedy was more Philosophical, and therefore better approv'd, and that was, to apply a *Loadstone* to his *Arse*, and so draw it out by a *Magnetick* Attraction; but which of the two was put in practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the Noble Experiment, tho' my particular Friend Dr. *W—d* was the first that propos'd that Remedy, and he is no Quack, I assure you.

Not but that there are some Quacks as honest Fellows as you would desire to Piss upon. This Foreigner here, for instance, is a Man of Conscience, that will take you but Half Crown a Bottle for as good *Lambs-conduit* Water as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Distempers. He Swears it, and Swears like *T. O.* on the right side of the Hedge, since this very Individual Water has Cured him of Poverty, which comprehends all Diseases.

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'Tis with Physicians in *London*, as with *Almanacks*, the Newest are the most Consulted ; but then their Reign, like that of an *Almanack*, concludes with the Year.

When a Sick Man leaves all for *Nature* to do, he hazards much : When he leaves all for the Doctor to do, he hazards more : And since there is a Hazard both ways, I would much sooner chuse to rely upon *Nature* ; for this, at least, we may be sure of, That she acts as Honestly as she can, and that she does not find her Account in prolonging the Disease.

So much for Physick, which as it is the last thing I should be persuaded to take, so it's the last Country I shall Travel thro' for the Present ; and if the Reader has any good Nature in him, he'll congratulate my safe Arrival from a Place where there are so many Obstacles to be met with, before you can possibly return from it.

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*The End of the Amusements.*

L E T.

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# LETTERS

Serious and Comical,

By the Author of the

## AMUSEMENTS,

Suited to the present Age by *Tho. Brown.*

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*To Madam——, shewing how a young Gentleman that had try'd all other Methods unsuccessfully, made his Mistress comply with him, by threatening to starve himself in her Closet.*

**Y**OU will excuse me, Madam, if I have made bold to send you a *remarkable Accident* which lately happen'd in *these* Parts of the World; and for the Truth of which, dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a *wholesome Testimony* of the Power of *Love*, and serve to instruct you, that when a Lover is once positively *resolved* to gain his Point, the best thing a Woman can do, is to strike up a Bargain with him, and lose no more time in *Capitulating*.

Monseigneur—— had courted a Lady two Years, but was so unfortunate as not to make the least *Progress* in her Affection. All his *Services*, his *Cares*, his *Respects*, his *Complaints*; in short, all his *Tears* and



and *Protestations*, had prov'd unsuccessful. One Day, happening to be *alone* with her in her Closet, he fairly and plainly told her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was *fully resolved* to die, and put an end to his *Pains*. This Discourse, I must confess, had nothing that was *singular* in it: For a thousand Men have threatned to *dispatch* themselves that never intended it; but what follows, you'll own to be very particular: *And to the end, Madam*, says he, *that you may fully enjoy my Death, and have the Satisfaction to see it steal upon me by degrees, I am resolved to die of Hunger here in your Closet*. With that, he flung himself upon the Floor, resolving to put his Design in Execution from that very *Moment*. The young Lady only *Laughed* at him, and left him there, making no question but that he would be gone in less than a quarter of an Hour. In the mean time the *Evening* approach'd; yet our Trusty Lover still continu'd in the *Closet*. She came to see him, and ask'd him whether his *Brains* were not grown *addle*, and whether he intended to take up his *Quarters* there. To both which Questions our Gentleman made no manner of *Reply*; so that the Lady was obliged to leave him. In short, the Night passed, and next *Morning* the Lady came very early to advise him to lay aside this foolish *Resolution*; but all she could get from him was, *Madam, I have already done my self the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions*. Having said this, he lock'd *Languishingly* upon her, fetch'd a deep *Sigh*, and turned his Head the other way. On the *Third* Day, our Lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you with what a *scornful* Look he beheld it: He appeared in this short time to be considerably *weakned*; his Eyes look'd *dead* and *heavy*, his Complexion *pale*, and there seem'd to be something *wild* and *distracted* in his Looks. The fourth Day no sooner arriv'd, but our Lady began seriously and gravely to consider  
what

what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take care to prevent it. How! a Man die in my *Closet*, kill'd by *Despair*, kill'd by *Hunger*! I am utterly *undone* if I don't hinder it. What *malicious* Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps by this time too *Love* had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe, for my part, that *Love* work'd as powerfully with her as the *Fear* of Scandal. However it was, she resolv'd to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long *Exhortation*, which he did not seem to *understand*, because he was in a manner *dead*, she told him, that since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not get him out of her *Closet*, she was willing to let him go out upon his own *Conditions*: With this, our poor *Lover* cast an amorous Look at her, and ask'd her, whether what he heard was *true*, or only an *Illusion* of his Senses. She satisfied him that all was *true*; when immediately Life return'd to him; and not only *Life*, but a surprising *Vigour*, which enabl'd him to pay off part of his debt to Madam, before ever he stirr'd out of the *Closet*. Never did *Lover* make a more honourable *Retreat*, that's certain: In all probability, our Lady was mightily pleas'd with her own *Charms*, since they had *Efficacy* enough to perform so *miraculous* a Cure; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good share in the *Miracle*: But then 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to assume it to themselves, but to *divide* the Glory of it with a cold *Neat's-Tongue*, a Roll of *Bread*, and a good Bottle of *Wine*, which our *Lover* had dexterously convey'd under a *Couch* which was in the *Closet*; for you must know, that foreseeing he was to die, he had taken care, like a good *Christian* as he was, to make some *Preparation* for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I see your Ladyship striking your Fann against the *Table*, and crying, Was there ever such a horrid Piece of *Treachery* acted? What will this wicked

wicked Age come to? And yet, Madam, I must take the *Freedom* to tell you, that I look upon that *Woman* to be happy, *exceeding* happy, who has a *Lover* that can cheat her so ingeniously: For in the first place, she has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady, of the most rigid *Virtue*; and, Secondly and lastly, she has the Pleasure of finding her *Appetite* gratify'd without the least Injury to her *Honour*. I dare engage that our young Lady has not been *backward* to testifie her Love to Monsieur — and that, to convince him of it, she has sent him home, an hundred times since, with as much Satisfaction as then, and less *Hunger*. The Truth on't is, he deserv'd this kind *Treatment*, if it were only for the Fruitfulness of his *Invention*. Others take Towns by blocking them up till they starve 'em; whereas our Lover carried the Place before him, by only pretending to *starve* himself. Well, this was certainly one of the *prettiest* Stratagems in the World. All the mischief is, that you Ladies, for the future, will take no notice of us *Lovers*, when we talk of *dying* for you; tho', after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great *Harm* neither. You may find by this short Story that our Cavalier had come off but blewly had the Lady's Rigour continu'd; but to our Comfort be it remembred, her Vertuous Resolutions did not hold out so long, as a small *French* Roll, and a single Bottle of Wine.

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To Madam de P——, Upon her refusing to marry her Daughter to a Cousin-German.

**W**ith all due Submission be it spoken, methinks your Ladyship overstrains the Point a little, in so positively refusing to marry your Daughter to Monsieur de S——. You tell us you don't approve of



of a Marriage betwixt two *Cousin-Germans*, but surely Madam, you can never believe this to be any lawful *Impediment* in *Hymen's* Spiritual Court.

Would you have Monsieur S—— think Madam P —— to be less *agreeable* because he is her *Cousin-German*? This sort of Reasoning may appear *strong* to you; but has not *Beauty* much *stronger* Arguments? Has a Man his *Genealogy* always before his Eyes, and when he sees a charming Young Woman, is he oblig'd to call to mind, that *He* and *She* came from the same Grandfather, when the *Grand-daughter* is in the Room, especially if she is beautiful? But after all, what have you to say against Monsieur de S——? For my part, I think he has behaved himself like a very good Relation: For instead of *Friendship*, he has shew'd his *Love* to your Family; and if he finds himself *disappointed*, the Fault will lie at your Consent, your Ladyship may be pleas'd to remember, that all the good Folks in the *Old Testament* always married in their own *Tribe*, and that one thousand seven hundred Years ago, Monsieur de S—— had been oblig'd in Conscience to love your Ladyship's *pretty* Daughter, and *no one* else. I own that things have been somewhat *changed* since that; but then I beg of you to give your Consent, that the young People may send to *Rome*, to see if the old Gentleman will grant 'em a *Dispensation*. I need not inform you, Madam, that such *Marriages* are permitted between Relations, when their *Estates* or *Lands* are so *entangled* one with another, that there is no *dividing* 'em without endless *Law Suits*: I confess that our young People have not *this* Reason to alledge for themselves; but what is every jot as *forcible*, they may say, that the Affairs of their *Hearts* are so strangely *embroiled* together, that it is too late now to think of *parting* 'em. If your Daughter were an Heiress, in whom your Name would *expire*, and who would carry all your *Estate* into a *strange* Family, I don't doubt, but that out of

a just *Concern* for your Estate and Family, you wou'd employ all your interest to procure her a *Dispensation* to marry a *Kinsman* of the Name. Now, what ought to go much farther with your Ladyship, your Daughter has *Beauty* and *Charms* that are infinitely more *valuable* than all the dirty *Acres* and *Lands* in the Kingdom, which will assuredly go out of your Family, and perhaps never come into it again, if your Ladyship should force her to marry any one else but Monsieur S——. As for me, that have the *Honour* to be related to you, tho' at a great *distance*, I can't forbear to *concern* my self in the *Beauty* of your Family. For which Reason I conjure you not to impoverish it, by *bestowing* your pretty Daughter *elsewhere*, and by obliging Monsieur S—— to make another Choice. You see how the whole *Family* of the L——'s are *deformed* and *ugly*, so that it will take up a hundred Years, I warrant you, before they *recover* themselves. Let us take *fair Warning* by this Example; and since we have *Beauty* in our *Possession*, be so wise as to preserve it.

To Madam J——, Upon her talking of him in her Sleep.

Madam,

I Receiv'd an Account the other day of the great *Favour* you have lately done me. 'Tis in vain for you to disown your *Passion*: 'Tis certain you love me in your Heart, and your *Sleep* has betray'd your deepest *Secrets*. See, Madam what a *Folly* it is to pretend to conceal ones *Affections*, and hide 'em from those that occasion 'em. If you had *frankly* own'd all to me, I assure you, I wou'd have given you no Reason to *find fault* with my *Secrecy*, but you were resolv'd to trust it with no other *Confident* but your self; when as it has happen'd, you have not been so

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*discreet*

*discreet* as 'twas expected. From hence, Madam, you may learn this useful *Doctrin*, not to rely altogether upon your self. You will tell me perhaps that you talk'd in your *Dream* you know not what; but had you not done much better to have freely and honestly told me, what you afterwards *owned* in your Sleep, without knowing it? Had it not been much more *prudent* to acquaint me with your *Passion* in a few Words, than to speak of it thus in the *Night*, like a Person that was beside her self? *Love* loles no time, and therefore you ought to have communicated this *Secret* to me, which, you see, will escape from you *Women* sooner or later. If your *Reason* enjoyns you Silence, yet your *Reason* will take a *Napp*, and then *Love* will not be idle: If your *Virtue* can answer for your *Days*, yet what can answer for your *Nights*? That Interval belongs all to *Love*; and accordingly you see that the *Secret* of so many *Days* has stole from you in one *Night*. But Madam, may I make so bold as to ask you under what *Figure* I appear'd to you, when you declar'd your self in my *Favour*? For an Opportunity may offer it self when I shall be very glad to re-assume the same Shape. For my Part, I am apt to believe that I was very *haughty* and *insolent*; for hitherto I have been able to obtain nothing of you with all my *Submission* and *Respect*. Don't tell me that I ought to draw no *Consequence* from what you said in the *Night*: It was you that spoke then, and you alone; whereas in the *Day* 'tis *Constraint*, 'tis *Ceremony*, 'tis *Disimulation*, that speaks. By this you may find that for the future I shall be *insensible* to all the *Rigors* you shew me in the *Day* time; and let your *Treatment* be then what it will, I shall tell you that you will unsay it again at *Night*. In short, I shall take you for one of those cunning *Hypocrites* who never appear as they are, but in the *dark*: But whereas other *Ladies* leave all their *Ornaments* upon their *Toilets*, when they go to Bed, you leave that troublesome



some Load, your *Severity*, upon yours. How happy must the Man be, who can see your Ladyship and the rest of your Sex, such as you are in your Primitive State, without any of those *Arts* that conceal you from us at other times.

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## To the same Lady.

Since you did me the Honour to talk of me in your Dreams, I have not been able to sleep a Minute, so strangely am I distracted between *Joy* and *Sorrow*. It is the greatest Satisfaction in the World to me to find my self so near your Heart; but at the same time I tremble as often as I think that our *Secrets* are in such danger of being divulg'd. I am not at all *displeas'd* to see you so reserv'd in the Day-time: But this *unaccountable* Affection and Eagerness at *Night* alarms me; for in short, Madam, I am afraid that you'll discover all our Intrigues. What Method then shall we take to manage our Affairs with more *Security*? For my part, I know but one, which I beg you to take into your Consideration. Be not then, if you please, altogether so *severe* in the Day, and I give you leave to make it up a-Nights, and dispense with you from thinking of me *then*. 'Tis a plain Case, that *Love* cannot always ride full speed: There is a certain time when the *tendrest* things *disgust*, and 'tis impossible to hold out twenty four Hours in the same *Strain* of Passion, and not find some small *giving back* of the *Spring*. But by talking of me in your Sleep, you have gain'd that *Ascendant* over my Heart, that for the future it will wholly be *devoted* to your Service. A *Favour* so undeserv'd and so unexpected makes me *disregard* all the Ladies I see; it effaces all their Charms, spoils the Lustre of their Eyes, and ruins all their Shapes. What is more, I am not at all mov'd with the Con-

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versation

versation of the *Wittiest Women*: For what can the happiest of her whole Sex, with all her Pains and Application too, say that is comparable to what you speak at random in your Dreams, even when you don't think on't? This Kindness of yours, has intirely banish'd my *Flemish* Mistress from my Thoughts, and has done her a Prejudice, which all her other Good Qualities will never be able to *re-trieve*. I am inform'd she sleeps very *profoundly*, and that her Imagination, which is not over-active in the Day, enjoys a more profound *Repose* at Night. Now this is a fault which I can never pardon the finest Woman upon Earth. I cannot apprehend how 'tis possible for a Man to *love a Woman*, who does not *rave* now and then, and talk of him when the Fit seizes her. May I be hated by the whole Sex, if I would not refuse *Venus* if she had not this *Qualification*. Therefore, Madam, take good Advice from your humble Servant, and continue these affectionate Fits. *Love* it self is a sort of *Distraction*, but so *pleasing* and *delightful* that the Wisdom of *Philosophers*, is not to be brought in *competition* with it.

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## LETTERS to the MEN,

by the Author of the AMUSEMENTS.

*To Monsieur de O—, upon asking his Advice, whether he should marry a young Gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no Fortune.*

*Dear Cousin,*

**Y**OU little imagin what a severe Task you impos'd upon me when you desir'd me to advise you in the present *Posture* of your Affairs. On one hand you are up to the Ears in *love* with a pretty young *Lady*; on the other, your Father sends you  
word,

word, that he will certainly *disinherit* you if you marry her. To be plain with you, I don't know what Advice to give you. There are but two Ways for you to take, the *Heroick*, which is to prefer your *Passion* to every thing on this side Heaven; and the *Prudent*, which is, not to lose *fifteen hundred Pounds* a Year for a *Mistress*, tho' she was as beautiful as an *Angel*: Now you need only *consult* your self to be able to determine this Point. I make no question but your *Inclination* leads you to act the *Hero*; but the *Difficulty* is not what you are at *present*, but what you may be *hereafter*. I would advise you to follow your *Greatness* of Soul, if you could be certain that it wou'd never leave you: But the *Mischief* on't is, there is no *relying* upon it; for perhaps it may take its Farewel of you, even before the *Honey-Moon* is over. In short, a Man soon grows weary of playing the *Hero*, but the Devil is in him that grows weary of a *good Estate*. You never yet saw fifteen hundred Pounds a Year make People forget their Vows, tho' *Beauty*, to its Mortification, has often seen it. I know full well, that these Arguments will appear very *gross* to you; and that they are decry'd in all the *Metaphysick* Systems of *Love*: Yet it vexes me, that the *Experience* I have of this wicked World, will not permit me to recommend these Ideas to you, which I own to be much more *Noble* and *Delicate*, than those that are built upon sordid *Interest*. 'Tis not my Fault, if I don't believe that *Love* is sufficient to make a Man *happy*: I should be glad to believe it withal my Heart: But why has *Love* deceiv'd so many thousands of his Votaries before my Face, whom he promis'd to provide so plentifully for, that they shou'd want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his Arms at *liberty*, I have much stronger Reason to believe he'll do it when he's *manacled* with a Family. You may flatter your self perhaps, that you will find a thousand *Charm*, and all the *Obsequious* Respect that can be



imagin'd, in the Person you are going to marry, because she *owes* all to the Man that *sacrific'd* his Fortune to her. Take care that this be not the very *Rock* on which your Marriage splits. As the World goes at present, a Woman's Gratitude may easily fall short of the *Obligation* she has receiv'd, and yet it ought not to pass for a *Prodigy*. I shou'd be very loth to marry a Woman, whom I might have as just a Pretence to quarrel with, as you will have with yours. In my Opinion, that Man is an unhappy Wretch indeed, who has other Matters of *Complaint*, besides those that *Matrimony* naturally furnishes of its self. A Woman, take her in the best Circumstances you can, has but too many *Obligations* to her Husband, why then should you involve her deeper in your Debt? Consider that this will make her much *more* your Wife than any other Woman could have been; and consequently make you less happy with her: Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel Punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your Lips to complain of her, but must carry on with *Honour* what you began in a foolish *Freak*. Thus you must always seem to be charm'd with her Behaviour, even at the very time when you are angry with her in your Soul. For my part, I make no Scruple to own to you, that I would not for all the World *deprive* my self of the *Liberty* of railing a little at my Wife, whenever I should have a *Fancy* that way. Bestow a little Consideration upon these Reasons; but before You wholly determine your self, abstain from reading *Romances*, and Books of that Nature, that will rather serve to feed than extinguish the *Flame*. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts freely upon this Head, without persecuting you with a long *Sermon*, after the manner of a Cholerick *Father*, or an ill-natur'd *Uncle*. I am not *wise* or *morose* enough to pretend to speak to you in that Language. However I fancy I have in a very little Compass  
told

told you all that needs be said to you upon this Occasion by People that are more *wise* or *morose* than,

S I R,

*Your most Humble, &c.*

To Monsieur de B——, *How he had brought a Quarrel upon his Hands for standing up for lean Women, against the Fat.*

I Am going to surprize You with an *odd* Adventure. Altho' I have liv'd so many Years in the *Army* without a Quarrel upon my Hands, I am now engag'd in a very strange one; and what d'ye think was the Occasion of it? You must know, I dined very *peaceably* at my own Lodgings: And after Dinner was over, I took a Walk with four or five Gentlemell in the Garden. We had *exhausted* all the publick News at Dinner: We had drain'd the *Gazettes* and the *Mercuries*, talk'd over all the Disorders of *Poland*, and the Troubles of *Hungary*; and what shou'd our Discourse run upon now, but Women? You cannot expect that the Conversation of Soldiers shou'd turn upon Matters of *Gallantry* in so fine and delicate a Strain as the Conversations in *Clalìa*. Thus, we did not amuse our selves about the Difference between *Love* and *Friendship*, or assign the precise Limits between *Esteem* and *Inclination*. The Question in debate was, who were the handsomest of the two, the *lean* Women, or the *fat*: Since I was oblig'd to chuse one of these two *Extreams*, I resolv'd to declare my self in favour of the *Lean*. There hapned to be a broken Captain in the Company, who began to maintain the opposite Side, but with as much *Fury* and *Eagerness*, as if he had been going to ingage an *Enemy*: So that I was forc'd to raise the Pitch of my Voice to keep up with him. He

pretended that there was *Grace* and *Majesty* in a *Fat Woman*, which commanded *Respect* and *Adoration* from all that saw her: All this I turn'd into *Ridicule*, and perform'd my part so *happily*, that I had all the *Laughters* on my side. When it came to my *Military* Man's turn to jeer the *Lean*, not a Man of us seconded his *Raillery*. This went to the very *Heart* and *Soul* of him. As for me, I express'd my self in the Language of a *Conquerour*; and I must own to you, that my *Vanity* was not a little puff'd up with having gain'd so important a *Victory* for the *Lean*. My *Spark* inrag'd at his *Defeat*, began at last to be *scurrilous*, and address'd himself personally to me; but the *Company* thought it became 'em in point of *prudence* to put a *Stop* to the *Controversie*. They told me, that the *Captain* was a *passionate Admirer* of a *Fat Lady*, which made him espouse the *Interest* of all that were in her *Circumstances*; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before by some *Sign* or other: And as I was not in love with any *lean Women*, I shou'd not have contested the *Point* with him. 'Tis about fifteen *Days* ago since this *Dispute* hapened; since which time, I have made several *Advances* to my furious *Antagonist*, to make him forget this *Affair*, but he does not seem dispos'd to hear of any *Terms* of *Accomodation*. I suppose by this means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his *Mistress*, and that, among other *Protestations*, he has sworn to her by all that is *good* and *sacred*, never to forgive the presumptuous *Wretch* that should think *irreverently* of a double *Chin*, and a *Tun-Belly*. Yesterday I had engaged to wait upon a pretty *Young Lady* at a certain *Hour*, when I knew I should have an *Opportunity* of finding her all alone. The time was just approaching, and my *Chairmen* being out of the way, I was forc'd to trudge it on foot, as hard as I cou'd drive. Passing thro' a narrow *Lane*, I came full butt upon my *Captain*, who cried out in an *angry Tone* to me, *S'life, Sir, I have*



*not forgot your late sawcy Language*: But not having a Minute then to lose, I answered him with the same Bluntness, and without so much as *looking* at him, that I was not at leisure to fight, and so on I marched, having something else to do. He would have been ravish'd to have had an *Opportunity* to tilt with me; but to deal plainly with you, I did not think it worth the while at that time to go to Loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this Matter; but it would be a very pleasant Thing, if our merry Dispute about *Fat* and *Lean* Ladies should bring Us two before those *worthy* Gentleman the *Marschals* of *France*. I am inform'd, that my *Adversary* goes about from House to House, stirring and prepossessing all *Fat* People against me; and indeed I have observ'd of late that they look upon me with a very *Evil Eye*. Now, what shall I do, dear Friend of mine, in so pressing a Danger? I think I have no other Card left me to play, but to arm all the *Lean* ones in my own Defence.

£ I R,

Yours, &c.

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To Monsieur B——, about a nice Fantastical Widow that was very difficult in her choice of a Husband.

I Have sent You an Account of all that has hapned here at my Lady L—— since she has been a Widow. To be plain with you then, she is fully resolv'd to have another Husband; but what sort of a Husband do you think will content her? Why she will have one that is *truly, really* and *sincerely* in love with her, but is afraid the World has *wicked* Designs upon her *Estate* rather than her *Person*, which  
is

is a very nice and reasonable *Distinction*, I must own, but such a one as her Ladyship ought by no means to remember at this time of day. She is observed all along in her Discourse to lessen her Estate as much as she can, to hinder her humble Servants from loving her for the sake of her unrighteous *Mammon*, and at the same time she makes her Age less than it is: But 'tis not in her Ladyship's power to prejudice either her *Estate* or her *Age*, for all the World knows to an Acre and a Month how far each of 'em does extend. I could wish with all my heart You were here to see with what Contempt she talks of her *Daughter's* fine *Complexion*, whenever she has the least Occasion to speak of it. *Child, it is not the Lilies and Roses in your Cheeks that you must trust to, those Trifles are but of a short continuance; but what will make you longest beloved, is your Air and Shape, Child.* Now, what makes her trump up this *Distinction*? Why, I must inform you, the old *Lady* has still a very noble Air and a very handsome Shape; but as for her *Complexion*, it has given her the slip many a Year ago. On the other hand, the Daughter endeavours all she can to hinder her Mother from *marrying* again, because it nearly concerns her in point of Interest to do so; and this is the Reason why she uses all her Address to prevent it. If any *Pretender* happens to take the right way to gain the Old *Lady's* Heart, the Daughter throws her self in his way; and to make him leave off the Pursuit of that Game, she employs those never failing Charms that always attend *Youth* and *Beauty*. This makes her Mother wonderfully jealous, and that is Plague enough in all Conscience: For when she is once possess'd with that Devil, she makes as great a Hurricane, and is as difficult to be reconciled, as a bilk'd Girl of fifteen. This young *Lady*, after all, might perhaps find her self mistaken in her Politicks, if a Man of good Sense made his Court to her Mother, who without stopping short by the way, would

go and attack her *regularly*, and resolve not to raise the Siege till he carried the Town; but it falls out luckily for her, that the old Lady admits none but Young Fellows to make their Addresses to her; and Young Fellows, you know, will always be cullied by a young Face, I made her uneasy for some time, for I pretended to be mightily in Love with her Mother, who gave me no unkind Reception; and immediately the Daughter *employed* all her wheedling Tricks to make a Diversion. As I had no other Design than to alarm her for a while, I took care not to fall into the Trap she had laid for me; but at last I put her out of her Pain a few Days ago by a Letter which I writ to her. I have sent you a Copy of it enclos'd in this, because it may serve to give You some Light into the *History* of the Widowhood of my lady L—, which you are so desirous to know. I am,

S I R,

Yours, &amp;c.

To Monsieur de S—, Upon his being in love with a Lady, whom he was to marry after her Husband's Decease.

S I R,

According to the last Advices, I find you pretend to succeed Monsieur de R— in his Wife: I mean, you have engag'd to marry Madam de R— so soon as Providence is so kind to her as to make her a Widow. Let me tell you, this is a Bold Engagement; not but that her good Man is sixty Years old: But what will you say, if the *Fancy* shou'd take him to live till *Ninety*; or how do you know,



know, but he may prove such a cross *Dog* as to make it up a full *Hundred*, when his Hand is in.

'Tis now *ten* Years compleat since *Madam de R*— married him, by the same token she was then but *Fifteen*; and I'm afraid she is resolv'd to give him half a Score Years out of her own Stock, and make her self amends out of his Estate; which was the only Reason for which she married him. Not that, properly speaking, she is a Miser in her Temper, or cares much to heap up Wealth for her self: She only did it for a certain Gentleman that shall be nameless, for whom, it seems, she had no *Aversion*, and whom she reckon'd to marry every *Day* in the week: For it was agreed on all hands, that the Old Gentleman would soon take his leave of this *Transitory* World. But to see how *ineffectual* and *dark-sighted* Human Prudence is! The superannuated Husband still lives; he surviv'd the above-mention'd Lover's *Passion* and *Constancy*, who foreseeing there was no good to be done, was e'en forc'd to marry elsewhere in his own Defence. Another *worthy* Gentleman succeeded him, who after some Years spent in the same *Expectations*, was glad to throw up his Pretensions to a Woman, whose Husband was so *obstinately* resolv'd to live: And now *worthy* Friend, You are coming into his *Post*; but I'm afraid the Old Man will serve You *exactly* as he has done your Predecessors of unlucky *Memory*, and that you will not be a Farthing the better either for *Money* or the *Charms* of his Widow. As you have a peculiar *Ascendant* over her, I don't doubt but this *Virtuous* Lady makes use of all the *Ways* and *Means* which a Young Woman may *lawfully* employ to dispatch an old fumbling fellow; but finding him look as brisk as ever, I am of Opinion he is not to be murder'd between a Pair of Sheets; and that he laughs in his Sleeve, when the Spouse of his Bosom wou'd oblige him by her Caresses to do that which wou'd soon make a Man of his years a *Bankrupt* in Love. I don't question,

question but that 'tis the best *Cordial* and *Elixir* in the World to him, to see that he enjoys more Health than all his Wife's humble Servants can boast of *Perseverance*. He has already seen her Court chang'd twice or thrice, and yet he is still in the Land of the Living. He is so far from being *jealous* at all these obsequious *Services* that are paid his *Lady*, that he enjoys a perfect *Tranquility* of Mind upon it, which wou'd make me stark mad, if I went upon the same Design as You do: For I am sure I shou'd take it for one of the greatest *Affronts* in the World. This one may gather by him, that he looks upon himself sure to live long enough to *weary out* your *Expectations*, nay, to do the same by Your Successor. The *Autumn* now approaches; and I know both You and his Wife flatter your selves more than ever, to do his Business for him: For this reason You never let him sup till *Twelve*, ply him hard with Bumpers, look over the *Weekly Bills* to see what Distemper is *likely* to have the Honour to send him to his long Home, and at last conclude, it must be a Defluxion upon his Lungs, or an *Apoplexy*. However, I dare lay You what Wager You please, that he will weather this Season; and that the Fall of the Leaf will bring you no good Tidings. 'Tis an old positive ill-natur'd *Hunks*, that will not die till his Wife's *Beauty* is expir'd, and her Face has gone the Way of all mortal Faces. If he shou'd be so wonderfully complaisant as to kick up his Heels before You, he will take care that his Wife's Charms shan't survive him, and will end his *Days Satisfaction* after so pleasant a Piece of *Revenge*. As for me, were I in your Place, I wou'd not engage in this *Passion*, nor fill my Head with such *Chimera's* as You do, unless a whole *College* of *Physicians* wou'd give it me under their Hands and Seals that the old Fellow wou'd not live above a Month, or at least, promise me to give him a *Civil List* out of the World by a time appointed. Unless a Man cou'd propose something like this to himself, he might

might perhaps make some People think well of his Affection, but none of his Judgment.

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*To Monsieur B——, giving an Account of an old Gentlewoman that was Caned by her Lover, and how vain she grew upon't.*

**I** Am going to send you the most surprizing News You ever heard. Madam D——, whom you are so angry with for talking of *Love and Gallantry*, and sprucing up her *decay'd* Person, flourishes and triumphs in spite of her Age, which the Malicious say exceeds *Fifty*, and lately had the most *glorious* Adventure befallen her that ever she could have hop'd for. In short, she receiv'd a few days ago some hearty Drubs with a good *Oaken Cudgel* from her Lover, for some Suspicion of *Infidelity*, as she pretends; nay, the Spark was so strangely transported, that going out of her Chamber, he thrash'd the Lanthorn on the Stair-Case all to Pieces. *Old Puss* is grown so insupportably proud, upon receiving such *visible* Tokens of her Gallant's Affection, that there's no enduring of her. She maintains in all Companies, that 'tis the Womens *Fault* if they don't make themselves as much belov'd as they please; and that if they had but the Wit to make a *right* Use of their Advantages, there is ne'er a Man in the World whom they might not easily *manage* with a single Thread. She mightily commends the kind Gentleman, before those Persons whom she honours with any Share of her Confidence. She says he has *Charming* Transports, and *bewitching* Extravagancies; and that whoever is concern'd with him, ought to know when his different Sallies of *Passion* and *Tendernefs* come in; and that he is the *Easiest* Man in the World, if but rightly *humour'd*. Imagine You heard this Discourse deliver'd in a  
*trembling*



*trembling broken* Voice, and coming from a Mouth, where not a Tooth, or the least Remainder of one is to be seen : She thinks that this Cudgeling has set the Clock of her Life Twenty Years backward, and mercilessly *insults* the rest of her own Age, that have not Merit enough to deserve a Drubbing. This, I find, has made some of them as jealous as Furies. So they take *all* the Pains in the World to *undervalue* the Merit of the Favours which *she* has so *lately* receiv'd. One of her Neighbours, who is her Contemporary, and, what is more one that envies her from the Bottom of her Heart, told me, when her *Gallant* thrash'd her, he was just come from the *Chocolate-House*, where he had lost all his Money ; and that in the Heat of this ill Humour he had laid his Cane upon this *charming* Person : That as for the Lanthorn, it was not he, but an ill-contriv'd Rogue of a *Lacquey* that broke it. Thus you may see, Sir, what strange things Envy will make some *People* talk ; and with what Artifice and Subtilty it endeavours to *lessen* every thing that makes for the Honour of its Neighbour : Nay, even the *Men* are angry with our poor Spark for *employing* his Cudgel so *unworthily*, as if a Man were not allow'd to use it where and when he saw fit ; but was oblig'd to give the *Publick* an Account of every Woman's Age whom he vouchsafed to chastize. So that according to this Doctrine, if in one of your amorous Transports You should happen to *fall foul* upon some amiable *Old Gentleman*, the World has a Right to censure those Favours as *ill bestow'd*, and blame You for not making them *light* upon a Younger Back. Now, in Truth, this is very hard Dealing ; but the People of this Age are so *ill-condition'd*, that there's no *pleasing* them. Farewel, Sir : Make a right Use of this Example ; use your Cane *discreetly*, and be sure to remember, that when a Woman has once seen Twenty five, she does not deserve to be saluted with it.

To Monsieur de C—— Upon a Friend's resolving to marry an Old Woman.

THIS comes to acquaint You that our Friend S——, notwithstanding all the *Advice* of his Friends to the Contrary, is resolv'd to marry Madam D\*\*. All the *Reason* that he can give for so doing, is, that he is *poor* and the *Lady* has a thousand Pounds a Year. Well then, do you think this a sufficient *Reason*? I presume you don't; for there is ne'er a single *Feature* about her, that does not want the above-mention'd *Sum* to keep it in Repair. If Want of *Beauty* implies Want of *Fortune*, she is the *poorest* Woman upon the Face of the Earth. I wou'd willingly know what Method he takes to delude her. In the first Place, I take it for granted, that his Design upon her must be wicked: And tho' such a Resolution, in my Opinion, is not easie to take, yet since he has fallen upon it, I long to know what Success he has had in his Pretentions. I have heard this *Venerable Person* often say, That Heaven knew her *Heart*, she had no Design to marry again: But that if she was *predestinated* to commit such a *Folly* the second time (and Widows, by the bye, are mighty Sticklers for *Predestination*) she would at least take care not to chuse that Man for her Husband who should propose nothing else to himself but to make himself Master of her Estate; but one that had a real and sincere *Consideration* for her *Person*. I own this Word *Consideration* was a modest Word; but in the Ladies *Dictionary* it signified *Love*: And since *Satan* has put it into her Ladyship's Head to make a Distinction between her *Estate* and *Person*, I can't imagine what Method a Man can take to satisfy her that he has a *Fancy* to the *Former*, and not at all to the *Latter*. Can so *superannuated* a Piece of

Mor-

*Mortality* believe, that she has any Merit to boast of, exclusive of her Thousand Pound a Year; or is she so *vain* as to think that the World looks upon her *Acres* to be nothing but an *Appendix* to her other Perfections? What, has she ne'er a *Looking-glass* in her House, to convince her of her *Mistake*? Have her *Gentlewoman* and her *Dressing-maid*, her *Chaplain*, *Steward*, and her *Butler*, her *Cook-maid*, and her *Gardiner*, her *Coachman* and her *Groom*, have they all conspired to *abuse* her and keep her in *Ignorance*? It almost makes me *mad* to think on't. For Heaven's sake, what can be the meaning of so *strange* an Infatuation? But, to return to our Friend, whatever *Sins* he may have to answer for, I am sure he ought not to be tax'd with *Cowardice*. Bless me! to have the Impudence to throw himself at an old Painted Dowdy's Feet, and there to tell her in a scoundril whining *Tone*, that the Divine Lustre of her *Eyes*, forsooth, has burnt his Heart to a Coal; That her Company is Heaven to him, and her *Absence* the greatest Hell; in short, that his Life, his Happiness, his All, depends upon the Sentence of her *Celestial* Lips: To say all these *Sottish* Flatteries, and do all these *wicked* things, is *certainly* above any Man's attempting, but one that has the Courage of *Hercules*. For my part, I cou'd sooner run up to the Mouth of a *Cannon*, leap down a *Precipice*, or, what is *worse*, tie up my right Leg behind me, and beg upon a Bridge, than reconcile my self to such *little* Practices. Instead of loading my tender Conscience with so many horrid Lyes, I wou'd *honestly* tell her Ladyship, that I was most wonderfully in love with her *Bags* and her *Acres*; and that if she would be pleas'd to make me *Master* of them, she shou'd find me a complaisant grateful *Drudge* to the end of the Chapter; But the Devil a *Syllable* wou'd I tell her of her *Beauty*. I wou'd moreover take Occasion to inform her, that



she was *bound* in Honour, and all that, to *marry* me, because I did not go about to banter her as the rest of her *humble* whining Rascals did, who pretended to be smitten with her irresistible *Charms*. A Woman of good *Sense* and *Discretion*, if such a Monster as that is to be found above ground, wou'd be better pleas'd, one wou'd think, with so frank an *Acknowledgment*, than with all those Fulsom Compliments, of which the common Herd of Lovers are so *profuse*. You will tell me perhaps, that above three Parts in four of the Women are Fools. Why, so they may be: however, I am such a good-natur'd *Fool* to believe they are not altogether so *foolish* as we make them. Besides, to open my self farther to you, there are *some* People in the World, whom, as *wicked* as I am, I shou'd make a Conscience to *cheat*. 'Tis some pleasure to put *false* Dice upon a cautious solemn *Coxcomb*, that stands eternally upon his *Guard*; But what kind of Satisfaction can it be to angle for *Gudgeons* that will swallow a *Hook* without a *Bait*?

When you write to me next, pray send me word whether the abovemention'd Lady be not a downright Natural: For if she is not, I am resolved to *renounce* all manner of *Acquaintance* with our Friend: For if he has cunning enough to persuade her that he is in love with her Person, he must certainly be the most dangerous Impostor in the Word; and an Impostor, as I take it, is none of the fittest Men to make a Companion.

*The End of Letters Serious and Comical.*

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A  
DECLAMATION

In Defence of  
W----- and Gaming,

AGAINST

**Drunkennes.**

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Written in Latin by *Beroaldus*, made English  
by *Tho. Brown*.

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The ARGUMENT.

*A Father had three Sons, one a Whoremaster, another a Gamester, and the third a Drunkard: being sick he made this Will, That the most wicked of his Sons should be disinherited. He being dead, they go to Law which of 'em was by this Will disinherited: The Cause is heard before the Judges by way of mutual Accusation of each other; the Drunkard having made his Defence, the other two give the following Answer.*

**Æ**SOP, that admirable Deliverer of fine Morals in pleasing Fables, (*most Reverend Judges*) tells us, That Men are furnish'd with two Wallers, one hanging before, and t'other behind:

behind: That we put our Neighbour's Follies and Vices in that which hangs before; and hide our own in that which is, more out of the way, behind. In which ingenious Apologue he, with a great deal of Wisdom and Knowledge, informs us, that mortal Men have a *Hawk's Eye* in the discovery of the least *Blist* or *Scar* in their Neighbours, but are as blind as Moles in their own *Ulcers* and unseemly *Blotches*; extremely sharp sighted in other Peoples *Pecadilloes*, but purblind in their own *greatest Defects*: That nobody looks back into the Wallet behind, as if of no concern to 'em. This, tho' of common Experience, yet has never been more visible and evident, than in our Brother's pleading before this *Honourable Bench* this Day, who being very short sighted in his own Affair, has discover'd so sharp an Eye in ours, while *he could see a Mote in our Eyes, but not a Beam in his own*; who has been very copious and eloquent against the *Whoremaster* and *Gamester*, but has endeavour'd to prove *Drunkennes* (his peculiar and beloved Vice) not only pardonable, but very pleasantly defends it, as a Quality extremely worth our acquiring, and meriting the greatest Applause.

But we shall not presume to banter this *Honourable Bench* with such an Absurdity, nor put a gloss upon our Errors, or cover our Warts; but shall ingenuously confess, that both *Gaming* and *Whoring* are really Evils: But all we contend for is, that *Drunkennes* is yet a greater Evil than these; and this we hope to make good by the most evident Arguments and Demonstration: We only most humbly beg *Your Lordships* to shew us the same Favour you have our *Brother*; and as with a patient and equitable Ear you have given attention to his *Invectives* against his *Brothers*, you will with the same Benignity and Consideration listen to our Reply and excusable Recrimination; That if he has gratified



tified himself with any ill-natur'd Pleasure in his Raillery, he may lose that Satisfaction in hearing his own Follies expos'd in their proper Colours; who having taken the liberty of saying what he pleas'd, may be oblig'd, without any Injustice, to hear what he has no mind to. 'Tis your Business, most reverend Judges, when you have heard both sides, and compar'd and nicely weigh'd our Follies and Vices, to make such a Decree as shall to Your Wisdoms seem most equitable and just.

To begin from the Root of the Cause: Man, consisting of *Body* and *Soul*, knows nothing more near and dear to him than *himself*; whence it comes to pass, that the chief Object of his Care and Concern is, to preserve the Health of his Body and Mind, that he may be *Mens sana in Corpore sano*, a sound Mind in a sound Body; and to adjust, first of all, and make agree those things which the *Greeks* call τὰ ἀπαραφύκτα, and the *Latins*, *Prima Natura*, or *Primogenia*, i.e. the First or Primitive Things of Nature; in which number are plac'd Health, the Integrity of the Senses, and the Preservation of all the Parts, which most Men make the Measure and Rule of the *Summum Bonum*, or *Supream Good*: And since *Prudence* is the proper Act of Life, and which makes the greatest and most valuable figure among the Goods of the Mind, our first and chief Care ought to be the Preservation of that, lest we foolishly quit the method and means of Living.

Since therefore this Health and Safety of the Body and Mind is the most precious and valuable of all things in Nature, since the Goods of the Mind and Body are allow'd to be the greatest of *Sublunary Goods*, is there any Man so wilfully blind, as not to esteem that, by much, the greatest Vice and Folly, which destroys the most valuable of *Human Goods*? But 'tis most plain and evident, all these suffer the greatest shock by *Drunkenness*, and grow dull and

heavy by the perpetual Inundation of *Wine*. *Drunkenness* obscures the Mind in dark Clouds, and suffocating Fogs of unwholesome Vapours; drives away the Health and Robustness of the Body, and is at once the Rock, on which both our Substance and Reputation suffer Shipwreck. 'Tis an old Proverb, That a *Drunken General* is a bad Commander in the Day of Battel, since Wine throws a Mist over his Conduct, and enervates the Vigour which is necessary for the Onset. This gives us an Idea of the *Wisdom* of the Ancients in the Meaning of their Words, especially such as were compound, for they call'd Wine *Temetum quod teneat Mentem, ac lentet*, from being a Clog and Impediment to the Mind, and bent to Evil: Hence also is *Drunkenness* call'd *Temulentia*.

What, O ye Judges, is there more scoundrel? What more beastly, than a Man depriv'd of his Manhood, robb'd of his Senses by an Inundation of *Claret*? He knows not himself, and has no more Understanding than an old Fellow in his Doatage, or a Child of two Months old; the Health of the Mind is wash'd away by the Flood of good Liquors, and a total Forgetfulness of all things ensues, and the perfect Death of the Memory. The Mind of a *Drun kard*, drown'd in Wine, and vanquish'd in Ebriety, is not in his own power, which never is the Fate of either the *Whoremaster* or *Gamester*; and as *Seneca*, the most severe Cenfor of the *Drun kards*, says, *Drunkenness* is only a *voluntary Madness*. Is there, can there be any greater and more scandalous Shame in Nature, than that a Man should be pleas'd and delighted with a *spontaneous* and *voluntary Delirium*, whose greatest Good is to be in his true Senses, and enjoy a perfect Health of Mind?

In *Drunkenness* we find a *Vertigo* of the Brain, all things turn round, the Head swims, the House whirls about, and the Feet reel: For as *Plautus* wittily

tily remarks, Wine is a cunning Wrestler, that first trips up the Heels; and *Androclides*, eminent for his Wisdom, justly observ'd, that as *Hemlock* is Poyson to a Man, so *Wine* is to *Hemlock*; intimating by this, that *Wine* was even Poyson to Poyson.

Who is ignorant how many Distempers arise out of intemperate *Drinking*? for hence come running Eyes, weak Nerves, trembling Hands, malignant Fevers, ulcerous and gouty Feet, a stinking Breath, and a thousand more which I might here enumerate; so that we may with a great deal of Justice, say, *Drunkenness* is close follow'd by its Companion Pain.

'Tis evident that *Wine* is of a very injurious nature to human Bodies, when the use of it is by the Physicians always forbid in our Distempers, as if that were the Food and Fuel of the Disease.

We may add to these Evils of *Drinking*, which we have mention'd already, that the Man who is a Devotee to that, is but a very bad Husband of his Affairs, while he ruins his Estate in the purchase of Wines from all parts of the World, and pays the Vintner for odd and whimsical *Names* triple the value of the Liquor, while he values Wine more than Gold, and is more pleas'd to look on a sparkling Glass, than on the Beams of the all-cheering Sun. Every Day furnishes us with Examples (tho' in a matter so notorious, so known to all Men, particular Instances are not necessary) of Men who have brought themselves to Beggary by *Drinking* at so expensive a rate; its Force and Extortion is so great, that it turns the *Head*, and begets *Madness*: There is no more obvious Argument of its Infamy, than that it is us'd in common Abuse, as the last and most despicable Exprobration that can be made to any Man; nor could *Homer's Achilles* find out any more shameful Reproach to throw at *Agamemnon*, than that he was *δινωμένος*, i. e. one laden with Wine. The Mother of *St. Austin*, formerly be-



ing by her Maid upbraided and call'd in the height of her Anger a *Wine bibber*, was so shock'd at the infamous Raillery, that she left off Wine, and only mix'd Water with it for the future.

Examine, *most Equitable Judges*, the Opinions of all Men, make Enquiry of every one, and you will scarce be able to find so much as *One*, who had not rather be call'd a *Whoremaster* or *Gamester*, than a *Drunkard*. Of so general and receiv'd Infamy is a Vice so abominable and senseless.

Let us add to this the Consideration of how many Quarrels, even among the nearest and dearest Friends: how many Murders and abandon'd Wickednesses have Men committed in their *Drink*, which they might well (tho' in vain) wish undone when the *Bacchanalian* Fury was over, (for *Wine*, as it is in *Esdras*, *seduces the Mind*, and the *drunken Man takes up the Sword*) who coming to themselves and rising as it were from a short sort of Death, remember not any of their Actions? Let us instance in *Alexander* the Great, of whom my good Brother but now made his boasts, Did he not stab his best Friend *Clytus* in the heat of his Cups? *Persopolis* fell a Sacrifice to the heat of his Liquor, and many of his most intimate Favourites felt in their Deaths he *Frenzy* of his *Wine*. Nor is this recorded by *Historians* as a Precedent for *Drunkards*, as you vainly and weakly imagine, but to deter all Men from the shameful Vice that had produc'd such fatal Events. Let us see what Slaughters publick Debauches have brought forth in this kind: 'tis this has betray'd the most Warlike Nations into the Hands of their Enemies; this has brought under a foreign Yoke the most obstinate and impatient of Thralldom; this has vanquish'd those that could not be overcome in Battel.

Thus the *Syracusians* fell in the hands of *Marcellus* and the Jurisdiction of the *Romans*; thus the *Massa-*

*Massagetes*, drown'd in Wine, were routed and made captive by the *Persians*: What Vice therefore, O *Equitable Judges*, can be more infamous, foul and shameful than *Drunkenness*? It assaults the *Health of the Mind*, destroys the *Vigor of the Body*, wastes the *Estate*, and sinks the *Reputation*; of which the Consequences are Quarrels, Murders, unheard-of Wickedness, and even the Extirpation of Nations.

Our Life is a perpetual Refutation of the *Stoick's* Paradox, which shews more of Cunning, than Truth, viz. *That all Sins are equal*. This is contrary to *Common Sense*, and our Vices too visibly contradict it, whose inequality, and greater and lesser degree of Mischief is obvious to every one. Thus 'tis apparent, even to the Blind, that *Drunkenness* is by so much the more odious and abominable than *Whoredom* and *Gaming*, by how much more valuable and precious *Goods* are destroy'd by the former than by the latter.

But to comply as much as possible with you, out of *Brotherly Love*, and depart a great deal from those Advantages which we have, let us allow you, that *Drunkenness* in all other things is a less Evil than *Whoring* or *Gaming*; let us grant *Fornication* and *Dice* more-abandon'd Vices in all other things, yet you must be compel'd to allow this whether you will or not, That *Drunkenness* overclouds the Wit and Understanding, that it makes all the Senses languish, and puts a Man out of his own power and Conduct; by which Concession, which you cannot yet deny, 'tis evident that *Victory* declares of our side, since nothing is equal to this very Vice alone, and nothing wicked and odious enough to demand the second place. Suppose you make what Compound you please of our Vices, yet you will not be able to prove, but that we are always *Compos mentis*, Masters of *Common Sense* and Understanding; which *Drunkenness* in you shocks and throws into a per-

perfect *Delirium* ; but in this Madness, and the Shipwreck of the Mind and Senses, a Man loses the Name of *Man*, and voluntarily casts away that only distinction betwixt the *Human* and *Brutal* kind, which must render him the most abandon'd, most shameful, and most infamous of Men, if he yet deserve that Name.

As for the praise my Brother has been pleas'd to bestow on *Wine*, agreeing with the Opinion of *Asclepiades*, that it almost equals the Power of the Gods, he fights with a *Bulrush*, not a *Sword*, since we are not averse to *Wine*, and drink it with pleasure; for 'tis not *Wine*, but excess of it, which we contend against. We are sensible there are two Liquors extremely grateful to human Bodies, *Wine* within, and *Oyl* without; *Wine* for the Stomach, and *Oyl* to anoint the Limbs. We allow, that nothing contributes more to the strengthening our Bodies, than *Wine*, taken with Moderation; we know very well, that *Wine* refreshes the Stomach, whets the Appetite, abates the edge of our Cares, expels Cold, and invites Sleep, but all these Advantages are confin'd to a very moderate, and extremely temperate Use of it; that Excursion therefore in the Praise of *Wine* no body denies: But however, what Excuse, what Justification can thence be drawn for *Drunkenness*, or the *Drunkard*, who is the subject of our present Debate? Does the Excellence of *Wine* justify his perverting it to the most infamous Defect? Can any Authority defend him? What, will you venture to shelter yourself under the Shield of *Plato*, whom, as the drunken Advocate of *Drunkenness*, you have falsely quoted? For you must know, my very good Brother, that he is far from praising, or authorizing by a Law, that odious Ebriety, which uses to weaken and make languid Mens Minds and Understandings, the Guilt of which is this day laid to your Charge; but he would by this Law let us know,  
that



that he does not condemn sometimes a little larger and more pleasant Carouse at set Banquets, under the government and direction of some certain prudent and sober *Symposiarchs*, or Masters of the Feasts. But that you may know how far the *Platonick* Laws are from countenancing or authorizing *Drunkenness*, that it is to the greatest degree condemn'd by him, give a little attention to what we shall say.

This Philosopher orders only a little meer *VVa-*  
*ter* for Boys, and wholly interdicts the use of *VVine* to them, as adding Fire to Fire. The same Philosopher commands a new married Pair, both Bride and Bridegroom, to apply themselves wholly to the getting an Offspring, and to be very abstemious, that the Conception be solid and quiet, because *Drunwards*, like *Mad-men* and *Fools*, are not proper for Generation; since 'tis very probable that, from a drunken Man's Coition, the Child would proceed, both in *Limbs* and *Motion*, crooked and untoward.

As for your boast of imitating *Hercules*, *Alexander*, and *Cato*, telling us, that the first was a good drinker, the second drank, and the third apt to raise up his Spirits with *VVine*, give me leave, good Brother, to ask you one civil Question upon this Head: Wou'd you really imitate these great Men or no? Would you place them and their Lives and Actions before you for an Example to follow, and a Copy to write after? If you will, pray let your Imitation be compleat, follow them closely thro' their whole Lives, tread in the steps of their Virtues and excellent Qualities, as well as in their Frailties. Let us see you, like *Hercules*, free the Earth of Monsters; equal *Alexander* in the Wonders of his Acquisitions and Actions, and come up to the Sanctity, the Integrity of the Manners of *Cato*, then we shall allow Ebriety as excusable in you, as it was in them; then no body will molest you; then our Suit with you  
for

for our Paternal Inheritance would be at an End ; we shou'd of our own accord give way to the *Good* ; we shou'd give up the Cause to Merit, and you shou'd, without any hazard, hear the Contest betwixt me and my other Brother, for our share of the Estate, allowing yours not fit to come into the Controversie. But what a Perverseness, Impiety, and Iniquity is this of yours, which makes you like these great *Heroes* in their *Vices*, but most unlike 'em in their *Virtues* ; which makes you desire to follow 'em in what shou'd be avoided, and shun 'em in what you ought to follow 'em ; to imitate 'em in their *evil* Deeds, but have no regard to their *good* ? If you are pleas'd with *Cato* in his *Cups*, be pleas'd likewise with him in his *Frugality*, *Gravity*, *Integrity*, *Learning*, *Manners*, and all his other *admirable Virtues*, of which he is propos'd as the *Rule*, *Author* and *Example*.

But you must not think these great Men like you, returning every day to their Vomit, spending your whole Life, day after day, in the mad thoughtless Revels of *Bacchus* ; for Virtues and Vices, so opposite in their Nature, could never inhabit the Breasts of those great Men, but they indulg'd a Glass now and then, to rouse 'em up from their perpetual Labours and Fatigues, which Day and Night employ'd either their Body or their Thoughts, whose Pecadilloes are hid in their Virtues ; to which, since you have not the least laudable Ambition of aspiring, for shame never pretend to support your Infamy by their Examples, whose Virtues you are so far from attaining, that you don't so much as desire 'em.

Cease, cease to boast of those whose Authority you have fondly ventur'd to produce in your defence, because they only make your Cause worse, more shameful and infamous, than if you had not nam'd 'em. But we are really surpriz'd to find,

that

that you have in your List forgot *Tiberius Cesar*, since the Practice of one of the greatest of the Roman Emperors would have brought some seeming Force to your Cause, who from his excessive drinking of *VVine* was call'd *Biberius Claudius Mero*, instead of *Tiberius Claudius Nero*; who made *Piso* Prefect of *Rome*, for sitting out his Hand at the Bottle for two Days and two Nights without interruption. But Examples, tho' they are never so illustrious, of vicious Men, are more prejudicial to the Person guilty of the same Crime, than beneficial; for their *Acts* are a perpetual Monument of their Folly, and for ever condemn their Cause.

But, most Equitable Judges, if, in Excuse or Defence of our Vices, we may be allow'd the Authority of Princes in their Practice, we are able to produce not a few Emperors guilty of those we too justly stand accus'd of; for History assures us, that *Augustus Cesar*, who was esteem'd a God even in his life time, than whom none was thought greater or better on Earth, was very fond of Dice, and the Emperor *Claudius* made a Book of the Art of Dice, of which he was so great an Admirer, that he would play even as he rode in his Coach or Litter.

But for *VVhoremasters*, there have been a thousand Patrons; *Solomon*, who was the wisest of Men, as holy Writ assures us, had almost innumerable Troops of Concubines; and *Cesar* the Dictator was call'd *Every VVoman's Husband*.

But 'tis not our purpose to pretend to wash out our own Offences by the Examples of great Titles, and of Men of the first figure in the World; nor shall we make use of even that Defence, which without doubt carries with it the greatest force and power of any, as if we should urge, that there is nothing in nature so necessary as Venerial Coition, which being banish'd the Earth, all the various kinds of Animals, that render the Earth so glorious, would



would soon come to nothing, and certainly perish. Let Venus (to use the Words of Seneca) leave Mankind's Affairs, and the whole World would be neglected and uncultivated. Take from human Commerce Meretrician Amours, you would find a horrid Confusion of all things, and incestuous Lusts disturb every Family.

'Tis of no use in this Cause before you, most reverend Judges, to urge, that Dice are the seasoning of a Life of Pleasure, the delight of the Mind, with which Men deceive the Hours, in their cool Retreats from the burning heats of the Clime or Season, which they make use of after Dinner, for the sake of their Health, when all Agitation of Body and Application of Mind is of no Advantage in the Opinion of the best Physicians. But we pretend to draw no force to our Cause from any of these things, but we fairly and plainly do acknowledge, that we are *criminal*, we are *vicious*, but then, without all doubt we must assert, that our Brother is more *criminal*, and more *vicious*. And this we have, in our Opinion, thus far prov'd by Arguments of the highest probability: But, that this may be more evident to you, that the *Filthiness* of so great a Vice be made yet more apparent, and set in a better light; in short, that not the least Scruple remain in your Minds, but that a *Drunkard* is far more criminal, and guilty of a Vice far more odious and infamous than a *VVhoremaster* or *Gamster*, we shall in this place endeavour to convince you.

But because our Adversary has attempted to fortifie himself by *Examples* and the *Opinions* and *Sentences* of Authors of the first Forms, we shall therefore in the same manner evince by *Examples*, and the Sayings of *Philosophers*, *Orators*, and *Churchmen*, that *Drunkenness* was by the wisest and best of the Ancients esteem'd always detestable, and declaim'd against with the utmost Reproaches, as a Vice of  
the

the most pernicious consequence. And since these things will not be unpleasant to be known, or un-  
useful to be told, or to be rejected by the Ears of  
the Learned, we hope, as you have hitherto heard  
us with attention, that you will continue so to do  
in what we have yet to say.

The frugal *Lacedemonians*, under the happy  
Laws and Institutions of *Lycurgus*, deligning to de-  
ter their Youth from Ebriety, as from a most base,  
mean, and servile thing, took this Method on their  
Festival Days; they caus'd some of their Slaves the  
*Helotes* to be brought into their Refectories Drunk,  
that seeing the ridiculous Figure, the fantastick  
Actions, the bestial Ignorance, and all the filthy  
Effects of *Excessive Drinking*, they should have a  
perfect abhorrence of a Vice, which, like the Cup  
of *Circe*, threw off the *human*, and put on the *brutal*  
Form. *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Eusebius*, and the greatest of  
Physicians, *Galen*, have given a unanimous Applause  
to that *Carthaginian Law*, which forbid all Wine  
during the Campaign, ordering all to abstain from  
it during all Warlike Expeditions, as softening and  
rendering 'em unfit for Labour and Fatigue. *Cesar*,  
in his Commentaries, informs us, that the *Suevi*, a  
People of *Germany*, utterly forbid the importation  
of *Vine*, believing it would enervate their Bodies,  
and destroy their Strength. The Stoic *Chremon*  
relates, that the ancient *Egyptian* Priests always  
abstain'd from *Vine* and *Flesh*, from the time that  
they address'd themselves to the Divine Worship;  
that the Senses, unclogg'd with Vapours, and  
Fumes, might be more robust and sprightly. A-  
mong the *Romans*, and through all the *Latin* Ter-  
ritories the Women were Exemplarily abstemious  
all their Lives; that is, they drank no *Vine*, nay,  
if we may believe *Dionysius*, in his Book of Antiqui-  
ties, if they were caught drinking Wine, they  
were put to death: and some of our celebrated  
Latin

Latin Writers have deliver'd it as a Truth, That the Wife of *Ignatius*, who had drank some *Wine* out of the Cask, was kill'd by her Husband, and he acquitted of the Murther by *Romulus*. *Fabius Pretor* tells us in his *Annals* of a Lady that was starv'd to death by her Relations, for having the Keys of her Wine-cellar in her Pocket. *Cneius Domitius* being Judge, condemn'd a Woman to the forfeiture of her Dowry, for drinking *Wine* without her Husband's Knowledge; for this reason, if we credit *Cato*, and from him *Tertullian*, in his *Apologetick*, the Friends and Relations of the Woman kiss her, to find whether she has been drinking *Wine*. And indeed, it must be confess'd, that the inordinate use of *Wine* shuts the Door fast against all Virtue, but sets it wide open to all manner of Vice. *Apollonius Tyaneus*, a Man of the first Character among the Heathens, was a Water-drinker, fearing and shunning *Wine*, as the Bane of the Understanding. St. *Hierom* directs his *Christian Virgin* to avoid *Wine*, as *Poison*; he likewise makes almost a total Interdiction of it to the Priesthood, (which we hope they observ'd better in his days than ours) who writing to *Nepotion*, Never, says he, suffer your Breath to have the frowzy Hautgoust of *Wine*, lest you shou'd be liable to that Rebuke of the Philosopher, This is not to offer a Kiss, but a Glass. One of the chief and most scandalous Objections of *Cicero* to *Piso*, and which he urges as the greatest Reproach, is, that being an eternal Guzzler of *Wine*, his Mouth smelt like a Vintners Vault. But, not to accumulate Examples from prophane History, God himself, in *Leviticus*, says thus to *Aaron* the High-Priest; *Wine* (says he) and all that can inebriate, thou shalt not drink, nor thy Sons, when you enter the Tabernacle, lest you die. Thus likewise the Follower of God, the Vessel of Election, and the Bulwark and Defence of the holy Scriptures, St. *Paul* the Apostle, condemning the Debauches of the



the Bottle, in his Epistle to *Timothy*, declares, *That a Bishop should be sober, and not at all given to drinking*: And hence that memorable passage in the Canonical Decrees, *That the Apostle condemns, and the old Law forbids a Priest much drinking*. The Priests that minister in the Temple or Church of God are forbidden *Wine* and *Strong Drink*, lest their Hearts and Spirits be overburthen'd with Surfeits and Ebriety.

Before the Flood Men were sober, and abstemious in their Liquors, the use of the Vine not being found out, nor any Vineyard planted; after the Flood, as we find it in holy Writ, *Noah* was the first who planted a Vineyard, and drinking of the Juice of the Grapes, became *drunk*; so that *Wine* did not so much as spare the Author of its being. We find likewise in the *Pentateuch*, that *Wine* was the Cause of *Incest*, the Daughters of *Lot* having made him *drunk* with *Wine*, drew him into the abominable Act of *Incest*: From which time the heat of *Wine* has invaded mortal Men with *Fury*, that *Fury* with *Drunkenness*, and in *Ebriety* Modesty is lost, and then Impudence, which ensues, produces *Incest*, and all manner of monstrous Conjunctions: From this time *Wine* began to affect the Minds of Men with various and different Motions, so that some grew quarrelsome and frantick; others pleasant, facetious, and talkative; others drowsy and sleepy; others maudlin, and full of Tears; for *Wine* has the same force as *black Choler*, that is, various and manifold, on which we have an excellent and noble Problem of the most celebrated Philosopher *Aristotle*, from which *Horace* seems to have borrow'd the beginning of the Twenty-first Ode of his Third Book:

*O Nate mecum consule Manlio, &c.*

O ! charming Cask of Sprightly Wine,  
 Whose Life bears equal Date with Mine ;  
 Born both upon the Latian shore,  
 When Manlius Rome's great Taxes bore ;  
 Whether from thee Complaints arise,  
 Or Wit around the Table flies,  
 Or jarring Quarrels intervene,  
 Or sickly Love, or biting Spleen,  
 Or from thy friendly Vapours creep  
 Upon my Temples easie Sleep, &c.

*Dionysus*, vulgarly call'd *Bacchus*, (whom the Heathen Writers make the Inventer of the Grape) is feign'd to be horn'd ; not so much because he brought Oxen to the Yoke, (as *Diodorus* believ'd) as that Men over-possess'd with the Spirit of *Wine*, by its force, are rais'd up to any Rashness imaginable, and are made impetuous, and as it were arm'd with Horns to defend or assault : Then is the Poor Man's Horn exalted, then forgetting his *humble state* and *Poverty*, he admits the Insinuations of *Pride*, and swells with the empty Imaginations of his own *Work*.

As for that vain and insignificant Boast of our Brother's, That *Bacchus* was made a God, a Vineyard-keeper, a Constellation that does not afford the least help, nor bring the weakest Buttress to his Cause ; but if the Fictions of the Poets may serve for Arguments, and be allow'd a good Defence, let us likewise have the advantage of the like Instances ; let us remember that our *Venus* is the brightest Star in the Firmament, that she exercises her Authority among the very Gods and Goddesses, by whose Nature or Influence all things are born on Earth, whom the most celebrated Authors of Fables call *The Pleasures of Gods and Men*.

To

To these let us add *Anacharsis*, who was born to Wisdom among the barbarous and dull *Scythians*; he tells us, that the Vine bears three sorts of Grapes, the first of *Pleasure*, the second of *Drunkenness*, and the third of *Contumely*. *Æsop*, the Author of the Fables, is said to have express'd himself much after the same manner: The Observation of *Anacharsis*, *Æsop*, or any other wise Man (for its real Author is not much to the import of the saying) is, That at dinner the first Cup is offer'd to Thirst, the second to Mirth, the third to Pleasure, but the fourth to Madness. But if the fourth Cup makes the Drinkers mad, what will four times four, nay, forty Cups do? Must they not drive 'em beyond all manner of other Madness, and make 'em what we call *stark mad*? But 'tis evident by great Drinkers, that the more they drink, the more they thirst; and the more they use themselves to drink, the more they covet it; so that they seem a Generation of Men born on purpose for the destruction of *Wine*. *Nivellius* of *Milan* drinking off near four gallons at a draught, was not ashamed of the Surname he acquir'd by it, of *Tricongius*, or *Three-gallons*, seeking as it were an awkward sort of Glory from his Vice. And since every Vice is so much the greater, as the Person that commits it is more eminent in his Station and Dignity, what Title of Infamy can we give *Bonofus* the *Roman* Emperor, (whom I wonder my Brother should omit in his List of *Royal Drunkards*) who excell'd all Mankind in Drinking, of whom *Aurelianus* was wont to say, *That he was not born to live, but to drink*; who being vanquish'd by *Bobus*, when he had made his Exit in a Halter by his own hands, gave rise to this Sarcasm, *That not a Man but a Hog'shead* was hanging up. *Solomon* cries aloud, *Wine is luxurious, and Ebriety tumultuous, and whoever is delighted with these, can never be wise*. The same cautions us, not to be in the Feasts of *Drunkards*.



I could not but smile, my Lords, when I heard my Brother but now calling those *incontinent* and *intemperate* who are *Votaries* of *Venus*, the same time confirming it out of *Aristotle's Problems*, as if *Aristotle* had only call'd Men inclin'd to Women *incontinent* and *intemperate*. But, my good Brother, pray do us the favour to repeat the whole Problem of *Aristotle*, and then you will find your self under the same Censure, and incurring the same Denomination. But to make this plain, my Lords, you must recollect, that this most eminent of all the Philosophers says, that since all *Pleasure* accrues to Man by his Senses, all immoderate Pleasure by these Organs is Criminal and Odious; but, says he, those which proceed only from the *Taste* or *Touch*, are the most contemptible of all Pleasures; and, they who are most addicted to those two Bestial Pleasures, are most generally call'd *Incontinent*, as if those should be thought but a sort of *Brutes* and *Savages*, who participate chiefly of Delight proper to 'em; while the others, which proceed from the other three Senses, seem peculiar to *Men*. This is the Sum and Substance of what *Aristotle* says; from whence it is apparent, that the Pleasure of *Taste*, in which that of Drinking must certainly be included, falls equally under the *Censure* with the Pleasure of the *Touch*, under which the Enjoyment of the Fair is also plac'd: But every body knows how ridiculous a thing it is to object that to another, which may be immediately retorted against one's self.

But before we quit the prosecution of this abominable and odious Vice, let us take a view of the *Deeds* of *Drunkenness*, in the description of which we shall not make use of our own Words, but those of *Pliny*, which ought to be in every one's Mouth, and in every one's Heart, and are worthy to be mention'd every where, as well as in his Book,

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to correct the inexplicable Avarice of Drink ; let us therefore hear *Pliny* declaming against the Vices of *Drunkenness* in this manner : *Then do the voracious Eyes devour the Matron's Beauty, then are the Secrets of the Soul betray'd ; some make their last Wills and Testaments, speak things that are the occasion of Death, and can't hold their peace, even after the slaughter of many ; so that now Truth is vulgarly attributed to Wine : But the best of the Lot is, they never see the rising Sun, and live a shorter time than otherwise they might. Hence come Paleness and pendulous and skinny Cheeks, running Eyes, paralytick Hands humbling full Cups ; and the present Punishment they are troubled with, is, disquiet Nights, and frightful Dreams, the chief Reward of Drunkenness, prodigious Lusts, and pleasing Wickedness ; the next day they breath from their Mouths contaminating Scents, have an utter forgetfulness of all things, and a Death of the Memory. They boast, that they anticipate Life as it flies ; whereas they not only lose the former, but the coming Day. Is there any so besotted to the Bottle, which this Discourse of *Pliny's* (this censorial Correction, so severe, so plain, and so true) cannot reclaim to Sobriety, from the Debauches of Wine to the Temperance of Water, from the Suppers of Roarers to the Dinners of the Cinicks ? Who is there that can hear this, can read it, and not fly from Drunkenness as a Pest, and execrate the Bottle with his utmost detestation, as the most filthy, scandalous, odious, and infamous of all Vices whatever ? What Judge, endow'd with such Authority and Wisdom as You, my Lords, would not immediately pronounce Sentence against Drunkards and Ebriety ?*

But now I think we ought to found a Retreat, lest while we take the Advantage of the *Lex Talionis*, the Law of Retaliation, while we recriminate on the Reproaches and Accusations of our Brother, while we endeavour to give as good as he brought,  
in

in tallying Crime with Crime, Vice with Vice, and Folly with Folly, we should seem too violent, and discover too great a Want of Moderation.

We believe, *my Lords*, that you have observ'd how we have pass'd over in silence some Objections made to us by our Brother, without any Denial or Refutation: We readily confess, *my Lords*, that we are far from denying so plain a Matter of Fact; for he only who can boast himself free from all manner of *Fault*, can particularly refute and wipe off all manner of *Scandal*. But we, *my Lords*, do not pretend to deny our Faults, as Innocent, nor do excuse 'em as many do, nor boast 'em as our Brother. It is confess'd, that 'tis a vile and shameful thing to *Whore* and *Game*, the Name of a *Whoremaster* and *Gamester* we ought to blush at: We do by no means deny, but that both our Faults are infamous and detrimental, and extreamly worthy of Reproof; but all we contend for, is, *That our Brother's Vice and Wickedness exceeds ours*. We have made appear, that *Drunkenness* does not only weaken our Fame and Estates, (which were our Brother's chief Objections against us and our *Follies*) but have with the best Demonstration made it out, that *Ebriety* farther disturbs, shocks, changes and overturns the Senses, Understanding, and all the Faculties of the Mind; than which there can be nothing more vile and criminal. We have shewn what great Slaughters, Destructions, and Funerals *Drunkenness* has brought on Mankind; we have likewise given you a List of Examples and Authorities of the most excellent Philosophers and Princes, from whence *Drunkenness* appears to have always been the Object of their Indignation, and in all Ages to have been condemn'd as the worst of Vices.

As for what remains, *my Lords*, it is now in your Breasts, it lies upon your Prudence and Gravity to weigh with Attention our several Crimes, and put  
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'em as it were in the Balance, and whichever of us Three shall appear the most vile and infamous Offender, he must be the Subject of your Sentence.

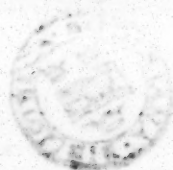
Nor are we under the least Apprehensions in the world, but that your Judgment will be in our favor. We can't doubt but that you, *my Lords*, who are Men of such eminent Wisdom, will have the same Sentiments of things with so many Writers of the first Rank, and with what Reason it self perswades, Examples fortifie, and Common Sense confirms. We therefore, *my Lords*, commit our Cause to your Prudence and Consciences, and if you plainly know (as you most certainly do) that *Drunkenness* is by much the more infamous Crime, exclude our *Brother*, and by your Sentence absolve *Us*, that by your Favour and Justice we may enjoy our Paternal Inheritance. *Dixi.*

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*The End of the Declamation.*

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**The Continuation of the**  
*Quaker's Sermon.*

**Diverting Letters, Billet-**  
doux, both Originals and Translations,  
to Gentlemen and Ladies.

**Letters of *Æneas Sylvius*, and**  
his Satyr on the Women.

**Pocket - Book of Common**  
Places.

**By Mr. *Tho. Brown*.**

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# The Continuation of the QUAKER'S SERMON,

*Printed in the first Volume.*

**G**OOD God, bless, we beseech thee, thy Churches that are beyond the Seas; root out of them all Anti-Christian Tyranny of most abominable Bishops; let not those Silk-worms and Magpies have Dominion over us; but give us our true Primitive Pastors, Lay-Elders, Reverend Tanners, Religious Basket-makers, Upright Cobblers, Conscientious Millers, and more Conscientious Taylors, Reform'd Weavers, and Inspir'd Broom-men. Root out of us, thy Church, the Rag of Superstition, the Surplice; and let not a Cap be seen among us, with an Idolatrous Tuff upon it. The Apostles were Men ignorant and simple, and so are We. Demolish the Universities, for they are Nurseries of vain Learning; Greek is a Heathen Speech, and Latin the Language of the Beast, and all Philosophy is vain. Bless, we beseech thee, thy Family, and especially our Sisters, that there may never be wanting a fruitful Generation, springing from the Loins of regenerate Parents. Lastly, We come unto thee for a Blessing on our Dinner; bless this Tripe, and this Loin of Veal, for it was a Molten-Calf made Israel to sin; this Capon, 'twas a Cock crowing made Peter repent; this Turkey, altho' no Christian Fowl; yet thou hast commanded us to pray for all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks.

And, altho' we have Hebrew Roots enough, yet bless these Potatoes; and this Custard, for the Land of Canaan flow'd with Milk and Honey; these Tarts, for thy Judgments are tart, unless allay'd

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with

4 *The Continuation of the Quaker's Sermon.*

with the *Sugar* of thy *Mercy*. Sowse us therefore, in the *Powdering-Tub* of thy *Mercy*, that we may be *Tripes* fit for thy *Heavenly Table*. Water us, young *Shrubs*, with the *Dew* of thy *Blessing*, that we may grow up into tall *Oaks*, and may live to be saw'dout into *Deal-Boards*, to wainscoat thy *New Jerusalem*. Finally, let this *Dinner* improve and nourish our *Bodies*, so that we may with *Love* and *Holiness* embrace our *Sisters*, to the edifying of the *Spirit*, in raising up the *New Man*.

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Pleasant *Letters* to *Gentlemen*. In Imitation of *Monfieur De Pays*.

By *Mr. Tho. Brown*.

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To *Monfieur de P*—

*That Women have fold their Favours in all Ages of the World, confirm'd by the famous Story of Lais and Demosthenes.*

**T**AKE my Word for't, Sir, you were exceedingly in the right on't, to refuse buying of Pleasure at so dear a Rate. When a Man is so honest as to bestow his *Heart* upon *Phillis*, she ought to be sent to the Devil for a mercenary Strumpet, if not content with that *Present*, she demands the fingering of his *Purse*: For, as *Love's Casuists*, have long ago regulated the Matter, in Case of *Services*,



*Services* render'd, the *Workman* ought to be paid, and not the *Master* that employs him. I always told you, if you remember, that this wheedling young *Gypsy* lov'd you for the *Inside* of your *Pockets*, and not for your *outward* Merits: And since you have found it by Experience to be *true*, I hope you'll take my Word for the future. However don't be *dejected* at the Matter, for you are not the *first* Man by a Million that has suffer'd this *Misfortune*. The Generality of the *Sex* in all *Ages* of the World, have set a *greater* Value on wicked *Mammon*, than Integrity. Half a Crown, a Silver-Thimble, a Brass-Ring double gilt, a Pair of *Jersey*-Stockings, and the like, will *purchase* you a Chamber-maid, or one of her Rank at any time: Bribe but *higher*, and you may get an Arm full of *Quality*, of what Complexion or Age you please: For, after long Observation, I find it to hold truer *no Money, no Mistress*, than *no Money, no Swiss*. 'Tis a most wicked Custom, I confess, and ought to be banish'd out of all *civiliz'd* Nations, but the *Disease*, I am afraid, has taken too deep *rooting* to be *remov'd*. To convince you that this is *true*, as likewise to give you *Consolation* all under one, I resolv'd to send you the following *Story*, which seems to be *calculated* for the Meridian of your Case.

You remember, my dear Friend, or at least you ought to remember that *Silver-tongu'd* Orator of *Greece*, who cou'd perform Miracles by his *Eloquence*, I mean the celebrated *Demosthenes*, who led the Nobility and People of *Athens* just as he pleas'd, and who was a *greater* Thorn in the King of *Macedon's* Foot, by the single Power of his *Rhetorick*, than all the Captains of his Republick by their *Bravery*. At the same time, that this notable *Havanger* flourish'd at *Athens*, a certain Lady of Pleasure, whose Name was *Lais*, flourish'd at *Corinth*,

who was as famous for the *Lillies* and *Roses* in her Cheeks, as our *Athenian* for the Tropes and Metaphors in his Speeches. No mortal *Heart* whatever could withstand the irresistible *Charms* of *Lais*, and no mortal *Ears* could defend themselves against the bewitching *Tongue* of *Demosthenes*. In short, they agreed in this Particular, that both of them Promoted the publick Good with the Sweat of their *Brows* though after a different Manner. History nowhere informs us what *Eyes* *Demosthenes* used to demand, but 'tis agreed on all Hands, that *Lais* would be paid exorbitantly for her Attendance: She was not one of those generous Damsels, that think they are sufficient *Gainers* by exchanging Love for Love; neither tho' she fought for pay, did she list her self to the next Comer for a small Matter: No, all her Favours were taxed, and at so high a Rate too, that the occasion'd the famous Proverb you have heard so often mention'd, that every one could not afford to go to Corinth. *Demosthenes*, who had been inform'd by common Report, of the Beauty and attractive *Graces* of this charming *Corinthian*, flatter'd himself that this Proverb did not affect him, and that 'twas impossible for *Lais* to withstand the all-conquering *Harmony* of his Periods. Thus being satisfy'd that he should gain his Point, he took Pen in Hand, and sent a Cart-load of Love-Letters to *Lais*: She, like a well-bred Lady, civilly answered him, in order to lure him on, being one that lov'd to bring these Matters from Contemplation to Practice. Upon this, our Orator gets ready his Equipage, leaves *Athens*, and sets out for *Corinth*. I cannot positively affirm at this distance of time, whether a dead or living Vehicle carried him thither, that is to say, whether he went on Horseback or in a Coach, the old Philosophers being wholly silent as to this Point; but considering how deeply smitten he was, 'twas probable that he

he rode *Post*, if they had any such *Convenience* in his Age. He was no sooner arrived there, but plucking off his *Boots*, immediately (for I still keep to my Hypothesis, that he took *Post*) he repair'd to the next Barber's Shop, where being most nicely powder'd and perfum'd by *Tonsor*, he put on his best Linnen, brush'd his Hat, and now imagining himself as great a *Beau* as *Adonis*, prepar'd to beat up the Quarters of his new Mistress, whom he fancy'd more beautiful than *Venus*. Coming into her Apartment, he found her infinitely more charming than he had imagined; he seated himself over against her, he ogled her, he exhausted all his common Places, he squander'd away the whole Stock of his *Eloquence*, he said a hundred pretty Things to her, he made her a *Goddeſs*, and what not! All this while *Lais* patiently heard our *Athenian* Tongue-pad, still expecting when he wou'd open to the Purpose, I mean when he wou'd present her with a Purſe of Gold. After the usual Forms were over, he had *Assurance* enough to ask her the important Question, and she had the Conscience to ask ten thousand *Drachmæ*, that make up in our Money — let me see — as I hope to be sav'd, I can't tell you *exactly*; but I dare venture to affirm, it was a very considerable Sum. This confounded Proposition put poor *Demosthenes* so to the Dumps, that for a Quarter of an Hour, he stood like one *Thunder-struck*, without Sense or Motion: At last recovering his Speech, *Madam*, cry'd he your humble Servant: I am not in the Humour, at present, to buy Repentance at so dear a Rate; and so good Night. The Grammarians and Antiquaries have enter'd into a furious Dispute about the Meaning of this Word Repentance, and the most Learned are agreed, that *Demosthenes* understood that which we call the Neapolitan Disease, and, in his Time, went under the Name of the Corinthian Itch. Be it as it



will, our *Love-sick* Orator got home, ashamed and confounded at the *ill Success* of this Journey : And from that Time forward, he bellow'd very strenuously against the *Extortion* of the Women ; but did not make one single *Convert* in the whole Sex. And now, Sir, I hope I have somewhat qualify'd your Uneasiness, by laying before you this *Adventure* of *Demosthenes*. This scandalous Traffick of *Selling* Favours, is no *modern* Invention of the Ladies, but as *old* as the Creation. As for those *noisy Coxcombs*, that pretend to carry the whole *Female* World before them, by their *Rhetorick*, and have the *Impudence* to lay Wagers, that they'll bring the greatest *Coquette* to their Terms in three Days, only laugh at them for *Fops*, for they are not worth your answering. Let them pretend what they please, I'll engage that ten *Pistols* will go farther, than ten thousand of the finest *Stanza's* and *Letters* in the World ; for *Merit* is a Sort of an antiquated *Coin*, which not one Woman, in a Million, will take for ready *Money*. I am,

&c.

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To Monsieur de B —

*In the Beginning of this Letter he rallies his Friend for not writing to him ; and afterwards gives him an Account of a merry Intrigue he had with a Huguenot Parson's Wife.*

**U**PON my Word, Sir, I am exceedingly obliged to you, for the extraordinary Opinion you seem to have of my *Friendship*, since you believe it can thrive and prosper like the Fruits of *Paradise*, without cultivating or looking after. To be plain with you, can you expect I should entertain you, from Time to Time, with my Letters, while

while you *refuse* to put your self to the *Expence* of one single Line? But you are the *pleasanteſt* Gentleman in Nature, I ſwear, when you tell me, I have *Wit* enough to *gueſs* at all you can ſay in an Answer, and therefore *forbear* to write to me. What! are you ſo *unreaſonable* to expect I ſhould do like Friar *Martin*, that is, *ſing* and make the *Reſponſes* my ſelf? Had you the *leaſt* regard to my *Reputation* you wou'd never *ſerve* me ſo, for none but *Fools* uſe to *talk* to themſelves; and, for my Part, I begin to be *weary* of it. Beſides, to *diſarm* you of all *Excuses*, your *Miſtreſs* can never be ſo *jealous* of you, but you may venture a few Lines to a *Friend*, without incurring her *Diſpleaſure*. With all due *Submission* to the Lady, be it ſaid, *Friendſhip* does not *interfere* with the *Interſt* of *Love*, ſo that I may very well be allow'd to find a *Friend*, at the ſame Time that the charming *Urania* finds a *Lover* in you. Having made mention of *Love*, I have trump'd up a *new* Miſtreſs lately; but thou art ſo *unpardonable* a Wretch, that I hardly think it *worth* my while to *communi- cate* this Affair to thee. In ſhort, I am ſo *con- cern'd* at thy *Negligence*, that, by my good Will, I cou'd *deny* thee this ſmall Satisfaction; but *Friendſhip* combats furiously within me, and I perceive will get the better of my *Reſentment*. Know then, thou *wicked* Reprobate, that, for this laſt Month, I have paid my *Devotion* to a *Calvi- niſt* Parſon's Wife, who is wonderful pretty and *good-natur'd*; which *laſt* Quality, you know, is ſeldom to be found in the Females of that *ſower* Perſuaſion. I *daily* make my Viſits to her, and ſhe *ſuffers* them, ſuffers them, I ſay, without *Re- luctance*, and perhaps not without *Pleaſure*. When I firſt made her a *Tender* of my Affection, the pretty Creature *pelted* me moſt unmercifully with Texts of *Scripture*: But I ſoon turn'd her *Artillery*  
upon

upon her self, and convinc'd her, that all the *Orthodox* Commentators were on my side. Perhaps you laugh at this *Gallantry*, tho', at the same Time, you approve my pious Resolution, to care for none but *Huguenots* : For let the censorious World make the worst on't it can, People can only charge me with tempting a Woman to sin, that was above half damn'd to my Hands. But let them talk as they please, 'tis a *Design* I am resolv'd to put in Execution this *Lent*, for the *Repose* of my Conscience. I intend, for the future, to hunt no where but in the Territories of *Geneva*, where I shall be without the *Jurisdiction* of the Church, so that my Confessor will have nothing to do with any Game I spring there ; and indeed, if he pretends to forbid me this Sport, I shall appeal from him to some more competent Judge. By this Time I hope you are satisfy'd, that I have taken the surest Method of succeeding, and that a young Fellow cannot better employ his Time, than in making Love to Women, that never go to Confession. That confounded Church-Stratagem, call'd Confession, is a mortal Enemy to all Gallantry ; by the same Token a Man shall have an *Apostle's* Day, now and then, pop in unluckily upon him, when he has almost brought an Intrigue to bear, and so make him lose in one Minute all the Ground he has been struggling for so many Weeks before. But, the Lord be praised, there are no such Misfortunes to be fear'd among the *Huguenots* : The good People of that Persuasion never trouble their Heads with keeping a Catalogue of their Sins, but let them lye at Sixes and Sevens ; whereas we discreeter Catholicks pay off our Scores once a Month at least, and then begin a fresh Tick. The best Jest of all is, our Husband, according to the common Fate of most Cuckolds, is the kindest, civillest Fellow in the World to me, and imagines the only Motive of my coming



coming so often to see him, is to be settled in some Points of Religion. To countenance this Belief in him, I seem to be wonderfully surpriz'd at his Discourse, nay, sometimes allow him the better of the Argument; and, indeed, 'tis merry enough to consider how harmoniously the Business of Sin and Religion goes forwards in his House; for while old Orthodox thinks to make a Convert of me, I'm endeavouring, by way of Retaliation, to make a Whore of his Wife.

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To Monsieur de S —

*Our Author endeavours to comfort his Friend  
for having lost his Mistress.*

I Commend you for making me the Confident both of your Love and Affliction; for tho' you had not been oblig'd, in Point of Friendship, to have done it, yet the Conformity of our Misfortunes seems to have challeng'd it from you. I am concern'd at your ill Luck, and resent it with as lively a Concern, as if it were my own. Were you to be comforted after the usual Manner of People in Distress, that is, by citing to you the Examples of other Persons as unfortunate as your self, I cou'd easily produce my self, as an Instance of human Infelicity, who have all my Life-time been persecuted by Love, as well as a constant ill Fortune. If the perfidious *Melissa* has despis'd you, my cruel *Calista* has bestow'd the same Treatment upon me. At the same Time, I must confess, that *Calista* is not altogether so unjust as *Melissa*, since she beholds none of those shining Qualities in me, which the other sees in you; for which Reason I ought only to condole your Hardships without thinking of my self, who am too worthless a Wretch to be

com-

comforted. But since you have commanded me to administer to you some *Consolation* out of my own Store, I cannot begin *better*, than by reminding you of the ancient *Proverb*, which says, that *Fortune* and *Love* don't always *Favour* the most *deserving*. One wou'd think that a *handsom* young Fellow, like your self, was only made to be *belov'd*, and that the Ladies ought to prefer such as come *nearest* to them in Point of Beauty, to those are farthest *remote* from it: However, we find the quite *contrary* usually happens: Women are the most *Fantastic* Animals in Nature as to their Affections; they love without knowing *why*, or *wherefore*, and *blindly* follow the Direction of their *Passions*, that never advise with *Reason*. What finer Gentleman did Italy ever produce, than *Jocundus*, witty, generous, gay, and beautiful; yet does not History *inform* us, that the dear *Wife* of his Bosom lov'd the Embraces of her *Coachman* much better than his, a *Raskal* that was as ugly as the *Devil*, and *stunk* worse in his own single Person, than a Convention of *Pole-Cats*? Who has not heard of *Adolphus*, the famous King of the *Lombards*, whose *Beauty* made him *admir'd* by all the World; yet his *vertuous* Queen left him, to *solace* her self in the Arms of a little diminutive crumpled *Brute*, whose very Sight was enough to put *Massalina* her self out of *Conceit* with the whole Sex? And now, Sir, do you think it *strange* that she has *abandon'd* you for that walking Tun of Guts and Garbidge, your *Rival*? Tell me not, that your Misfortune is without *Example*: W'ere I not afraid to overwhelm you with Variety of *Citations*, I cou'd easily *refresh* your Memory with the ancient, but true Story of the celebrated *Penelope*, whose *Vertue* and *Chastity* have been recommended to all succeeding Women, as *Patterns* to follow. Don't you know, that during the Ab-

sence

sence of *Ulysses*, she was courted by abundance of young *Lords* and *Noblemen*, who omitted nothing that cou'd contribute to gain her Affection ! There was nothing but Musick and Feasting, and Magnificence ; yet the Devil of any Progress did these young *Lords* and *Noblemen* make in *Penelope's* Heart, with all their Musick, Feasting, and Magnificence. At last, a Crotchet took *Mercury* in the Pate, to undertake that which all these fine *Princes* had attempted in vain. He flatter'd himself, that being a *God*, he should easily surmount those Difficulties which frail *Mortals* had found invincible ; and that *Penelope* must be a Statue, or something worse, if she cou'd maintain her Heart against his fine Shape, his Eloquence and Address. But notwithstanding all this, *Mercury* succeeded not a jot better than the rest of his Rivals. Finding that neither his fine Shape, or his Eloquence made any Impression upon the Lady, he had Recourse to Address, having had the Honour, more than once, to serve his Father *Jupiter* in the painful and laborious Character of a Pimp. But he display'd all his Dexterity to no Purpose ; therefore, to bring Matters sooner to an Issue, he metamorphos'd himself into a Goat, and under that agreeable Form, caress'd this irreconcilable Enemy to Love, the chaste and virtuous *Penelope*. Now, what will you be able to reply to me, dear Friend of mine, when I shall desire you to remember, that a paltry, stinking Creature, with Hoofs and Horns, obtain'd those Favours, which so many whining Coxcombs, and even *Mercury* himself had solicited in vain ? *Penelope*, who had stood buff to all the Charms and Courtship of *Gods* and *Men*, surrenders up her Person to a vile, nasty Animal ; and what was the effect of this unnatural Commerce, but a cloven-footed Puppy, I mean *Pan*, the illustrious Prince of *Fauns* and *Satyrs* ? Let me desire



fire you, Sir, to chew the *Cud* a little upon this *instructive* Story ; and when you have done so, tell me, whether you and I have not shewn our selves a *Brace* of idle Coxcombs, to *languish* and die for two insignificant ungrateful *Coquets* ? Were we *wise*, we should leave off this *Game*, and start a *better*. As for you, 'tis in your Power to chuse a hundred Mistresses, that will think themselves *honour'd* with the Leavings of the insensible *Melissa*, and will be much more capable to comfort you upon the Score of your Loss, than I can *pretend* to. Deliver your self therefore from a *Slavery*, which will be dishonourable to you, since your Mistress has made so *vile* a Choice. Constancy is often a *Vice* as well as *Virtue*, and all the World will *laugh* at you, to shew it upon this Occasion. For my Part, I advise you nothing but what I am resolv'd to put in *Practice* my self : Whenever the cruel *Calista*, who has not as yet thought fit to declare her self, shall bestow her Affection upon *any other* than my self, that very Moment I will throw off her *Chains*, and not drag them about me to set off the *Triumph* of my Rival. I will see him *crucify'd* a hundred Times over, before he shall have the *Satisfaction* to see me drop one single *Tear* for those Favours which he enjoys at *Pleasure*. No, I will *drown* all my Cares in a Glass of generous *Red*, put the *ill-natur'd* Jilt in the Front of some *glorious* Lampoon, break her *Windows*, murder her Lap-dog, and wish her and her Spark at the *Devil*. This is the *Remedy* I wou'd prescribe to you in your present Distemper, and not to let it grow upon you, by humouring it ; which wou'd make me as great a *Sufferer* as your self, since I *feel* all your Afflictions in as *sensible* a Manner as I do my own. Forget a *worthless* Creature, that has forgotten you ; nay, remember that *Melissa* has oblig'd you by resigning you up for  
another

another, since 'twas impossible for you to have pass'd one *easy* Moment, with a Woman of so *wretched* a Taste. I am

Yours, &c.

A Letter to Monsieur H—

*Giving an Account how he surpriz'd a famous Miss of the Town, dining at her Lodgings in an Undress, with two of her Female Companions.*

**W**ELL, I have the most *Comical* Adventure in the World to recount to thee, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha! I shall *kill* my self I think, with *laughing* at it, 'tis so ridiculous: Give me leave to *recover* a little out of this Fit, and then, dear Rogue, thou shalt *hear* all.

Know then ——— but this *wicked* Fit again interrupts me ——— Well then, to be *serious* ——— Know that between the Hours of twelve and one to Day, having gon through my whole *Circle* of Morning-Visits, I bolted *unawares* into the divine *Belinda's* Chamber, where I saw a Sight enough to ——— Pardon me, dear *Tony*, I am so *tickled* with the *Idea* of it, that I must take t'other Dose of *Laughter* before I can stir a step farther ——— to have made the morosest *Cynick* in the World forfeit all his *Gravity*.

A *Plague* on her, you know the divine *Belinda* well enough, that ill-natur'd sawcy *Harlot*, that comes every Night so *spruced* up and *prim* to the Play-house; she that has been the Subject of so many *Sonnets*, and deify'd by so many confounded *Poets*; she that is never without a *Train* of *Marquesses*, *Lords*, and *Knights*, and a *numberless*  
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Litter of *subaltern* Puppies to *bunt* her from the Pit to the Side-box, and back again from the Side-box to the Pit. Well, and *what* of her, you'll cry? Why, as I told you before, I *bolted* unawares into her Chamber, and surpriz'd her with two of the Sisterhood at a *small* Collation.

The Devil of a *Napkin* or *Table-cloth* was to be seen before them. No *Pagan* Ragoo's, nor *high-flown* Kickshaw, but a Platter of humble *Sprats*, attended by six boil'd *Eggs* in a crack'd earthen *Pipkin*, a *Dab* of salt Butter stuck upon the *Corner* of the Table, and a *Handful* of Salt wrapp'd up in the greasy Fragments of a *Sessions-Paper*. Their *Commodes* and *Smocks* were *washing* below by the Landlady of the House; judge then what a *rusful* Figure they made in this *Dishabillee*, with their *Hair* about their Shoulders, and their *Udders* swagging down to their Navils. The *Furniture* of the Room was every Way answerable to the *Entertainment*; for, let me see — there stood that *necessary* Utensil, call'd a *Piss-pot*, brim-full in the Chimney; a batter'd *Band-Box*, upon a broken-back'd Chair; the Skeleton of a *Fan*, with a *Tooth-brush*, a *Powder-puff*, and a Box of *Pomatum* in the Closet; a Row of Pins, with the *Academy* of *Complements*, and one of *Durfy's* Song-Books in the Window, and lastly, two or three little *Deal-boxes* upon the *Mantle-tree*, which I hope in the Lord had *Turpentine* Pills in them. The Ladies *blush'd*, and so did I; then down Stairs they *flew* without speaking a Word, and I *afer* them, but *lost* them in some of their subterranean *Catacombs*.

No sooner was I got into the Street, but I made abundance of *moral* Reflections upon what I had seen: These *impudent* Devils, said I to my self, that look so *charming* by Candle-light, bless me! what *sorry* Dowdies they are in their Undress,  
and



and how *scurvily* do they fare at Home, who are so *nice*, Forsooth, and so *squeamish* at the Tavern! Well, I am resolv'd to *undeceive* all Mankind, and communicate my *Discoveries* to them. With this *vertuous* Resolution I went to all the *Chocolâtes-Houses* I knew, to *find* out any of my Acquaintance, and *unbosom* my self to them; but meeting not a single *Soul* there, I repair'd to my Lodgings, and cou'd not *rest* till I had imparted this *blessed* News to thee. I can't foretell how this Letter will *edify* with you; tho' if you make a *right* Use on't, it may prove a *better* Antidote against Whoring, than a Month's *Penance* in Love's Powd'ring tub —. But as for the divine *Belinda*, the next Time I see her *Ladyship* in the Side-box, if she's not as *civil* and *humble* as one of her own Calling before a *surly* Justice, take my Word for't, I'll proclaim the *Nakedness* of her Land to all her *Adorers*.

*Farewell.*

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To Monsieur de C — Captain in the Regiment of —

*Upon the Conclusion of the War between France and Spain, in the Year 1660. by the Treaty of the Pyrenees.*

**T**HIS comes to tell you, tho' I know you'll *curse* me for my News, that you must now resolve to *live*, whether you will or no. In short, the *Peace* was Yesterday *concluded*, and, in a few Days, will be *proclaim'd* all over the Kingdom. I'll allow a Gentleman of your *Gallantry* to be angry at it; but 'tis no little *Consolation* to us *worthless* Fellows, that we are going to enjoy the Fruits of *Peace* and *Tranquility*, which the *confounded*

B h

Noise

Noise of *Drums* and *Trumpets* has so long interrupted. With the rest of his Majesty's good Subjects, I have my Part in the publick Joy; yet at the same Time feel one that is particular to myself, when I consider that I have nothing more to fear from your Bravery, and that your Life is no longer a *Ward* to your *Courage*. The Devil take the *Guardian*, say I, that shews so small a Concern for the Preservation of his *Ward*. Well, I wou'd not for a greater Sum, than I am willing to mention here, have ventur'd my Life upon the same *Bottom* with yours, in any of the late Engagements. A Man that had seen how you expos'd your self upon every Occasion, wou'd have sworn your Life was a *Burden* to you, and that it cost your Father and Mother no Pains to beget you. Had the *Musket-balls* been nothing but so many *Pastils* or perfum'd Eggs, you cou'd not have march'd with more *Alacrity* into the Trenches. 'Twas to no Purpose I remonstrated to you, that your Life was worth the preserving, that there was no great Letchery in having ones *Brains* examin'd by a Cannon-ball; and that your Father, as able and experienc'd a *Workman* as he is, might belabour the matrimonial *Anvil* a dozen and a dozen Times to that, before he cou'd hammer out such another chopping Youth as your self; for in short, all Advice of this Nature was thrown away upon you. Misled by that *Ignis fatuus*, call'd Gallantry, you believ'd me to be an Enemy to your Glory, and thought a Son of *Mars* ought to despise the Counsel that came from so cowardly a Principle as *Discretion*. I own indeed you took the *Direct* Road to get a *Mareschal's Baton*; but alas, where one Man arrives to his Journey's End, how many thousand drop short by the Way! In my Opinion now, a Man that sets Honour always before his Eyes, ought now and then to look behind him, and reflect

flect upon the Dangers that attend it. You, Gentlemen in *Red*, think a Man is only born to be knock'd in the Head ; but we, of a more peaceable *Cloth*, are well enough content to be disappointed of those Honours. Now, as I humbly take it, this fantastick Idol of yours, this Spoiler of fine Shapes, this Lover or Blood-shed, Valour I mean, is the greatest Curse that a Man can bring with him into the World ; for which Reason I thank my Maker duly every Morning, for not bestowing this fatal Talent upon me. To deal plainly with you, I was never any great Admirer, either of Alexander's or Caesar's Glory, which was purchas'd by the Desolation of so many flourishing Provinces, and the Slaughter of so many innocent Wretches. These, and the like Calamities, have too long over-run all France ; but now their Reign is over, the Lord be praised, and we shall see no more of them ; for I must once more tell you, tho' I displease you never so much, that the Peace is concluded, and that I have no other War now to apprehend for you, but that which your Mistress is resolv'd to declare against you at your return.

Yesterday I, and four of my Friends, enter'd Fontarabia, where the late Prince of Cende cou'd not get Entrance at the Head of Ten thousand Men. Mistake me not, Sir, as if I told you this, with an Intention to magnify my Bravery : No, 'tis one of the blessed Effects of the Peace : And to convince you, that 'tis so with us, I must inform you, that we live in the strictest Amity imaginable with those worthy Gentlemen, the Spaniards, who are not such ill-favour'd Devils, as we us'd to paint them, but treat us with *Rosa solis*, Wine, and Chocolate, as lovingly as if we had tumbled in the same Belly with them, and not a Soldier of their Nation been killed in any of the late Actions. They are a civil, well-bred People, as I hope to



be *fav'd*; and the Duce take, if I don't love them heartily, because they carry no *Gall* or *Rancour* about them: Not but that you may hear them *complain* now and then, one of having lost a *Son*, another a *Brother*, and a third a *Relation*, either in *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, or *Italy*. But this is nothing, the *complaining* Fit is soon over with them; and to *repair* the Losses they have sustain'd, wou'd be *content* with all their Hearts, that a sufficient Number of our *ablest* Troops were sent into *Spain* to beget as many *Children* upon their Women, as they lost *Soldiers* in the War. All our *Politicians* here are of Opinion, that this is one of the *principal* Articles of the Treaty; and that, for this *Purpose*, abundance of the *ablest* *Mathe-maticians* in *Europe* will be employ'd to compute how many Men the *Spaniards* have lost, to a single Centinel, since the *falling* out of the two Nations. As for me, I think it the most *reasonable* Proposal in the World; and since I have not had the *Honour* to be employ'd by his Majesty in his *Wars*, am very willing to serve him upon this *Occasion*, for which Reason I will use all my *Interest* at Court to procure me a *Company* in one of these Regiments.

Well, certainly this is the *merriest* Country in the Universe. The Children here can *dance* before they can *speak*, and cry for a *Guitarre* more impatiently, than they do for the *sucking* Bottle. Their *Mirth* begins with their Life, and never concludes but with it: Nay, their very *Priests* have their Share of it, as well as the rest of their *Flock*; and I have observ'd, that at all their Weddings and merry-makings, the *Parson* is the Man who constantly leads up the *dance*. But of all their *commendable* Customs, that which I *most* love them for, and all the World, in my Opinion, ought to imitate, is, that there is a *Probationship* here in chusing a *Wife*, as well as in taking the  
*Monastick*

*Monastick State* upon one. After they have consummated for a Twelve-month together, if *Joan* doth not like *John's Abilities*, or *John* is scandaliz'd at *Joan's Capacity*, they are at Liberty to part; and a young *Wench* that has had half a dozen such *Husbands* one after another, carries her Head as high as the *modestest* She in the Parish, and no Body dares say black is her Eye. Well! how happy a Place would *France* be, were this *righteous Fashion* observ'd in all its Provinces.

Before I conclude this Letter, give me leave to acquaint you with an odd Accident that has happen'd upon these *Coasts*, and which perhaps may not be improper to recount to you. Not many Days ago a poor *Whale*, having heard without Question, that the Peace was concluded between the two Crowns, and possess'd with a laudable *Curiosity*, to see two Nations united, which had so miserably infested one another in the late War, imagin'd he might come into these Seas without any *Detriment* or *Molestation* to his Princely person; for which Reason he left his native Shores of *Norway* or *Greenland*, to assist at so illustrious a *Reconciliation*, and carry the happy News throughout *Neptune's Dominions*: But the worthy Tars of this Place, who understand neither *Rhime* nor *Reason*, having no regard to the Articles of Peace, nor yet to the Rules of *Hospitality*, that are every where sacred, no sooner saw this high and mighty Potentate appear upon their Coasts, but like a Parcel of Raskals, without any former *Declaration* of War, or the least *Affront* from his *Northern Highness*, they attack'd him with all the *Posse* of the River, not considering that two to one is every where odds, as well by Water as Land, mann'd out a hundred Boats against him, and brought him in a triumphant Manner into the Harbour. You know how corrupt the Courts of *Admiralty* are ever

all *Christendom*, and what little *Respect* is paid to the *Law of Nations*, where the *longest* Sword puts in its Pretensions. In short, they declar'd him *good Prize*, and made a *Present* of him to Cardinal *Mazarine*, who either out of *good Husbandry*, because he knew it wou'd require so many *Tuns* of Butter to fry him in, or for some other *Reason* best know to himself, wou'd not keep him, but sent him to *Don Louis de Haro*, who out of *Revenge*, sends his Excellence every Week two Mules laden with Ice. — But I have *trespass'd* too much upon your *Patience*. Send me Word in your next, when we may *expect* you in these Parts; and be assur'd, that none of your *Friends* wishes your coming with more *Impatience*, than

St. John de luz,

*Your most humble, &c.*

A Panegyrick upon Cardinal *de Richelieu*, in a Letter of Monsieur *de Voitre*.

### The Argument.

*Monsieur Perrault*, in his *Parallele des Modern*, opposes this Letter to *Pliny's famous Panegyrick upon Trajan*. I must confess 'tis very handsomly written; but I believe that none but so great a Bigot for his Country as *Perrault*, would have ventur'd to make the Comparison.

I Am not one of those as you would seem to insinuate, that love to improve all my Lord Cardinal's Actions into Miracles, and carry his Praises beyond their due Bounds; and whole they would make the World believe well of him, sacrifice



fice all Regard to *Credibility*. On the other Hand, I am not of that base detracting Temper, as to *bate* a Man meerly because he is above the rest of the World; neither will I suffer my self to be carried away by popular Prepossessions, which, I know, generally speaking, to be unjust. I consider him with an *unprejudiced* Judgment, where Passion has nothing to do on *one* Side or the *other*; and I behold him with the same Eyes, with which *Posterity* will behold him. And certainly two hundred Years hence, when those who look upon him after us, shall read in our History, that the great *Cardinal de Richelieu* demolish'd *Rochel*, confounded the *Hereticks*, and by one *single* blow took thirty or forty of their Cities all at once; when they shall come to find, that in the Time of his *Ministry*, the *English* were beaten and repuls'd, *Pignerol* conquer'd, *Casal* reliev'd, *Lorrain* join'd to our Crown, the greatest Part of *Asatia* reduc'd under our Subjection, the *Spaniards* defeated at *Vellaine* and *Avein*; I say, when they shall find that while he *presided* over our Affairs, *France* had not one Neighbour, over whom she did not gain some important Victory or Town: If they have the least Drop of *French* Blood in their Veins, and any Love for the Honour of their Country, can they read these Things without having a great *Affection* for him? Do you think they will *love* or *esteem* him the less, because in his Time the *Payments* of the Town-Hall came in somewhat of the *slowest*? or because some new *Offices* were erected? Great Things cannot be done without a great *Expence*; and to *cramp* 'em for want of *Money*, is to maim their Execution. But if we are to look upon a Kingdom as immortal, and to consider the *Advantages* it will reap in *future* Ages, as if they were *actually* present; let us compute how many *Millions* this Man, whom they pretend to have

ruin'd *France*, has sav'd her, by the bare taking of *Roche*; which Town, two thousand Years hence, in all the *Minorities* of our Kings, upon every Discontent of the Nobility, and upon all Occasions of revolting, would most certainly have rebell'd, and oblig'd us to a perpetual *Expence*. Our Kingdom had only two Enemies to fear, the *Huguenots*, and the *Spaniards*. My Lord *Cardinal* no sooner enter'd upon Affairs, but he immediately resolv'd to Ruin both. Was it possible for him to form more *Glorious* or more *Advantageous* Designs? He has happily effected the one, but has not completed the other. However, if he has fail'd in his first Design, those that now cry out, that it was a rash, unreasonable *Resolution*, to pretend to attack and humble the *Power* of *Spain*, and that *Experience* had sufficiently shewn it; yet would they not have been as forward to *Condemn* his Design of ruining the *Huguenots*? Would they not have told us, that he ought not to have

*Embark'd* in an Enterprize, where-

\* Francis II.

Charles IX.

Henry III.

† Hen. IV.

in \* three of our Kings had successively miscarry'd; and which the † late King did not so much as think of? And would they not have concluded as *falsly* as they do in this other Affair, that the Thing was not *feasible*, meerly because it was not already done? But let us consider, I beseech you, whether it was his or *Fortune's* Fault, that he has not as yet accomplish'd this Design: Let us see what *Method* he took to effect it, and what *Engines* he set on work: Let us examine whether he has fail'd much of felling that mighty *Tree*, the House of *Austria*; and has not shaken the very *Root* of that *Trunk*, whose two Branches cover'd the *North* and the *West*, and overshadow'd the rest of the *Earth*. He went as far as the *Notbern* Pole, to find out that

*Hero*

\* *Hero*, who seem'd predestinated to  
 \* *He means* lay the *Ax* to it, and bring it to the  
 Gustavus A- Ground. It was his *Address*, joyn'd  
 dolpus, with this *Thunder*, which fill'd all  
*Germany* with Fire and Desolation, whose Noise  
 was heard by all the *World*; but when this *Tempest*  
 was dispers'd, and Fortune had turn'd away the  
 impending *Blow*, did he stop short in his Course,  
 or cease his *Designs* for this? And did he not bring  
 the *Empire* lower than it had been by the Losses  
 of the Battel of *Leipsick*, and that of *Lutzen*? His  
*Dexterity* and good *Condu&* rais'd us all on a sud-  
 den, an Army of forty thousand Men in the  
 Heart of *Germany*, with a *General* at the Head of  
 'em, who was Master of all the great *Qualities*  
 that are necessary to bring about a Resolution in  
 any State. If the King of *Sweden* threw himself  
 farther into Danger, than became a *Person* of his  
 Design and Rank; and if the Duke of *Fridlandt*,  
 by over-delaying his *Enterprize*, suffer'd it to take  
 Air, and be discover'd; was it possible for the  
*Cardinal*, either to charm the Bullet, which kill'd  
 the former in the midst of his Victory, or render  
 the latter impenetrable to the blows of a *Partisan*?  
 And if after this dismal Blow, to compleat the  
 Ruin of our *Affairs*, the *Generals*, who commanded  
 the Armies of our *Allies* before *Norlingen*, gave  
 Battel at an unseasonable Time; was it possible  
 for the *Cardinal*, who was above two thousand  
 Leagues from the Spot, to change this Resolution,  
 and stop the unadvised *Rashness* of those, who for  
 an *Empire* that would have been the certain Price  
 of a Victory, would not stay three Days longer?  
 Thus, you see, it was impossible to save the  
 House of *Austria*, and hinder the Execution of  
 the *Cardinal's* Designs, which some People pretend  
 were so rash, had not Fortune wrought three sur-  
 prizing Miracles; that is to say, three great *E-*  
*vents*, which, in all Probability, would never hap-  
 pen;



pen ; I mean the Death of the King of Sweden, that of the Duke of *Fridlandt*, and the Loss of the Battel of *Norlingen*. You will tell me he has no Reason to complain of Fortune for crossing him in this, since she had serv'd him so faithfully in all his other *Designs* ; since she put Places into his *Hands*, without so much as laying Siege to 'em ; since, by her Favour, he commanded Armies successfully, without the least *Experience* to direct him ; since she conducted him always, as it were by the Hand, brought him safe out of the greatest Precipices, upon which he had thrown himself, and made him frequently appear *bold, wise, and foreseeing*, without any Merit on his Side : Let us therefore behold him in his evil *Fortune*, and examine if even then he shew'd less *Boldness, Wisdom, and Foresight*. Our Affairs were in no very good Posture in *Italy* ; and, as it is the Destiny of *France* to gain Battels and lose their Armies, ours was exceedingly *diminish'd* ever since the last Victory we had gain'd over the *Spaniards*. We had not much better Luck before *Dole*, where the Length of the Siege made us apprehend its ill Success, when we receiv'd, advise that the Enemy had enter'd *Picardy* ; that they had, at the first Onset, taken *Capelle, Castelet, and Corbie* ; and that these three Places, which ought to have stopp'd 'em so many Months, scarce held 'em eight Days. All was in Fire and Ashes, to the Banks of the River *Oise* : we might behold from our Suburbs the Smoak of the Villages, which the Enemy had burnt. All the World was *alarm'd* at this sudden Progress ; and the *Capital City* of our Kingdom was in the highest Consternation. In the midst of these Calamities, advice came from *Burgundy*, that the Siege of *Dole* was rais'd and from *Xaintoigne*, that fifty thousand *Peasants* were up in Arms ; and that t'was fear'd the *Infection* would  
soon

soon spread it self in *Poitou* and *Guienne*. Ill News came pouring upon us from all Parts; the whole Face of Heaven was overcast: The *Tempest* invaded us on every Side; and we had not the least Prospect of good Fortune to support us in these *Extremities*: We could not see Day through the least Hole. But in all this Darkness, did the *Cardinal* see less clear than at other Times? Did he lose either his *Judgment* or *Resolution*? And, during this *Tempest*, did he not always keep his *Rudder* in one Hand, and his *Compass* in the other? Did he call out for the *Long-boat* to save himself? And, if the great Vessel which he steer'd, was destin'd to be cast away, did he not shew that he was the *first* Man that resolv'd to perish? Was it Fortune that deliver'd him out of this *Labyrinth*, or his own *Prudence* and *Magnanimity*? Our Enemies were within fifteen Leagues of *Paris*, and his were in the Town: He receiv'd daily advice, that *Cabals* were held, and *Designs* form'd to ruin him: *France* and *Spain* were, if I may so express my self, joyn'd in a *Conspiracy* against him alone. Now, amidst all these threatening *Concurrences*, in so dreadful and black a *Conjunction*, how did this Man look, who, they pretended would be cast down upon the least ill Success? And who, as they gave out, had fortify'd *Havre de-Grace*, on purpose to make it a Place of *Retreat* in Case of any *Disaster*? He does not go one Step backward for all this: He is taken up with the Dangers of the State, and not his own: And all the Alteration we could observe in him at this Time, was, that whereas he never us'd to go abroad without two hundred Guards before, he now walk'd out every Day, only attended by *five* or *six* Gentlemen. All the World must own, that an *Adversity* supported by so good a *Grace*, and with so much *Bravery*, is much to be preferr'd e-

ven

ven to *Victory* and *Prosperity* it self. He did not appear to me so great and victorious, even when he made his Entry into *Rochel*, as then; and the daily Visits he made to the *Arsenal*, were, in my Opinion, more glorious to him, than his famous *Expedition* on the other Side the Mountains, when he took *Pignerol* and *Susa*: Therefore let me conjure you to open your Eyes, and, to prepare you for beholding so bright an Object, lay aside your *Aversion* to the Man, who is so happy in revenging himself on his *Enemies*; and cease to wish ill to him, who knows how to turn it to his Glory, by behaving himself so undauntedly under it. Leave your Party, before they leave you, as a great Part of his Enemies have done, that were converted by the last *Miracle* they saw him perform. If the *War* comes to be concluded, as there is Reason to hope it will, he'll soon find a Way to 'gain the rest over to his Side. Being so wise as he is, he must certainly know, after so much Experience, what is best for us, and will turn all his Designs to make us the most flourishing People in the World, after he has made us the most formidable. He will content himself with an Ambition, which is to be preferr'd before all others, and is practis'd but by few; I mean to make himself the best and most belov'd Man in the Kingdom, and not the greatest and most fear'd. He knows that the most noble and most lasting Conquests are those of *Hearts* and *Affections*; that *Laurels* are barren *Plants*, that afford us nothing more than *Shade*, and are not to be compar'd with the *Harvest* and *Fruits* with which *Peace* is crown'd. He considers, that it is nothing near so meritorious to enlarge the Limits of a Kingdom a hundred Leagues, and better, as to lessen our Taxes Twelve-pence in the Pound; and that there is less *Grandeur* and real *Glory* in defeating an hundred thousand Men, than



than leaving twenty Millions in their Ease and Security.

Thus this *mighty* Genius, whichh as hitherto been solely employ'd in contriving and raising Funds for the Support of the War, in raising Recruits, taking Cities, and gaining Battels, will for the future wholly busy himself in establishing *Peace, Wealth, and Plenty*. The same Head which was deliver'd of a *Pallas* in Armour, will shew us the Goddess with her *Olive-Tree*, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied with all those Arts which *generally* march along with her. He will publish no more new *Edicts*, but such as may serve to restrain *Luxury*, and promote *Trade*. Those great *Vessels*, that were built to carry our *Arms* beyond the *Streights*, shall, for the future, only *conduct* our Merchant-men, and keep the Sea open: And we shall have no more War, but with the *Algerines*. Then the Enemies of my Lord Cardinal shall not be able to speak, as hitherto they have not been able to *act* against him: Then the Citizens of *Paris* shall be his Guards, and he will be convinc'd how much more *pleasing* and *satisfactory* it is to hear his *Praises* in the Mouth of the People, than in that of the *Poets*. But I beseech you not to keep out till this happens; and stay not to be his Friend, till you are forc'd to be so: But if you are resolv'd to persist in your Opinion, I shall not pretend to use any *Violence* to make you leave it. However, be not so *unjust*, as to take it ill, that I have defended my own, and I *freely* promise you to read over whatever you think fit to write to me, by way of Answer, when the *Spaniards* have retaken *Corbie*. I am

Your most obedient Servant,  
VOITURE.

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## Diverting Billets to Ladies ; Out of Monsieur de \* Pays.

By Mr. T. Brown.

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*A Billet from a Lady to the Author, wherein she desires him to carry her to see the Lion and Tyger.*

**I**F what you have sworn to me a hundred Times, be true, that is to say, if you are so much my humble Servant, as you pretend, so soon as you have din'd, you'll come to our House, and carry me and my Sister to see the Lion and the Tyger, and some other odd Curiosities that are lately come to Town. How great your Stock of Courage is, I can't tell, but if you are not a rank Coward indeed, you'll be glad of the Opportunity to be Master of the Ceremonies to us, and conduct us into the Presence of the aforesaid outlandish Gentlemen. Thus I have given you a fair Occasion of diverting me, without putting you to any great Expence. Judge then, whether I am not the kindest Woman upon Earth, since I am willing to be oblig'd to you for so small a Trifle.

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\* Author of a famous Book, intituled, Amitiez, Amours, & Amourettes.

The

*The Answer.*

'TIS but reasonable, Madam, you should go and pay a Visit to two such *near Relations*, as those you mention'd in your Billet; and God forbid that I should hinder you from *discharging* your Conscience in so *necessary* a Point. Yes, Madam, I will certainly wait on you after Dinner, and not lose the *Satisfaction* of attending you to an *Interview*, where, no doubt on't, there will be a World of *Caresses* and *tender Things* on both Sides. If *Sympathy* is the Mother of *Friendship*, I am confident, that the *Tyger* and your *Ladyship* will be Hand and Glove, and strike up the strictest *Alliance* that ever was known. I fancy 'twill be a most *Pleasant Sight* to see those two savage Creatures *humble* themselves before you, *lick* your Hands and Feet, give you a gentle *Squeeze* by the Arm, and tell you, in their *Language*, that since you are a hundred Times more a *Lioness* and *Tyger* than they, 'tis but reasonable they should own you for their lawful and rightful *Queen*: So that, Madam, tho' both these Animals are let *loose* about the Room, I shall have nothing to *fear* from them while you are there: Or if they have never so much a Mind to make *Meal* of my Carcass, yet you may easily *conjure* them by the *Friendship* that is between you; or, to express my self more properly, you may command them by the *Authority* you have over them, not to deprive you of the *Glory* of my Death: For in short, Madam, it will be a most horrid *Shame*, if their *Teeth* and *Paws* pretend to invade the Office of your *Eyes*. Therefore be assur'd my *Cowardice* will not hinder me from seeing this Show, since I shall have your Company thither.

Billet



## Billet from the same.

*She desires him to write her a few Lines, in Answer to a Copy of Verses she had receiv'd from a Lover.*

**I** Here *unsay* all the angry Things I said to you last Evening. You are good for something, I must own, nay, now and then, I cannot be without so *necessary* a Gentleman as your self. If I *lose* you for good and all, I shall *lose* the better Part of my *Diversion*; and as *cheerful* as I am in my Temper, I believe *sincerely* in my Conscience, that I should at least *lament* you three Hours by the Clock. I dare lay any *Wager* with you, that you are not Conjuror enough to *divine* why I sweeten and collogue with you so *furiously* this Morning. Know therefore, that I want your Assistance to answer four of the finest, prettiest Stanza's I ever saw, sent me this Morning by a *worthy* Gentleman, who swears and vows he loves me *better* than his Eyes. Let me *die*, if any Thing can be *tenderer*. Therefore invoke me the *Aid* of that *Familiar*, your *Muse*, and employ all Wit to answer them, so that both the Gentleman and I may be *satisfy'd*: Otherwise I *revoke* all the *obliging* Things I bestow'd upon you in the Beginning of this *Epistle*.

*The Answer.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU fancy, I perceive; that you have said abundance of *complaisant* Things to me in your Letters; but the Duce take me, if either I do or will *believe* a Syllable of the Matter. Set  
your

your Hand now to your *Heart*, and tell me in sober *Sadness*, whether you made me a mighty Compliment in treating me like your *Confident*, when you ought to have treated me like your *Lover*. A wonderful *Favour* indeed, to desire me to write a Copy of Verses, and all to please a *Rival*, whom I wish at the *Devil*. Well, for this once, Madam, I am resolv'd to *disobey* your Orders: My Muse is too young at present to set up for a *Goer-between*; and, without Vanity, deserves a better Employment, than what you wou'd recommend to her. I keep her in my Service only to assist me in my *Amours*; and should I ask her to do any thing else, I am sure she wou'd *deny* me. Therefore, Madam, you must e'en *answer* your Gallant your self; and the next Time you want a *Confident*, pray employ any one else, but.

*Your, &c.*

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Billet from the same.

*She rallies him for playing the whining Lover,  
and sends him his Heart again.*

**I** Begin to be Dog-weary of hearing you complain of your ill *Destiny* so often. Your Letters, as well as your Conversation, run eternally upon this nauseous Strain, tho' I have told you a hundred Times, that this is not the way to win me. However you chuse rather to *displease* me, than leave off this unfashionable way of Courtship. If you are resolv'd to play the *Milk-sop* still, let me intreat you to shew it elsewhere, and not before me. In short, if restoring the insignificant Trifle, your *Heart*, to you, will secure me from all farther *Persecutions* of this Nature, take

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it

it again a God's Name, for I no longer pretend to it, since 'tis not fit for my Purpose.

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*The Answer.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU shew your good Nature with a Witness, to send me my Heart back, after you have us'd it so scurvily above six Weeks. Is this then your Way of *requiting* those that *serve* you? Who do you think will receive it in the blessed Condition you have brought it to? No, Madam, e'en keep it to your self, 'tis your own proper *Chattel*, and no Body but you has a Title to it. Once more let me tell you, 'twas not *handsomly* done of you, to send it home in so *wretched* a Pickle. *Mangled* as it is, *burnt* to Tinder, what Woman alive will *entertain* it in her Service? If you did not like, it, you ought in Conscience, Madam, to have sent it me back long ago. At the Time when it was *whole* and *cheerful*, (and such a one it was, when I first made you a *Present* of it ) I could have found *Mistresses enough* that would have been glad to *receive* it: But since you have so *disfigur'd* it, that I my self hardly *know* it, you are bound in Honour to look after it, and suffer its *Infirmities*, since you have been the *Occasion* of them. Let it complain and *bemoan* it self never so much, you ought to bear with its *Lamentation*. But if they *offend* you, and break your *Repose*, is it not in your Power to make them *cease* when you please? And have I not told you a thousand Times which Way you may *silence* them? Come, Madam, put my *Recipe* in Practice, and I give you *free leave* to send my Heart back again, if after you have try'd that Experiment upon it, you



you don't find it as full of Joy and Gayety, as at present 'tis of Grief and Affliction.

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To Calista.

To acquaint her, that he's troubled with an Ague.

**I** Am up to the Ears in Love, Madam, as you know but too well. I have a confounded Quarrel upon my Hands, which I suppose is no News to you neither. Thirdly and lastly, I have a damn'd Law-Suit to manage, which you cannot be ignorant of, since I have told you of it so often. To compleat my Misfortunes, I wanted nothing but a Tertian Ague, or some such Blessing to visit me, which, Thanks to my ill Destiny, is come at last to increase the Number of my other Persecutors. Considering with what Formality and Circumspection it began to attack me, one may lay a hundred Pounds to a Penny, that it will keep me-Company till next Spring. My Hand still trembles with the Extremity of my last cold Fit, and my Heart is almost burnt up with the Violence of my Passion; and what more proper Secretary can there be, than a freezing Hand to a flaming Heart? As I am naturally of a gay, merry Temper; and, according to the common Opinion, an Ague always proceeds from Melancholy, I can't imagine how it came to single me out of the Herd: For hitherto, whether 'tis owing to my Insensibility or Courage, I have not been much disturb'd either about my Law-Suit, or my Quarrel. 'Tis a plain Case then, that my Love has betray'd me to this troublesom Companion. For this Reason, to deal plainly with you, I begin to suspect you, and fancy that there is a secret Intelligence between you

and my Disease, and that the Flames you kindled in my *Heart*, prepar'd the Way for those that now scorch up my *Body*. And will the Queen of my *Heart* then, to whose Laws it so chearfully submits, lose the Conquests she has made? Interest, one wou'd think, wou'd dictate better Advice to her, and persuade her not to let a *barbarous* Enemy burn up, and *destroy* a Place that belongs to her Empire. Revenge your *self* then, Madam; and when your *Hand* is in, revenge *me*, and turn this impudent Aggressor out of your *Dominions*. I need not inform you, that this cursed Aggressor I complain of, is my *Ague*, that ill-look'd, ill-natur'd, ill-contriv'd *Devil*, that loves to make every one he *possesses* look as villainously as himself, that profess'd *Foe* to Cherry-cheeks, that *Demolisher* of jolly Constitutions, that *Leveller* of Faces, and *Destroyer* of all Mirth. Judge then what will become of my poor *Fortress* in a few Days, if this malicious *Engineer* batters it with his great *Artillery* from, and, at the same Time, *undermines* it from below. 'Tis true, he lyes *idle* every other Day; but, a Curse light on him, he does me more Mischief in *three* Hours, than I am able to repair in *threescore*. In short, I expect to have this wicked *Siege* rais'd by none but you; and this 'tis so *easy* for you to perform, that unless my *Relief* comes immediately, I shall conclude you don't think the *Town* worth *saving*.

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To the same

*He tells her after what Manner he will receive her when she comes to visit him.*

**Y**OU send me Word, that you intend me a *Visit* this Afternoon; but does your Ladyship

ship well consider what may be the *Effect* on't? Do you think 'tis possible to see so *doleful* an Object as I am, without *paying* some little *Tribute* to Pity? Or suppose your *Heart* is *insensible* to all my Sufferings, do you know after what manner I shall *receive* you, and whether you'll be *pleas'd* with your Entertainment? Well, Madam, that you may not be surpriz'd, I will acquaint you before-hand, what sort of a Reception you are to expect from me.

In the first Place, Madam, when you come into the Room, I shan't *advance* one Step to meet you; that's positive; but keep my Chair, like the Great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*, which you please; and the same Ceremony I shall observe at your going away. Then when you have seated your self, instead of *complimenting* you upon your *Beauty* and *Wit*, those two belov'd *Topicks*, which you Women are so pleas'd to hear your *Adorers* expatiate upon, I shall *only* entertain you with the cruel *Usage* of my Distemper; and tho' you look'd ten Times *prettier* than ever I knew you, yet I shall fancy you as *pale* and *yellow* as my self. Perhaps I shall not *speak* a Syllable to you in an Hour; or if I *open* my Mouth, 'twill be only to ask your Ladyship, what's *good* for a Man in my Condition, to complain of my want of Appetite, to tell how many Hat-fulls of *Jesuits's* Powder I have taken to no Purpose, or relate to you what *odd Whimsies* come into my Head, when I am in the *Height* of my Pain. I shall think I entertain you with very *notable* Discourse indeed, when I acquaint you, that my Disease, by a *strange* unaccountable *Magick*, carries me, in the Compass of twelve Hours, from the *extreamest* parts of *Lapland* to *Guinea*; that for the six first Hours I am so *cold*, that a *cloy'd* Lover's Appetite cannot be more, and the six next that follow, I



am so hot, that all the Water in the *Volga* wou'd not cool me; that I am the Emblem of *Mont-Gibel*, as they say, that is of *Hell*, carrying two contrary Extremes about me; that when I tremble, I make all the *Glass-Windows* for two Miles about me clatter; and when I burn, one had better cross the *Line*, than touch the least Part of me. Thus you see, Madam, what a diverting Scene you are like to find in my Quarters. As for my Looks, you never saw any thing so ghastly and terrible. My very Sight is enough to make a Sexton tremble, that has made it his constant Trade to rifle the Graves of the Dead; nay, fright an unbelieving Priest into an Ague-fit of Devotion. My Physician, that was as rank an Atheist as *Vanninus* t'other Day, believes the Existence of Spirits already, by the same Token, he owes his Conversion to me. You may count all the Teeth in my Head thro' my Cheeks; and the Chirurgeons of the Town bespokeme this Morning, to do them the Honour to represent a Skeleton at their Theatre, and suffer one of their Fraternity to read an Anatomical Lecture upon me. So you must not be surpriz'd, Madam, if I make you a few scurvy Faces at your coming in; 'tis no more than what I do to all the World; nay, even to my dear beloved self, when I behold my *Phys* in the Looking-glass. All the Good you are like to find by me, is, that my Hands, of which you have so often complain'd, are grown the civilest, quietest Hands in the Universe, and will not give you the least Occasion to complain of them. Before George, in the Humour I am at present, I would hardly draw them from under my Morning-gown, to play with *Helen's* delicious Bubbies, which undoubtedly were very commendable Bubbies, since, in Conjunction with her Face, they made the Greeks and Trojans deal their handy Blows so liberally to one another. So now,  
Madam,

Madam, I leave you to guess, whether you have any thing to apprehend from me, and whether you will not part peaceably from me, without calling me saucy, rude Fellow, as you us'd to do. This I must tell you too for your Comfort, that I shall be highly *offended* with you, if you presume to *laugh*, according to your laudable Custom; therefore resolve to disguise the *Gayety* of your Humour for a few Moments, or at least pretend a little *Compassion* for me. Thus I have not only inform'd you, what you must expect from me, but how you are to regulate your *Behaviour*, so that if you have any Desire, after all this ghostly Counsel, to visit your *dying* Wretch, you are fully instructed how to *manage* your self. After all, if you continue your Resolution, I would advise you to come to Morrow, for 'tis one of my Days of *Reprieve*.

To Madam the Abbess of —

*He gives her an Account of his Indisposition, and how uneasily he passes his Nights.*

THE Clock has struck *Twelve*, and 'tis now just *six* Hours, *seven* Minutes, and a *Quarter* precisely, since I have been *rowing* and tossing in my Bed, like a poor *Vessel* in the Bay of *Biscay*. All the Family is fast *asleep*, and that young *Rascal* my Footman *snores* as heartily as a *Drunkard* after a Debauch. But all this while, that *Epitome* of human *Misery*, your humble Servant, is *awake*, and has nothing else to accompany him, but his *Pains* and his *Despair*. 'Tis to no Purpose that I make Vows to *Morpheus*, promise him *Sacrifice*, and invoke his *Relief*: The *ill-natur'd* God is either too fast *asleep* to hear my *Invocations*, or too *tardy* to answer them. Not knowing how to en-

certain my self better, I built a thousand Castles  
in \* *Spain*; but then again when I  
soberly consider'd that this was build-  
ing Castles in a *Prince's* Country,  
that perhaps won't thank me for my  
Pains, I immediately got up, quit-  
ted my *Chimera's* and *Castles*, to write  
you this Letter, and assure you, that

\* A French  
Proverb equi-  
valent to ours  
of building  
Castles in the  
Air.

I value you more than all the *Princes* and *Emperors*  
in the World. But under the Rose, Madam, what  
Emperor deserves to be mention'd the same Month  
with you? *Augustus*, who was the *honestest* of the  
whole Pack, had only *one* Daughter, yet was not  
able to keep her in *good Order*; for several *grave*  
*Historians* affirm, that she wou'd carry a Stone in  
her Ear, whether her Father wou'd or no: But  
Madam, you have at least *forty* Daughters to  
look after, yet you keep them all in due *Deco-*  
*rum*; and as for your own Conduct, *Envy* it self  
cannot find the least Flaw in it. Now tell me  
fairly and squarely, whether ever you cou'd have  
foreseen that you shou'd be compar'd and prefer'd  
to *Augustus*, and of all the *Panegyrist's* you have  
known in your Time, whether any of them ever  
made you so topping a *Compliment*; but Madam,  
these *extravagant* Thoughts and *high* Flights are  
*excusable* enough in a sick Man, whose Brains are  
*addled* by the *vilest* of Distempers. This *cursed* *Ague*  
has thrown me into a thousand other *Follies*, that  
wou'd make you burst your Sides with *laughing*,  
shou'd I undertake to send you the *complete* *Histo-*  
*ry* of them. What will you say then, when I  
assure you, that I am grown a wonderful *Admirer*  
of that *venerable* Piece of Antiquity, your *Aunt*?  
Cou'd you ever have imagin'd, that a sick Man  
wou'd have long'd for so *dainty* a Moriel? And  
won't you now agree with me, that an *Ague* gives  
a Man a very *strange* Appetite? However what I  
tell



tell you, is as *true* as that I am now *writing* to you. I have had the Honour to *receive* only two Visits from her ; but in that short Time have discover'd a thousand *Charms* in her, found her more *witty* than your self, and more *beautiful* than *Calista*. In short, I have felt a certain *Emotion*, which I should Christen by the Name of *Love*, were I in Health. You wou'd hardly believe how many *fine, tender* Things I promise my self to say to her, and how *assiduous* I design to be about her *ancient* Person, so soon as I am *recover'd*. And yet, perhaps, *Thirsis* when he is *well*, will not follow the Inclinations of *Thirsis* the *sick*, but forgive *Calista* all the *cruel* *Ralleries* she has made both upon his *Crutches*, and other Misfortunes. Since I have *mention'd* her Name, I may venture to tell you, that you are *bound* in Honour to possess that *inhumane* Creature with a *little* of your own good Nature. The *Compassion* you have been pleas'd to express for me, gives me *infinite* Satisfaction : But alas ! What a *refreshing* Cordial wou'd it be to me, if my and your *Calista* (for so I must call her, since you *bestow'd* her upon me) wou'd shew me a little of that obliging *Pity*, which you *vouchsafe* me daily ? At the *very* Moment when I am writing this, I dare *engage* she sleeps as *profoundly* as if she had nothing to *answer* for ; and that if she *dreams*, her Imagination is making *merry* at my Expence, either *playing* with my *Crutches*, or *droling* upon my *Paleness*. What is *more*, I dare engage that she'll be ready to die with *laughing*, when she knows I writ this Letter at *Midnight*, and that too, when I had so *little* Temptation to write. But let her make her self as *merry* with it, as she pleases, I am *content*, if you will but *take* this Occasion to let her know how *uneasily* I pass my Nights. Above all, lay your *Commands* upon her not to *speak* a Word of it, since it highly

concerns

concerns you in Point of *Reputation* to have it kept private. 'Tis a censorious World, you know, and who can tell what strange Stories malicious People may raise of us, when they come to understand, that a Man of my amorous Complexion got up at *Midnight*, with no other Design, but to give himself the Pleasure of entertaining you? Adieu!

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To Madam de H —

*Occasion'd by sending a Bed to her in the Country.*

I Am not Prophet enough, Madam, to foretel whether I have executed my Commission to your Satisfaction, tho' no Care has been wanting on my Side, I can assure you: For I employ'd an experienc'd Woman of my Acquaintance, to direct me in this Affair, knowing that we Bachelors are not so proper Judges of all the good Qualities requir'd in a Bed, as those that have learnt them by long Practice. All our Neighbours that have seen it, like it exceedingly. One said, it was the prettiest Altar in the World for a young Maiden-head to be sacrific'd upon: Another, that it was one of Love's little Cabarets, where a Brace of hungry Lovers might refresh themselves with a Bit from the Spit, when they cou'd not tarry till the whole Joynt was matrimonially serv'd up to them. Altho' I very well know, that it is not design'd for any such wicked Purposes, yet I cannot forbear to envy the Pleasures it will be conscious to, and reflect what a delicious Scene of Happiness you and I might act upon it, if you wou'd but give your Consent. But these are Thoughts you are never troubled with, all your Concern, at present, being to know how much it cost. If I took as much

*Pleasure*

*Pleasure* to make others *uneasy* as you do, I should leave you in *Suspence* a Month or two longer, and not *clear* it to you till I came down into the Country: But as I am not *revengeful* in my Temper, be pleas'd to know, that for all it appears so *magnificent* and *statetly*, I bought it with the *Money* you gave me; and as for the *overplus*, I fairly laid it out upon a very *fine* Counterpane, for which I pretend that you are very much *oblig'd* to me. Consider then, Madam, that if I have been so *trusty* a Manager of your *Purse*, how much better Manager should I be of a more precious *Cabinet*, if you thought fit to trust me with it? Besides, I must take the Freedom to tell you, that I am in some sort a *Benefactor* to your Repose; and I may without Vanity affirm, that, by my *Means*, a certain Person *sleeps* at her Ease, that *disturbs* the Quiet of so many People. But I am afraid that this *Vanity*, and a small *Compliment* from you, will be all the *Reward* I shall receive for the *Pains* I have taken. Not but that if you were inclin'd to do me *Justice*, this Bed might easily *enable* you to *pay* the Debt you owe both to my Love, and the Trouble I have undergone in this Affair. Cou'd I have found ever a *Conjurer* in this Part of the World, before I had sent down the Bed to you, I wou'd have bri'd him to *inchant* it in so strange a manner, that I might have *revell'd* in your Arms, yet your Husband have *known* nothing of the Business, and you not slept a Wink in it, 'till I came to prescribe Love's *Opiate* to you. How glad wou'd I have been to have purchas'd so *valuable* a Charm as this, at any *Rate*! And how wou'd I have hugg'd the *honest* Magician, that cou'd have help'd me to it! But no such a *Conjurer* was I *able* to find, after all my *Enquiry*, so that I was forc'd to send you the Bed in its true *primitive* State, without any other  
*Charms,*



*Charms*, than what all other Beds in the World may as well pretend to, I mean the *Faculty* of making People sleep comfortably, when Nature calls upon them. Take your Belly-full of it there, Madam; you have my free leave for it; but when that *Domestick* Animal, that lies by your Side, wakes you to perform Love's *Mattins*, in that critical Moment, think ('tis the *smallest* Favour you can grant me) oh! think upon

*The Languishing*

THIRSYS.

*To four Ladies, with whom the Author was in Love at the same Time.*

I Think I have given you a plain Proof, that I am as much in Love with you, as 'tis possible for a Man to be, since I can afford to write to you at a Time, when I suffer as much as ever poor Fellow suffer'd. Upon mentioning my Pain, I fancy you'll at first suspect it to be another sort of a Distemper than really it is: In the next Place I am afraid you'll think my Letter contagious, and for that Reason refuse to read it; but, Ladies, as I hope to be happy in the Embraces of you all four, there's no Danger in't. My Distemper, in short, is nothing but the *Tooth-ach*; and as for that slight Indisposition, which you charg'd me to have gotten in *Spain*, and I so often deny'd, suppose it were true, it wou'd have been so effectually cur'd by this Time, that it ought not to hinder you from keeping a Correspondence with me upon that Score. No, Ladies, you need not fear any *Infection*, by reading my Letter. If 'twere possible for you to catch my *Disease* that Way, since Love and the *Tooth-ach* generally go together, you might

might, perhaps, catch Part of my Love; mind me, Ladies, I say, Part of my Love; for shou'd you catch it all, 'twou'd scorch you to Death; for I swear to you, I have the most ardent Affection for you all four, which I ever felt. And now, methinks, I hear you cry out, that a divided Heart is not worth a Farthing; and and that a Man that loves more Women than one, loves none at all. This, perhaps, may be justly enough said of your puny Gallants, that have not Heart-room enough to lodge more than one Phillis at a Time: But, Ladies, my Heart is of a prodigious Capacity, and will contain you all four with the greatest Ease in the World, and that so commodiously, that you need not jostle or elbow one another. In short, without being guilty of Infidelity to any one of you, I will love you all four both in general and in particular. Did you but know what strange Emotions and wambling of Bowels I feel within me, as often as I think on the Tears, feign'd or real, which you were pleas'd to shed at my Departure, you'd be satisfy'd that I interpret them to my Advantage. As often as I reflect upon that melancholy Farewell, so full of Tendernefs and Concern, I am Coxcomb enough to flatter my self, that I am seriously and heartily beloved by you all four: And while I am possess'd with this Contemplation, I am ready to run mad, that I was so unhappy a Dog as not to know this good Fortune of mine before I parted from you, that I might have my Advantage of it while I was at — But since I have receiv'd no Pleasure by it as yet, I am resolv'd to make my self some Amends, by boasting of it; for you may swear I'll not be silent of the Honour I had of seeing four Pair of the finest Eyes in Christendom weep, when I took my leave of them. In short, I relate this History to all I meet, Men, Women, and Children, that will give me the hearing

hearing; in which Number you may safely include a World of *pretty Ladies*, who already begin to *lend* me their Ear. If hereafter they shall think fit to lend me *any thing* else, I will make all you four my *Confidants*, and send you a *punctual* Account of it. At the same Time, Ladies, I must intreat you to send me the *News* of your Parts, as likewise to *love* me a little, or, at least, to make me *believe* you do. For a *Proof* of this, I expect you should all four *kiss* the Bottom of this Letter where my *Name* is writ. Tho' I am so many Miles distant from you, yet I see, as plain as my Hand, Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs. *Betty* going to do it; but as for Mrs. *Lætitia* and Mrs. *Honour*, they scruple at the Business, and make *wry* Faces; however, I know, they'll come to't at last to oblige a Friend — So, so, now *all* of you have done it. But, Ladies, a *Word* before parting: For God's Sake, not a Syllable of this to your Husbands, or any one else; for we must expect a terrible Noise indeed, shou'd it be known that you *kiss'd*,

Ladies,

*Your most Humble and*

*Obedient Servant,*

To the Fair —

*A Letter of Gallantry.*

**A**ltho' my *Love* parted from you last Night in a great *Passion*, yet as for my *self*, Madam, I swear to you I went away very well *satisfy'd*. 'Tis a peevish, froward *Child*, that's certain, and has *strong* Humours with him. When  
you



you have *granted* him one Favour, the young Son of a Whore *demand*s another, and another after that, and so on, to the *End* of the Chapter, that is to say, till you have granted him the *last Favour* of all. But I preach'd all Night to the squawling Peppy, that he had Reason enough to be satisfy'd, representing to him, how that languishing *Softness* he saw in your Eyes, those *tender* Words interrupted by so many Sighs, that feeble *Resistance* attended with so much Transport and Emotion, were sufficient *Proofs* you were not angry with him, but wou'd content his Longing one of these Days. Then, to refresh the young Rascal's *Memory*, I reminded him what an agreeable *Disorder* you were in all the while, by the same Token you hardly *knew* what you did, or what was done to you. Lastly, I gave him Reasons to *hope*, that at our next *favourable* Meeting he should have no Occasion to *complain*. In short, to appease the Child, I pass'd my *Word* for you, so he *quietly* took a Nap, and still continues very *orderly*. Therefore, Madam, I must conjure you to be *assisting* to me, that I may keep my *Promise* to him, for this little *God*, in Case he's disappointed, will lay about him like a *Devil*, and prove a greater *Thorn* in your Side, than

*Your most importunate Lover.*

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To Madam de B——

*The Author excuses himself for not writing a Love-Letter for her, as she desir'd him.*

**T**HE last Time I had the *Honour* of your Company, you were pleas'd to enjoin me two  
different

different Things. The former I now acquit my self of, in sending you the *Gloves* you desir'd me to buy for you; but as for the *Love-Letter* you commanded me to write, let me die, Madam, if 'tis in my *Power* to obey you. Not but that I have us'd all imaginable *Endeavours* to bring it about. Upon my Word now I have harrafs'd and teiz'd my poor *Head* beyond Expression, and all to dictate me a few fine *Compliments*, in order to give you this small *Satisfaction*; but this *Head* of mine is the most perverse, fantastical Head in Nature; and when I have most need of his Assistance, is then sure to play me the scurviest Tricks. In short, 'tis a giddy, hair-brain'd Rambler, and so great an Enemy to all *Constraint* whatever, that when my *Heart* honestly advis'd him t'other Morning to obey your Orders, I must, replies he, be as implicit a Slave as thou art, to do every Thing that is order'd me; but Thanks to Heaven, and my own good Conduct, I am free, and will obey no Body but my self. Hark you me Friend, cries my Heart to him, you are a Blockhead for calling me Slave. I will maintain it before all the World, that 'tis an Honour to obey Calista, and little less than Rebellion to dispute the meanest of her Orders. What! an Honour to be a Slave, says my Heart in a Fury; you may preach up the Merit of passive Obedience as long as you please, but 'tis a Doctrine I shall never swallow; for know I am a Republican in my Nature, and declare against all Tyranny whatever. And how darest thou call Calista a Tyrant, says my Heart, she whose Goodness is equal to her Beauty, and who, if she delighted in making Conquests, might drag all Mankind after her triumphant Chariot? If she tramples upon the Liberties of a free-born People, replies my Head, if she sees her Subjects suffer without endeavouring to save them, if she keeps up a standing Army of little Cupids in her Eyes,

contrary

sure you 'tis true ; and what will more *amaze* you, this *Heart* of mine became your *Slave* chiefly through the wicked *Insinuations* and *Counsels* of my *Head*, which was eternally telling it how gentle and good condition'd a *Mistress* you were, and by that Means engag'd it to part with its *Liberty*. But after it had once prevail'd with my poor *Heart* to surrender up its *Freedom* to you, like a malicious *Traytor* as it is, it refus'd to follow its *Directions*, pretending that it wou'd always continue *free* ; lest you might believe it ow'd you any manner of *Service*, and to give you a *Proof* of it, positively refus'd to write the *Love-Letter* you demanded of me. Pardon me therefore, *Madam*, if I cannot *obey* you upon this *Occasion* ; and be assur'd, that my *Heart* utterly disapproves this *Obstinacy* of my *Head*, condemns its *Rebellion*, and will dispute the *Glory* of being intirely yours, with the *proudest Heart* in the *Universe*.

And now, *Madam*, may I be so bold as to ask you your *Opinion* of this *Letter* ? Is it not a *non-pareille* in its *Kind* ? And is it possible to write any *Thing* more *extravagant* ? I dare not pretend to determine before-hand how you will relish it ; but if 'tis so happy as to contribute the least to your *Diversion*, I shall be infinitely pleas'd with my *Performance*, since to *satisfy* you is the greatest *Satisfaction* that can be to

Your most Faithful and  
Obedient Servant

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To *Madam de L* —

*A Billet written one Morning, when the Author  
had taken Physick.*

**I** Know you are in *Town*, and am impatient to see you ; and yet, as my *ill Stars* will have it,  
D d can-



cannot *satisfy* this Impatience. What vexes me most, is, that I am *asham'd* to acquaint you with the Reason. All I dare tell you at present, is, that 'tis an absolute incontrollable Reason, which I am forc'd to submit to in spite of my Teeth; and if I went about to *contradict* it, I should soon find my self in the wickedest Disorder imaginable. Thus I am constrain'd to obey this *haughty* Tyrant, who, to be free with you, so *imperiously* summons me to dance *Attendance* after him, that he has made me lay down my Pen half a score Times at least, while have been writing this short Epistle. But I hope his *Reign* will not last *above* two Hours longer, that so soon as I have din'd I may do my self the Honour to wait upon you, and tell you in *Person*, with what zeal I am,

*Tours, &c.*

*To Calista.*

*Upon seeing her bathe her self in a River.*

WELL, Madam, all your *Tricks* and *Artifices* are to no Purpose. Last Night my good Fortune led me to the *happy* Place, where you were *batheing* your self; and tho' I saw a Sight infinitely *finer* than that of *Diana* all naked as she was born, yet *Aetæon's* cruel Destiny did not attend me. But Madam, if I might ask you a *civil* Question, Why should you take so much Pains to *conceal* your Beauties? Upon my Word now, I saw nothing like a *shameful* Part about you; or if I did, 'twas only the Thighs, and *something* else of your Sister and Cousin, which ought to be *asham'd* to appear in your Presence. The first *Doctrine* I rais'd from my *Text*, was, that those very Members you give your self so much trouble

ble to *hide*, are not a jot *inferiour* to what you expose to *common* Sight, from whence I drew this *Inference*, that there are thousand *pretty* Women in the World, that have more Reason to hide their Faces, than you have to hide your — Had you lived in that happy Time, when the good Folks of *Syracuse* dedicated a Temple to the fair-buttock'd *Venus*, your Ladyship had certainly been *Goddeſs* of the Place, every one wou'd have brought his *Offering* to you, and ſaluted your plump *Poſteriorſ*, according to the Ceremony there obſerv'd. Pardon me, Madam, this Quotation is too juſt and natural to deſerve your Censure. As I never beheld any Thing in all my Life ſo *charming*, as I found you laſt Evening, I want Expreſſions to tell you how much I am *enſlav'd* by your Beauty. If I were now in my *Poetick* Vein, I ſhould proclaim to all the World, that the *red-hair'd* Charioteer of the Day, meaning the *Sun*, quitted the *Ocean* laſt Evening, where he uſes to *ſolace* himſelf in the Arms of his beloved *Tbetis*, to ſport away the Night in that fortunate *River* where *Calisto* was bathing her ſelf. Heavens! how often was it in my Thoughts to *plunge* Head foremoſt into the Water after you, and try the *Adventure* of the Nymph *Salmacis*. But, Madam, as theſe were the *fiſt* Motions of my Paſſion, ſo they are *excusable*, becauſe the wiſeſt Philoſopher upon Earth is not *Maſter* of them. The next Moment I made ſome *ſober* Reflections upon this Deſign, and muſt own I was terribly *afraid* of you, altho you were *naked* and diſarm'd, and carry'd not that *unmerciful* Fly-flap about you, with which you uſe to *correct* the Inſolencies of my *Hand*, when it preſumes to touch your *Bubbies*, or examine the *Fringe* of your Petticoat. After all, Madam, 'tis more for your *Advantage*, than you are aware of; that I ſaw you laſt Evening; for whenever you

act the reserved, I must own you carry *Treasures* about you, that deserved to be well look'd after, and not expos'd to *unsanctified* Eyes. Having seen the Beauties of your Body, I cannot but approve the Severity of your Soul; therefore you need not quarrel with me for presuming to see you, since it turns so much to your Advantage.

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A Billet from *Calisto* to the Author.

*She is angry with him for not knowing her at a Masquerade.*

**Y**OU are a Man of the least *Gallantry* that ever was known. I am inform'd that a Lady in a *Masque*, and who, notwithstanding her Disguise, seem'd to be well-shap'd enough, took you *aside* Yesterday from your Company, and said a hundred *obliging* Things to you, to all which you reply'd so *coldly* and *dully*, that she went away very *ill-satisfy'd* with you. This Lady had an indifferent *good Opinion* of your *Wit* before, and had the *Charity* to think you might act your Part tolerably well in a Frolick of this Nature; but you have most effectually *undeceiv'd* her. As this Lady's Sentiments are always the *same* with mine, don't come to tell me any more Stories of your *Promesss*, for I shall certainly send you back to the Lady in the *Masque*.

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*The Author's Answer.*

**B**Efore I receiv'd your Billet, I was told that you were at the *fine* Masquerade last Night; nay, that you were the *very* Person with whom I *discours'd* so long. But why should you think it *strange* that I did not know you, you that never spoke



spoke four *kind* Words to me in all your Life, and then entertain'd me with so much seeming *Tendernefs*? In short, your *Soul* was infinitely more *disguis'd*, than your *Face*, so that had your *Masque* been off, I should never been able to know you, through so much *Fondness* and good Nature. I should have sworn, that my very Eyes *deceiv'd* me, and that it was not *Calisto* that talk'd with me. Since I was taken up with these *Thoughts*, judge you, whether all the soft Expressions and *Caresse*s of a *Stranger* were like to operate with me, and whether I was in a Humour to begin an *Amour* with a Person, who seem'd to have some *wicked* Designs upon your Property. Thus you cou'd not but observe with what *Indifference* I entertain'd you, so that, my dear *Calisto*, instead of complaining of me, I think you ought to commend my Fidelity, and from thence conclude, that you have no *Rival* to apprehend.

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*A Letter of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, who was afterwards Pope PIUS the Second, to his Father, about a Bastard-Son whom he sent to him.*

Translated from the *Latin*, by Mr. T. Brown.

*Æn. Sylv. Oper. p. 513. Edit. Basil.*

YOU sent me Word in your last, That you could not tell whether you were to rejoice, or grieve at the late *Present* that *Providence* made me of a Son. For my Part, I see Reason enough for the former, but not the least *Pierence* for the latter: For tell me, what prettier Sport is there, than for a Man to beget his own Likeness? Or

what more refreshing Sight can there be, on this Side Heaven, than to see ones Table well stock'd with Olive-branches? As for my self, without blushing, I own to you, That 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to me, to find, that I have not bestow'd my Pains in a barren Soil, and I daily return my Thanks to Heaven, for sending me no *cloven Present*, no whimpering, silly Girl, but a fine chopping, lusty Boy, who will help to divert you and my Mother, with his innocent Prattle. Now, Sir, if you took any Satisfaction at my Birth, why should not the Cockles of your old Heart dance upon this Occasion? Or why should you not be as well pleas'd to behold my Picture in a Grand-son? But perhaps, you'll tell me, That your Conscience is somewhat uneasie, because the poor Child was begotten in Sin, and out of the Pale of *Matrimony*. If the Shoe pinches you there, I must ask you a few civil Questions before we part. Pray, Sir, what Materials was I compos'd of? As I take it, I am not made of Stone, or Iron, or any such unrelenting Ingredients. You begot me true Flesh and Blood; and, if I have committed any Crime, in making Use of my Parts, I'll e'en place it to your Score; for I'll swear I had all the peccant Utensils from you. In the next Place, do but consider how it was with your self, at my Years: You know well enough, without my refreshing your Memory for you, that you never lay under the Scandal of a Fumbler. I am your own lawful Son; no Blot to your Family, I hope: No *Eunuch*, or any Thing like it. Neither am I *Hypocrite* enough, to pretend to more Sanctity, than the rest of my Neighbours. I frankly own, I have been a Trespasser, a vile abominable Trespasser in my Time; but to my great Comfort, *David* and *Solomon* went the same Road before me: And, as I am modest in my own Nature,  
a Curse

a Curse light on me, if ever I desire to be thought holier than King *David*, or wiser than his Son. If 'tis a Sin, it can say Abundance of shrewd Things for it self: it can plead Antiquity and Universality, and quote the *Lord* knows how many Texts out of the new and old Testament; and, to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one Man between the two Poles, unless he has a very scurvy confounded Body indeed, that has not, at one Time or another, been guilty of it in Thought, or Deed. This Corruption (if it may be call'd a Corruption of a Man to imploy his Natural Talent) is of all Countries and Regions: But, under the Rose, Sir, why shou'd *Copulation* be treated with such ill Language, as generally 'tis? Or why shou'd our *Casuits* so furiously condemn it, since Nature, that never does any Things in vain, has interwoven this Appetite with our very Constitutions, and inspir'd the whole Creation with an eternal Desire to continue their own Species? But, I suppose, you'll reply, That there are certain Limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this Action ought never to be done without the Church's Consent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted, that Man, ought never to get up and ride, without the Priest's Benediction: But how does this mend the Matter? Was there never any Sin, do you think, committed within the matrimonial Sheets? I hope, old Gentleman, you'il not advance such false Doctrine as that is. There are fix'd Rules too for our Eating and Drinking; but what Man, in a thousand, is such a slavish Coxcomb, as to be confin'd to them? Some whining grave Rascals may tell you, they were never guilty of Sin, and demurely wipe their Mouths after they have said it; but I hate all Liars; and since I carry human Infirmities about me, scorn to conceal or deny them: So much for this Point. But



because you seem to distrust, that other People have had a Finger in the Pye, and wou'd fain be satisfied, whether the Child really belongs to me or no ; Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to take this short History of the whole Affair. I had been *Envoy* at *Strasbourgh* some two Years, and, as it happen'd, had no great Business upon my Hands, when a Woman, newly arriv'd from *England*, who had Youth and Beauty enough to please a nicer Palate than mine, chanc'd to come to the same Inn where I lodg'd : She spoke the *Italian* Tongue perfectly well, and I had a long Conversation with her in that Language which was so much the more entertaining to me, because I so little expected to meet one, that understood *Italian* in those Parts of the World. In short, what with her *Wit* and *Beauty*, she gain'd an absolute Ascendant over my Heart ; so that, as often as I beheld her, I cou'd not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who, chiefly with the Gaiety and Charms of her Discourse, made such a Pair of Asses of *Julius Cæsar* and *Mark Antony*. Thought I to my self, who can blame such an inconsiderable diminutive Fellow as I am, for doing what the most illustrious *Hero's* of Antiquity have justify'd by their own Examples ? Sometimes I supported my self by the Precedent of *Moses*, sometimes of *Aristotle*, and sometimes by famous Instances in the *Christian* Church. To make short of my Story, I was passionately in Love with this *Belle Troman-tane*, and attempted her with all the *Rhetorick* I was Master of. But she, deaf to my Vows and Passion, slighted all my Protestations ; so that, for three long-liv'd Days, (an Age in the Chronicles of *Love*) I found I had made little or no Progress in her Affections. Whether this was the Effect of her *Virtue*, her *Fear*, or *Discretion*, I won't be

be positive, but am inclin'd to the latter. For, as it appear'd, she stood in some Awe of the House, from whom she expected certain Kindnesses.

The fatal Night now approach'd, and next Morning early she was to pursue her Journey. What *Fears*, what *Apprehensions* reach'd my Soul, lest the *Quarry* should escape me? I threw my self down at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and conjur'd her not to bolt her Door; adding, that in the Silence of the Night I wou'd steal to her Chamber, and give her the last Convictions, that I was her most devoted Vassal. She refus'd to comply with my Desires, stood much upon her *Virtue*, and gave me not the least Hopes of succeeding. I still importun'd her upon the same Chapter, but she still made the same Answer, and insisted upon her *Virtue*. Well, when all the Family was gon to Bed, said I to my self, shall I see whether the Lady has done as I desir'd her, or no? All Women are Riddles; perhaps she has since thought better of the Matter; and, after all, 'tis no great Trouble to try the Experiment. Finding all was hush'd, I grop'd my Way to her Chamber in the Dark: The Door was shut, but not bolted; so in I came, rush'd into Bed, and, after a little foolish struggling, got Possession of her Body, the Fruit of which Night's Work was this hopeful Boy. This merry Scene befel me about the Beginning of *February*; and nine Months after, my dear lovely Bed-fellow, whose Name was *Betty*, dropp'd in two, and was deliver'd of the above-mention'd Babe. This Account I had from her own Mouth at *Basil*, where it was my good Fortune to meet with her again. At first I thought she had invented this Story, on Purpose to wheedle a Sum of Money out of me, and gave no great Heed to it: But then considering, that the Enjoyment of her at *Strasburgh* had not cost me a Farthing, but only put me to Expence of a few

few foolish Oaths; and so forth, which are easily coin'd in a Lover's Mint, I began to alter my Opinion. She acted before upon a generous Principle of Love, and no indirect mercenary Ends; therefore, why should I now suspect her Integrity? Besides, the Time, and all other Circumstances agree'd so well, that I could no longer doubt of what she told me, especially it being at Juncture, when she cou'd expect no great Matters from me. These Reasons induc'd me to believe, that the Child was begot with the Sweat of my Brows: Therefore, pray, Sir, take him into your Family; bestow some little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the young Rogue; breed him up in the Fear of his Maker, and afford him Shelter in a Garret, till he's big enough to find the Way to his Daddy.

*Farewell.*

## A Satyr on the Women of the Town.

*In a Letter from Æneas Sylvius, afterwards  
Pope Pius the Second, to Nicolaus of  
Waterburgh.*

*By Mr. T. Brown.*

**I** Remember the other Night you were complaining to me, that you were engag'd in the Pursuit of an Amour, and that your Mind was so taken up, and bound with those amorous Bands, that it was no longer in your Power to set it at Liberty. You own'd to me, that the Object of your Passion was neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow, but a Woman, who as she must be confess'd  
extreamly



extreamly beautiful, was yet a mercenary Whore, that for her Price wou'd expose her self to every Chapman. This you told me, was that which troubled you, assuring me, that you wou'd willingly cast off this fatal Engagement, but that you were ignorant what Measures to take to regain your Liberty, and dethrone so infamous a Passion. You told me, that tho' you had apply'd your self to several Priests upon this Head, yet none of them had discover'd such Remedies for the Evil, as promis'd you any Hopes of Success. For this Reason you sought of me, and, with the most earnest Sollicitations, press'd me to furnish some Medicine for your Disease ; and that I wou'd point you out the Path, by which you might surely make your Escape from so terrible a Conflagration.

I will now comply with your Desires, and will offer you such wholesom Remedies, as must effect the Cure, if you will but observe my Prescription. Nor shall I be under any Apprehension of the Physician's Foible, provided you will act the obedient Patient with Sincerity ; altho' I am apt to believe, that the Medicines, which were prescrib'd by the Priests, did by no Means want their Efficacy, if you cou'd but have observ'd their Directions ; but the Course, perhaps, seem'd to you too violent and severe. For when they bid you fly her, exchange not a Word with her, nor suffer your Ears to hear a Word spoken of her, you imagin'd these new Precepts too hard for mortal Flesh to obey. With the same Reluctance, a Wretch in a Fever hears his cool Draughts forbid ; yet if he designs to recover, he must keep to his Physician's Directions. Thus, my dear *Nicolas*, if you will make your Escape from Love, and regain your wish'd-for Freedom, prepare your self to listen to, and know the Precepts I shall give you.

Know

Know then, that you are now infected with a most dangerous Distemper, and that there is no Way of recovering your Health, but by undergoing many *Fevers*, and *difficult Operations*. For, my dear Friend, every Man who is in Love, is sick; nay, not only sick, but in *Slavery*, and possess'd with a perfect *Madness*. I speak of *unlawful Love*; for it is a Virtue, not a Vice, to love God, our Parents, Country, Wife, and Children: This is the full State of Health, not that of Sicknes. Your Case is very different; for you are in the Pursuit of *unlawful Love*. But, tell me, what do you believe this *unlawful Love*, of which we speak, is? The Ancients held him to be a little, naked, blind Boy, born of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, with Wings at his Back, and Arrows in his Hands, with which pricking and wounding the Bosoms and Hearts of Men and Women, he infus'd into the Wounds the Ardor of Love. Thus *Virgil*:

Now do I know what 'tis, that Love we name,  
Born among Rocks, from Rhodope he came,  
Or Thracian Ismarus, or Garamant extream:  
Not from our Race has sprung the fatal Boy,  
Who only does our Happiness destroy, &c.

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But this was but the vain Day-Dream of mortal Wights, who wand'ring in the Mist of Ignorance, cou'd not arrive at the Truth. Love, as *Seneca* has it in his Tragedies, is nothing else but a certain Force and great Energy of Mind; a kindly Heat of Youth, begot by Luxury, and Idleness, and is nurs'd and foster'd up by the Ease and Plenty of a flowing Fortune. This robs a Man of his Understanding, perverts his whole Judgment, stupifies the Senses, and extinguishes the Soul. For when you love a Woman, your Life, your Soul dwells in her, and not in your self. What therefore can  
be

be a more wretched State, than not to live while you are alive ; or to have the meer Functions of Life, without the Benefit ? Than to have the Senses, without Sensibility ? Than to have Eyes, and see not ? And Ears, and yet not be able to hear ? A Lover is transform'd by an unhappy Metamorphosis into another Man ; he neither speaks, nor acts as he was wont to do. From hence that of *Parmeno* in *Terence*—*Ye Gods !* says he, *what Sort of Distemper is this I have got ? Are Men us'd to be so chang'd by Love, that no one can know 'em to be the same Persons ?* The comick Poet, you find, thinks Love a *Disease* ; nor is his Sentiment without Reason : For *Hippocrates*, in *Macrobius*, calls *Luxury* (either the Mother or Daughter of Love) a Part of the most desperate *Malady*. This *Distemper* is generally the Companion of Youth ; but it likewise vexes Men of *middle* and *old Age*. And by so much is the Disease both the more virulent, dangerous, and ridiculous, by how much the Party affected is the more eminent in Knowledge or Years.

Since therefore you are taken Captive by Love, and are his Vassal confess'd, know that you are *sick*. But if you are sick, make it your Endeavour to get a Cure : For where is there any Man, who is afflicted with a Disease, who wou'd not be cur'd ? Certainly the greater, more virulent, and dangerous the Disease is, by so much the more earnest is the Care and Desire of the Patient for a Remedy. Your *Sickness* is great, let your Care of your Recovery be as great. Think, my dear Friend, think in what Condition you are. You value not your self at all ; you are not at all concern'd about whatever may befall you ; your whole Mind is fix'd on your Mistress ; her it is you love ; she is the Object of your nightly Slumbers : Of her is your Discourse ; and she it is that swells up all your



your languishing Sighs ; and every Thing you do, serves only to renew your Memory of her. Behold the most pestiferous Folly, Madness, and Disease in the World ! Do you yet think, that there is no Need of seeking after a Cure ? Who, in such a *Distemper* as this, wou'd not desire the Return of his Health ?

But, my dear Friend, these are the Medicines necessary for your Health ; which if you make Use of, you shall again be a sound Man ; but if you neglect them, your Disease will accompany you to your Grave, nor is there any one that can help you. The first and most necessary Ingredient, is the Reflection, how far you have receded from the Precepts of God, whom, when you ought to love with your whole Heart, and your whole Strength, you have diverted your Passion to a Creature, and in her have you plac'd all your Delight ; and thus you are fall'n into the Worship of Idols ; for he that prefers the Creature to the Creator, is an Idolater. You will, perhaps, deny your being an Idolater, as not preferring the Created to the Creator ; but if you cou'd be brought to speak the Truth, you wou'd fairly confess, that you *love* your Mistress more than God himself ; as indeed the Effect will demonstrate ; for you are negligent of what God Commands, that you postpone and contemn ; but you take Care to execute the Commands of your Mistress, with the utmost Diligence ; and this very Thing is to prefer a *Woman* to *God*. Alas ! how great an Evil is it, how dangerous, how detestable, to love a *Creature* to that Excess, that, in the Ballance with her, you value not the *God* that made you, at all ! God, when you were *Nothing*, gave you a Being, made you capable of knowing the divine Sacraments, and the Path to Heaven ; but your Mi-  
stresses

strefs has perverted you from that noble rational Animal, that God had made you, to the Brute, and leads you through the Mysteries of Iniquity, to the ready Path to Hell. This same good God, when you and the rest of Mankind had, by the Transgression of your first Parents, lost Paradise vouchsafed to be born for you; to be made Man, to be taken into Custody, to be scourg'd, disgrac'd, and at last crucify'd, and dy'd to redeem you with his precious Blood: Consider what a monstrous Ingratitude it is, what Iniquity, what Inhumanity, what Barbarity, to relinquish and desert him, who has done all this for you, for a *vile, worthless* Woman! This is, or ought to be sufficient to move you, and all other *Christians*, to quit *unlawful Loves*, and to serve God alone.

But, my Friend, let me intreat you to consider farther, what it is you do. You say, your Mistress is beautiful, is charming in your Eye, nay, in Reality: Do you believe she will always be thus beautiful and charming? *Beauty*, as the Tragick Poet says, *is a fleeting Good*; and the Woman, that to Day is so enchanting, to Morrow may fright you; her Charms in a Moment are chang'd into Deformity; and she passes insensibly from an Angel to a Devil. Why are you so very ill a Husband? Why of so weak and foolish a Conduct, to barter your lasting, your permanent perpetual Goods, for such perishable Commodities?

But let us grant what you say, and allow, that her Form, her Beauty, is admirable and surprizing; that is but a *trifling* Advantage, a Good of no Value, a mere tinsel Bauble, and glares, and is without any infinite Worth. A Woman's Beauty, unless adorn'd with Chastity, is of no Price; for that is the true Praise of a Woman, not her Form or Beauty. But you pursue her not for her *Chastity*, you are not enamour'd of her *Virtue*, but

her

her *Looks*: And those, alas! have but a fading short-liv'd Glory, a Flower, that, like a Rose, blushes with Crimson in the Morning, and languishes, and dies with the Evening Sun. There is nothing more beautiful, or has greater Charms, than *Virtue* and *Honour*; if you cou'd with a serious View, look wisely on them with the Eye of your Mind, you wou'd confess them infinitely more transporting than your *Mistress*. Not *Lucifer*, in his Morning Beams, nor *Hesperus*, in his Evening-Glory, has half the Beauty that is in *Virtue* or *Honour*; which whoever forsakes for a *Woman*, I beg you reflect, how mad and distracted he must be.

But, my dear Friend, that I may not multiply Words with you, the Woman you doat on is not yours alone, but several more are admitted into her Arms: Nor can her Love be so confin'd to you, but that she has some still to spare to bestow in the Caresses of her other Admirers. What can you do in the Croud of her Customers? Remember you are now in the Evening of your Age; that you are old, nay, on the Verge of Life, and almost within the harder Embraces of Death it self. Consider, Are you qualify'd for the Combats of the Fair? Can you enter the Lists of the Strong and Robust? What seek you in that Fight, where the Victor falls to the Ground? You will find it a difficult Matter for an *old* Man to carry off the Lady from the *Young*. But suppose you are of Strength sufficient to bear off the Prize, when it is the very Nature of the Fight, that he that conquers, is only last slain. For what is a *Woman*, but the Spoiler of the *Young*, the Pillager of the *Middle-ag'd*, and the Death of the *Old*? The Devourer of our *Estates*, the Destruction of our *Honour*, the Fodder of the *Devil*, the Gate of Death, and the Supplement of *Hell*! Recollect my dear Friend, recollect what numerous



merous Evils have from Women sprung ! Since Solomon, Holofernes, Sampson, were deceiv'd by Women, do you think your self so well fortifi'd, as not to be abus'd by her ? But by how much more weak, incautious, and imprudent you are, than those Men, with so much the more Care remove your self from a State of being subject to their Deceit, against which they could not defend themselves. A Woman's sinful *Love* is of no Value. In such a Woman, there is no Stability, no Constancy : She who seems fond of you to Day, to Morrow will be so of another ; perhaps laughs the Moment you have left her, with her young Gallant, at your Dotage. What Esteem can you have for that *Love*, which is divided into so many Shares ? There never was yet a Woman found whose Love was so sincere, but wou'd change for the Addressee, Gifts, and Prayers of a new Lover.

A Woman is an imperfect Animal, various, fallacious, subject to a thousand Diseases, and a thousand turbulent Passions ; without Faith, without Fear, without Constancy, without Piety. I speak of those Women, who admit of Criminal Passions These are never fix'd and stable ; for when once they have deviated from the Paths of *Right*, they think themselves free to ramble as they please ; and stand no longer in Fear either of their Husband, or their Friend. I cannot imagine, that the filthy Pleasure of *Coition*, can now be delightful to you, who are almost exhausted with old Age. For what Advantage can that foolish, nasty Pleasure bring to you, who are old and dry ? Or even to Youth, tho' not moist and dry, since Repentance treads on the Heels of the Fact ? Is not that Admonition, Citation, or certain Change, which troubles and vexes the Mind immediately after the Commission of the Fact, of some Weight in

your Consideration? How wicked is the Man, that on so many Admonitions does not yet give over his Folly? Who mends not on Punishment, nor grows better by Correction? What does that carnal Act produce, but the Ruine of the Flesh? I wish indeed nothing perished by it but the *Flesh*, and that it did not likewise kill the Soul! But when the Man and Woman are in this Conjunction, they seem to me to be like two earthen Vessels, which are rubb'd against one another, till they break, and are crumbled into nothing.

But, perhaps, you are not taken up with the Enjoyment of your *Mistress's* Person, but only are pleas'd to look upon her, and hear her talk. But pray tell me, what do her Looks carry in them so very transporting, but that you may elsewhere find something as beautiful? The Beauty that we ought to seek and admire, is in Heaven, with which nothing in this World can compare; in those is all Perfection, in these perpetual Defects; those are perpetual, these frail and short-liv'd; those are fix'd, these fleeting. This *Form*, which you so much admire, a Fever will steal away; but if it be spar'd by the Disease, *old Age* will be sure to make an End of it; which will render that Face, so juicy, plump, and blooming now, in a little Time plough'd up with Furrows, and drain'd up of all its Moisture, wither'd and dry'd. And those fine Limbs, which so take your Eyes, and infatuate your Heart, Time will dry up, blacken, and defile with Sores and putrid Ulcers, and quite transform into another Figure. Those sprightly Eyes, which now shoot such killing Glances, will not always do so; the Time will come, when they will be meer beamless Fires, weak and dead, all dim and faded, unmoving and unminded. That Mouth, which now breaths all the fragrant Odours of the spicy East, will dart a  
poisonous

poisonous Stench, like stinking Vaults or Carrion : That Neck, that bears it self up with such a stately Pride, will bend beneath the Weight of Years, and veil the Honours of the Head it bears now so lofty, in a weak, trembling, and crooked Bow, down to the very Breast : And all that lovely Body sequacious to the Touch, so finely turn'd, so plump, so warm, so juicy, will become a cold. shrivell'd, dry'd, sapless Trunk, if her Vices attend the *lazy* Punishment of *old Age* for her Follies, and other Diseases carry her not off, in a more loathsome Condition, in her Youth.

Let these Things seriously sink into your Mind, and cut off the fallacious Promises of *Hope* Fly from her before she flies from you ; for it is much better to condemn a Thing, than lose it. But I am wonderfully surpriz'd to hear you talk of being strangely pleas'd with her melting, sweet, charming, and mellifluous Tongue, when she speaks. For what can a Woman's Discourse, in it self, have sweet or alluring ? What does your Mistress say to you ? Either she complains, grieves, threatens, flatters, or tells you idle Tales ; repeats what some neighbouring Female did, or what her Dream was ; how many Eggs her Hen has laid, and of what Flowers her Nosegay is compos'd ; the Colour of her Knots, Furbelo's Flounces, and all the silly Whimsies of Mode and Fashion. All the Discourse of a Woman, is of some slight, vain, foolish Thing, or other ; which to be pleas'd with, a Man must be guilty of as much Levity as *she*. Sometimes she tells you her Affairs with some other *Lover* ; as how they lay, the Manner they embrac'd, what Gifts he gave her, what Supper he treated her with, and what Joys and Transports she found in his Arms ; but this, methinks, shou'd rather give you Pain, than Pleasure. Or, perhaps, she tells you, how much



she loves you, how she prefers you to all her younger Admirers ; how agreeable your Silver Hairs and Beard are ; that your Arms tremble with Eagerness, not Age ; that the Fewness and Weakness of your amorous Efforts, is the Effect of *Desire*, not *Impotence* ; that your hollow Cheeks and Eyes, are the Beds for *Cupid* and the *Graces* ; your toothless Gums, agreeable as the Coral and Ivory of Youth ; that your Cadaverous Smell, is a Perfume of *Arabia* ; that she hates *Youth*, is fond of *Age*, and *only* admires *you* ; and yields *only* to the Necessity of her Fortune, when she admits any other in your Place. But this, my Friend, is imposing on your Understanding, and is a Wheedle so nauseous, that Folly it self can't sure take a Pleasure in it ; being a Banter on common Sense, the Cant of her Profession, and an Abuse to your Face.

But let the Pleasure you take in her Discourse be what it will, can you be so mad, and so far out of your Senses ; as not to take more Delight in the Discourse of some learned and ingenious Man ? Reflect, take a View of all that is pleasing and comfortable in *Love*, and then of all that is troublesome and grievous, you'll find the former few, the latter so many, that you will agree with his Opinion, who said, *Love* was a little Drop of Honey mix'd with Abundance of Gall. Since therefore, my Friend, all *Love* (of which we talk) is *vain*, *short*, *bitter*, and *dammable*, and sinks a Man into most deplorable Diseases, you must take Care to be deliver'd from it.

But the Cure is this, that you persuade your self, and convince your Mind, that *Love* is an *Evil* : After which, avoid your Mistress's *Siren* Tongue ; fly *Idleness* ; be always doing something ; associate with good Men, by whom you may profit ; frequent no Play or Sport, nor any Feast or Entertainment. If you have any Presents  
of

of your Mistress, throw 'em from you ; have nothing in your Power, that ever belong'd to her ; believe her to be the *Devil's* Messenger, that wou'd destroy your Person and Happiness. Keep in your Memory the Benefits you have receiv'd from Christ ; reflect on the Cœlestial Rewards of those, who do well, and the infernal Punishments of those who do ill. Remember, that your Days are every Day fewer in Number, and that your last Day is just thrusting into your Company. Reflect how ridiculous a Thing it is to be in *Love*, especially a Man of mature Years, and past the inconsiderate Heats of Youth. Think of the fickle Temper of Woman ; think of the Loss of your Time, than which nothing is more precious ; think of the Waste of your Fortune, which is not easily repair'd ; think that the Life, that we live in this World, is but extreamly short, tho' spent in Pleasure it self, and that in the other World, which we seek, has no End.

If you carefully, and seriously think of these Things, and make them thoroughly enter into your Mind, and retain those Precepts I have given, you will soon banish that *Love*, which now torments you, and will prove your self a Man grateful to God, and worthy of Heaven. Farewell.

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LETTER XLV. Ed. Basil.

*Aneas Sylvius*, Poet Laureat, and Imperial Secretary, to *Petrus Noxetanus*, Health.

*A Persuasive to Marry the Woman he had lain with : The Praise of Union, and Conduct of a Foreigner in any Prince's Court.*

**I** Own my Obligation to my good Friend *Campisus*, for his engaging you to write to me ;  
E e 2
but

but then pray be not you less grateful, who owe him ten Times as much. After a tedious Silence, he got me your Letter ; but stray'd and wander'd from your Nature, he pick'd you up, and restor'd you to *your self*. Who so agreeable, communicative, and complaisant as you, in your own Temper ? But some strange Chagrin or other, had stol'n you away, and lost you in a Forgetfulness of your Friends, and an odd, fullen, ill-natur'd Silence : No more like the honest *Peter* I always knew you, than a *Carthusian* is like a Cavalier. But well fare the Heart of honest *Campisius*, who, by restoring your former good Temper, has given me new Life. I was on my last Legs, gasping, giving up the Ghost, for want of the Cordial of your Correspondence ; but this Letter has set me up again, given me new Life, and made me a sound Man again. 'Tis true, ev'n this Comfort is not without Pain, the Remedy is not without its Bitter ; but it is like the disagreeable Relish of a Potion, it cures my Mind, while it disgusts my Taste ; for what disquiets you, must make me uneasy. But I have my Refuge still, by giving more Credit to others in your Affairs, than to your self. *Dispondence* or *Assurance* always mingles in our Accounts of our selves, according to our Temper. But I suppose you do like a true Man of Courage, not magnifying your self, and averse to Thraconical *Rhodomantado's*. Thus you tell me, you are poor, while *Campisius* assures me you are rich, and *Castellanus* confirms his Report. But you may be both in the Right, you may be rich in Fact, and poor in Spirit, or you may be poor in Opinion ; or you may disguise your real Wealth under the Pretence of Poverty, as not avaritious of Vain-glory, or not valuing your self on Riches. Perhaps in Affluence, you fix not your Mind on your Possessions ; or you may not be content with  
what



what you have, or do not make Use of it; but that is indeed to be poor with a Vengeance; but this you are Master of too good Sense to be guilty of: It is the Vice of Fools, and cannot therefore be your Curse. But be it as it will, 'tis nothing to me, to whom you are equally valuable in Poverty and Wealth. I lov'd you for your Vertue, not Bags; and therefore while you retain that, Affluence and Necessity are the same Thing to me, my Love and Value are the same; whatever belongs to Fortune, has no Influence on the Endowments of the Mind. As for your Father and Childrens being on your Hands, Nature and Gratitude oblige your Care. And tho' there are; and have been Monsters in the World, who have broke through the eternal Bands, that tie Parents and Children together, and run to that Excess, to destroy the very Source of their Being; yet nothing so black and infamous can affect you, or render the Duties of Nature uneasy. But letting these Things pass, I come to a Part of your Letter, which I confess made me do more, than smile; for I cou'd not forbear laughing at what you writ about your *Philorcium*, or if you had rather have her call'd your *Antiphila*. And your two Letters made me fancy my self conversing with my old Friend and Acquaintance, honest *Terence*, of *Poetical*, tho' *Pagan* Memory; for sometimes you seem'd to me to be *Pamphilus*, sometimes *Eschinus*, and sometimes *Clinias*. But yet I comfort my self. that your Luck has not been so damnably bad in this amorous Affair, since you have met with a Girl to your Heart's Content, of a good Education, tolerable Qualities, agreeable Humour, complaisant to your Temper, obsequious to your Will and Commands, and not a termagant damn'd Virago, that wou'd fight for the Breeches, and follow the wicked Devices of her own Inclinations, and lead

you a Life that is worse than the Gallies; that wou'd ring you a Peel from Morning till Night, and can then allow you no Rest, what betwixt importunate Duns for conjugal Duty, and new Cloaths. I prethee then leave off this Cant of Poverty, and no Dower, since I hope, my dear Friend, you design not to take her Bags for betteer and for worse, but her Person; since you purpose to wed soft Flesh and Blood, and not the glittering Metal. As for my own Part all that I shou'd desire in a Wife, is, that she shou'd be handsome, young, and good humour'd, fruitful, and confin'd to me alone; free from wandring Desires, at least free from rambling in Action; tho', I am afraid, it wou'd puzzle a Logician to separate the Desire, and the Action in a *Woman*. For when once a *Woman* has got it in her Head, Opportunity is only wanting to have it somewhere else; and that is a Defect her Industry for her Pleasure will easily supply. But as I was saying, all I shou'd demand in a Wife is Beauty, Chastity, good Humour, and Fertility. For, believe me, my good Friend *Peter*, *Experto crede Roberto*, give Credit to my Observations, a great Fortune in a Wife brings a great many Inconveniencies. A Woman that brings a large Portion, thinks she may do what she pleases; she'll be drunk, proud, haughty, imperious, impertinent, saucy; she'll think she may make bold with your Bed, when she supports your Grandeur; she'll think she may say any Thing, when she furnishes your Equipage; she'll scold when she pleases, and that is as often as her Inclinations shall lead her, by your Disquiet, to make room for her Gallant; she will have a Tongue with such an everlasting Twang, that a Husband may find as much Ease in a Crowd, and Quiet in a Paper-mill. Others are deform'd sickly, barren, and have a thousand other Defects,

fects, from which you know your design'd Wife is free. What an odd fantastick Whim is it therefore for you to hanker after the frothy Trifle at a Feast, when you may fill your Belly with good substantial Food? You like her Person, but find Fault with her Poverty; that is, you are pleas'd with what she has, and are vex'd at what she has not. I prithee, Friend *Peter*, remember you have a comfortable Modicum, enough to make the Pot boil; and blessed be Providence you have a good Place, which with the tollerable Management of the Age, may turn to a pretty Account. If Reason will not satisfy you, let Example direct you: The Marquis of *Saluces* pick'd up a Nut-brown Lass from tending her Hogs, whom he found in a Wood where he was hunting, and presently marry'd her, to escape the haughty Pride of a Wife of Quality. And yet this poor Country-Girl, advanc'd to the Marquis's Bed, by the Conduct, Humility, and Resignation of her Humour to her Lord's, left an Example to all the Ladies of her Time. What then have you now to scruple in your Amour, since you find Princes themselves leading you the Way, and shewing what you shou'd do for your own Happiness? I must tell you, dear Friend of mine, if what you write be true, if the Girl be so sequacious of your Humours, agreeable to your Inclination, and pleasing to your Relish, I wou'd not have you defer the Matter. Delays are dangerous; and the Liquor often palls, while you preach o'er your Can; or your Neighbour, that is more thirsty, may drink off your Glass. Besides, I wou'd have you consider, that you have better Luck, than most People meet with, who design a Voyage to the Island of Matrimony; you have had a *Sample* of the Commodity you design to buy, before you part with your Money. You have try'd how and  
how,



how, before you venture on Matrimony: Nay, you can scarce say, *For better, or for worse*, when you know already how Matters stand; and buy not *a Pig in a Poke*, like your Neighbours. Most Men are cheated in the *Barter*: for they, good credulous Souls, marry their Wives, before they know whether they are *Fish, Flesh, or good red Herring*. 'Tis true, they meet, perhaps, with a sparkling Eye, a pretty pouting Mouth, an artificial Complexion, and the like: But the Devil in't, is, that a fine Face to a Woman, is often like a fair carv'd Sign to a Tavern, it serves to draw you in; but then you find nothing but stumm'd Claret, and others diabolical Mixtures. 'Tis like the Gilding to a Pill, the Gold makes the nauseous Dose go down, which without it you wou'd keck at. Thus a gaudy Out-side often sets off secret Defects: The silk emboss'd Manto; and lac'd Petticoat frequently cover crooked or gouty Legs, and boulder'd Shoulders, besides nameless Evils more disagreeable. *Paint* and fine *Washes* sham a Complexion, which is none of their own; and those Bubbies, which seem full and swelling in Stays, fall down flabby and lank, when the Lady's undrest: The Disguise thrown off, the Monster appears; and when you hope to press a Goddess, you find an *Incubus* in your Arms. But these are Evils you cannot dread in *Antiphila*; you know the snowy white of her Body, is of a Piece with her Face and Bosom; you know the Symmetry and Proportion of her Parts, the round Hardness of her Breasts, the Fullness of her Thighs, the easy Swelling of her Belly, and all those hidden Beauties of her Person, that are invisible to all besides, you know to be wonderfully and really transporting. You have experienc'd the Vigour of her Embraces, endearing active, sprightly, acted by Nature, not Art, nor yet insipid, languid,

languid, and dull. Yes, yes, dear Friend of mine, Women commonly hide such Defects in an agreeable Appearance, that after the first Hymeneal Rites are over, come to Light, and give such a Disgust, that instead of a Heaven, they are a perpetual Hell to their Husbands all their Life after. I tell you truly, I form my Judgment of others by my self, who have seen, and known, and lov'd many a *Bona Roba*, whom after Enjoyment I cou'd heartily have kick'd; and the Pleasure of the Chace has been destroy'd, by the Disagreeableness of the Quarry: Nor were I ever so desperate as to think of committing Matrimony, wou'd I like a Wife, whom I had not been so very familiar with, as to know her *intus & in cute*, that is, perfectly well in all her Paces before-hand. I am a true *Plain-dealer*, I hate to mince the Matter with a Friend. These are my Sentiments of the Point, and these were wont to be yours. You us'd to declare, that you wou'd not sacrifice your Liberty to any Woman, but she who shou'd have Cause to own, that she was infinitely oblig'd to your Generosity. Well, you have now found just such a Woman, according to your Heart's Desire: Why, the Devil, an't you happy while you may? What makes you stumble at the Gate of Bliss? Stand to your Principle, keep to your Resolutions, or confess your self weaker than a Woman, and know not what you wou'd have. But, perhaps, you'll say, what will the People say of me, to marry my Mistress? (to give it the softest Word.) I shall be the Subject of all the Lampoons of the Town, every diminutive Wit will have a Fling at me. Terrible Bull-beggars indeed! as formidable as *Bevis* and *Garagantua*. Fogh, Fogh! meer Scare-Crows to fright Children and Jack-Daws. He that is afraid of what People will say, he that dreads the Bounce of the Paper-

Paper-pellets, will never be easy or happy ; he can't eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor wear his Hat ; nay, he can't so much as walk to please himself, but if these Scandal-mongers take a Whim, slap-dash he's down in Black, and White. I tell thee, dear Friend of mine, he that will govern himself by other Folks Humours, can never be happy, nor easy, nor constant, nor wise, nor honest. Every Man is fond of his own Doings, his own Thoughts, his own Humours, and every Man has a Right to follow his own Thoughts and his own Humour ; yet if he do, another overweening Coxcomb will find Fault ; and if he be curs'd with the Itch of Rhiming, will fall upon him. Nay, should you yield to his Temper, and marry any one else, 'tis a thousand to one but you are lampoon'd for marrying at all ; the Age is so abandon'd, that Virtue is grown a Scandal, and at this Rate you must turn Knave not to be taken Notice of. Follow therefore your own Inclinations, chuse your own Pleasures, make Use of your natural Right, as the rest of Men do ; and then if *Antiphila* really has your Heart, you will soon give her your Body. If ever I have the good Fortune to see my own delicious Country again, to revisit the beauteous and delightful Field of *Italy* once more (which is all in the Hands of Fate to determine) I shall never think my Joys compleat, 'till I see you, your dear *Antiphila*, your Children, Servants, Horses, Dogs, and the rest of your domestick Furniture, and pass a delicious Evening or two over a Bottle with you. But be not, dear Friend of mine, frighten'd at a Visit from me, as if I should eat you up with a damn'd long hungry Equipage ; for, Faith, I am none of those luckily Privados of Fortune, to have such a long Train of lazy Followers at my Heels, or to hope to return to my Country in such a pompous Magnificence ; and indeed



indeed I shall be very well satisfy'd, if I can keep the Wolf from the Door, as the Saying is. If I can get but Money enough to defray the Expence of my Journey, I shall think my self as great as the King of *Persia*. I thank my Stars, I am not troubled with that damn'd Jilting Harlot *Hope*, my Desires are bounded with my present Fortune; and if any Thing else happen to fall into my Mouth, it may be welcome, but not wish'd for. You desire me to be serviceable to your Father, and that for your Sake, if I want other Motives; but that Motive is sufficient, not only to persuade my Endeavours, but to compell them. But you know, the Prince, whom I serve, declares himself of no Party; all his Care and Study is for Union; nor is it fit for a Servant to desire or urge what may be displeasing to his Master. And indeed, the Emperor's Desires seem to me so reasonable and so sacred, that it wou'd be a Sort of Sacrilege to oppose them; and I have Reason to hope, that they will be no Enemy to your Affairs. If your good Fortune depends on him, I'm confident they'll be so far from being the worser, that they will be infinitely the better: For then Courtiers and Officers grow rich and thrive, when Union is establish'd; which when it will be, I know not. In the mean Time, I shall insinuate my self into the Emperor's Favour, be obsequious to his Commands, and follow him closely; his Will shall direct mine, nor will I oppose him in any Thing, or meddle with what does not immediately relate to, and particularly regard my own Interest; because 'tis a Thing of dangerous Consequence for a Stranger to be too busie with the Affairs of a *Foreign* Court. I am here a Foreigner, and therefore I comply with the Natives in whatever they do; I assert what they say, and deny what they disallow; so that if they have any  
Wisdom

Wisdom in their Conduct, I suffer them to reap the Benefit of it; if they are Fools, I let them fall by their own Folly; I am not envious of any Man's Glory, nor wou'd I have the Infamy of any Man's Disgrace. Whatever I'm commanded, I write without adding or diminishing; nor wou'd I by Contradiction seem wiser or more foolish than they, but shall always be silent, secret, and obedient. If this were not my Conduct, I cou'd do my self no Service here; and I'm confident, you are too much my Friend to desire me to do any Thing against my Interest, lest being now but very inconsiderable, I shou'd then be nothing at all. I shall add no more, but my Desire, that you wou'd write to me about your Nuptials. Farewell.

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LETTER LXXXII. *Ed. Basil.*

*Æneas Sylvius* to Mr. Fund, Secretary of Cologne,

*To comfort him for the Loss of his Mistress,  
who had run away from him.*

THE Secretary of *Nuremburgh* call'd on me the other Day, who is a Man of Probity, and good Letters, and very much your Friend. He told me, he had left you in a great deal of Grief; that you had had some cruel Loss; that something, I know not what, had slip'd through your Fingers, which gave you abundance of Disquiet; nay, he tells me you are so extreamly concern'd for this Loss, that it quite mopes you, you utter not one Word, but with more than *Pythagorick* Silence, you pass your melancholy Hours. Tho' I could not make him explain himself but by broken

ken Sentences, when I press'd to know the Cause of so extravagant a Sadness ; yet, from what he said, I believe I can easily imagine the Ground of your Discontent, which now will admit of no Comfort. For what could ever make so strange a *Metamorphosis* in a Man, but a *Woman*? You us'd always to be a Man, and to meet the Emergencies of Fortune as a Man should ; that is, as one who had expected the Event, and was therefore prepar'd against it ; for the Dart foreseen, is easily avoided. When you have lost a Friend, you have heal'd up that Wound with a Moral *That he was born to die*. When your good old Father left this wicked World, you pacify'd the Rage of your Grief with—*My Father has shew'd me an Example that I was begot by a Mortal, and that I must also die*. Nay, I remember when your good Lady was pleas'd to take her eternal Leave of you, you bore it, with as much Resignation, as a young Girl the Force of the Man she loves ; or a Clergy-man, a good Benefice ; or a Courtier, a fresh Grant. 'Tis true, you put on Mourning, and a ruful Countenance, with Hat over the Eyes, and Looks fix'd on the Ground, and all the *Pompa Rogi* in wonderful Decency and Order. But dear Friend of mine, when you were come Home, the Relations remov'd, and all Friends departed but my self ; did you not stop me, and in a Glass of good *Rhenish* wash away your Tears, and urge the Example of *David*, who wash'd and eat Meat as soon as his Child was past Recal? I speak not this to upbraid you, but to shew that you are a good Christian, for *St. Paul* tells us, *we should not grieve for the Dead like those who have no Hope*. 'Tis true, some might be apt to say, the Devil's in a Man that grieves for the Loss of a *Wife*; that a dead Wife is the best Piece of Household Goods a Man can have ; that it would be as preposterous  
to



to shed Tears at the interring our *Left Rib*, as to go into Mourning for getting out of Prison, or escaping a-shore from a Ship-wrack, or from being ransom'd from *Algiers*, and a thousand such good *Morrows*. But my dear Friend *John*, I took your Moderation as the Effect of your Philosophy, not to grieve for a Loss that could not be retriev'd, and punish your self for what you could not help. But then I am damnably puzzl'd to reconcile your present Conduct to your past. What has made this strange *Transformation* in you? What has thus alienated you from your own dear self? In short, what the Devil is the Matter with you? Have you had an ill Run at Play? Lost all your *Ready*? Have you been disappointed in some good Place, which you thought you were sure of? Has any scoundrel Poet lampoon'd your Understanding, or any Informer accus'd you of Bribery or Treachery? Or have you betray'd a Trust without a Reward sufficient to quash the Law, and baffle your Adversary? If none of these Things have been your Lot, what could you lose dearer than a *Wife*, who had brought you so many brave chopping Boys? Yes, a *Mistress*, young, charming, beautiful, witty, gay, wanton, a *Mistress* of every Thing, that could give you Satisfaction and Joy. — This is it. — I have hit the Nail on the Head! You are sick of Dame *Eve*; *Woman's* your Distemper. *The fickle Cælia* has given you the Slip, is run from your Embraces, perhaps to the Arms of another. Why, so let it be, well fare his Heart who has got her! *The Devil and nine Pence* go with her, that's Money and Company, according to the laudable Adage of the Sage *Mobility*! But what in all this can give you the Spleen? What make you so outrageous in your Grief, as to admit of no Comfort? Was ever Man troubl'd in a Tertian to find his Ague had left him? But you plac'd your  
Happiness

*Happiness in her ! She was your Soul's Delight !* The Devil she was ? What, could my grave considering Friend *John*, at past five and forty, place his Happiness in a Woman ? And in a young, brisk, buxom Harlot of sixteen ? Is the Inconstancy of the Sex, after all, so little known to him, whose Mind veers every Moment, runs round the Compass, as soon as the Sun round the Earth ? You might as easily fix the Longitude, as a Woman's Mind ; to day she's pleas'd with the Gay, to Morrow with the Grave : One Hour she loves the Tall, the next the Middle-siz'd, and a Moment after, a very Pigmy : Now the Fair, then the Black, and now the Brown : Constant to nothing long, nor pleas'd with any Thing above half an Hour. Woman is the *Whirly-Gig* of Nature ; she changes so often and swiftly, that she seldom knows her own Mind, it's soon alter'd from what it was. Woman is a vain, idle, fallacious, various, cruel, deceitful, thoughtless, giddy, ignorant Animal, and can afford no solid Joy to a Man of common Sense. Fools themselves, Fools only can please them ; and yet 'tis more than a young Fool can do to fix them to one ; what can an old one do then ? No, no, dear Friend of mine, as fickle, and inconstant as *Woman* is, tho' she whisks round the whole Compass to every new Pleasure, ye she, never makes a stop at an old *Man* : *Wit* and *Age* *Learning* and *Understanding*, are points they never turn to ; I mean their *Minds*, their *Souls* (that is, if the *Turks* Article of Faith be not true, that they have no Souls ) their Love never turns towards *Age*, their Bodies do indeed pretty often ; but not for *Love*, but *Money* ; they like an old *Man* for a *Bubble* well enough, but it is because his *Dottage* furnishes their *Vanity* and their *Lust*. My dear Friend, we only raise a Devil we can't lay, some young Fellow must do that ; and they will

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have

have a young Fellow, as long as they have Youth and Beauty, and Dress, and an old Man's Purse at Command. You and I, dear Friend of mine, are plaguily turn'd of the Noon of Life, we are hastening towards its Evening, our Sun is posting to its West again ; and Women are Motes, that love to play and gambol in its meridian Beams. You and I have nothing to engage a young giddy Girl, full of Juice and strong Appetites which we have nothing to appease. You know the wise *Marcus Aurelius* had a damn'd salacious Empress, that sought other Things, than Philosophy ; and while the good Emperor busy'd himself, and spent his Time in writing *Morals*, she employ'd hers more agreeably with lusty brawny-back't Fellows ; in *Physicks*, or *natural Experiments*. And when a *Woman* has once given up her *Virtue*, 'tis in vain to set Bounds to her *Pleasures*. We are but a Jest to them, and their Gallants, and all our Impotent Defects are their Diversion and Laughter : So that I can't, for my Life, find out the Damage the young Jilt has done you, by running away from you. No, you have Reason to bless your Stars for the Deliverance ; and the Coxcomb, that has her, has Reason to envy your good Luck, and will soon wish she may take the same Frolick again. She is gon to plague, and ruin some body else, and left you to enjoy your Quiet and your Fortune, which the silly Jade had not Sense enough to value. Rejoice, Rejoice at the happy chance, in sending the worst of the accursed Race far from you, that wou'd else exhaust your Estate, and kill your Reputation. You will be no longer the Talk of the Town, the Jest and Chit-chat of the Tea-Table, and Scandal must seek some other Food to feed upon. The Fascination is remov'd ; be your self again, be your self again, be a Man, and tye not your Happiness to so frail a Thread



*The Death of Lucretia, &c.* 83

as a *Woman's Inclinations* : Corrupt, as fickle in their Tastes, and only Toys for the Leisure and looser Hours of Youth. Let your Friend and the Bottle perfect the Cure, and long not for so infamous a Slavery, that your friendly Stars have remov'd. Know your own Happiness, and know your self, and then there will be an End of your Grief. I have ventur'd on this Way of Comfort, because I gather'd from my Friend of *Nurem-burgh's* Discourse, that this was your Distemper. If I am mistaken, I shall be glad of the Error. And if there be any other Cause of your Sorrow, cure your self. All Grief is alleviated by Time ; consult your own Ease and Quiet, it is the chief Business of this Life to make it agreeable. Don't you go against Nature, and vex your self, and disquiet your Days for what you cannot help. Grief may punish your Mind, but can never retrieve your Loss ; for, as the Country-Proverb has it, *An hundred Pound of Sorrow pays not an Ounce of our Debts.* Farewell

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*The Death of LUCRETIA. By ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, Epist. 4. II.*

**L**ucretia, the Daughter of *Spurius Lucretius*, and Wife of *Collatinus Latinus*, being ravish'd by *Sextus Tarquinius*, Son of *Tarquin the Proud*, by Force, and his Threats of killing a Slave, and laying him by her dead Body, as taken in the Fact of Adultery with her. She sends for her Husband and Father, and some other Relations, and tells them the whole Affair ; and having made them promise Revenge, declares her Resolution of killing her self ; from which her Father and Husband endeavour to dissuade her, in the following Words.

The Speech of Lucretius and Collatinus, to dissuade  
 Lucretia from killing her self after her Rape.

**I**ndulge not a Grief, Lucretia, for a Crime so involuntary; you have given abundant Proofs already, that your Assent to the Adulterer was only the Effect of his Force, and in which your Mind had no Share. The Revenge, that you demand, and the Accusation you make, are undeniable Evidence of the Compulsion you was under, since the whole might still have remain'd a Secret. The Conduct of your past Life is a sufficient Confirmation of your Innocence; through all which you have ever appear'd a faithful and constant Devote to Frugality and Chastity, both Abroad and at Home; in Publick, and in the Eye of the World, and in Private, in the most secret Recesses of your own House and Family. Do you not, my dear Lucretia, remember, that the other Day when the cursed Adulterer and I came on thee unawares, when you expected neither Husband nor Visitor, how did we find thee? good Gods! at thy Work among thy Maids unfashionably busy? That Day, that Surprise gave my Lucretia the Victory, the Palm of Chastity, from all the Roman Dames. For the Daughters of the King, and the Ladies of his Family, in the Absence of their Husbands, were not found more gayly employ'd in Feasting and Balls, in Mirth and Diversion; such a different Conduct made Lucretia shine out in a Glory incorruptible, while the universal Consent gave her the singular Lawrel of Modesty. Be not then so uneasy at your Fate, or bend beneath the Weight of your Disgrace; comforted with this Thought, that we will amply revenge so outrageous an Injury; and he shall pay dear for a Pleasure, as imperfect as unwilling, constrain'd from thy Arms by the Embraces of the loisterous young Villain: You shall joyfully behold this impious Heir to his Father's Impieties sink under a Punishment equal, if possible, to the Injury. Having, though unwillingly, feasted his lawless Appetite with the Sweet-

of thy lovely Body, wilt thou voluntarily add to his Pleasure, by satiating his horrid Thirst of Blood, with the Sight of that precious crimson Flood that runs thro' thy Veins? Alas! my Lucretia, is not the Father's Cruelty, and the Son's Inhumanity sufficiently known? What Slaughters among the Gabii did this Spoiler of thy Honour perform? And how many Innocents fell there, Victims to his Revenge and Ambition? If you hate this Monster indeed, if this Aversion to him is from your Soul, and if you are sincere in your Desires of his Punishment in Perfection, live. — Take Care to preserve your Life, that, in his expiring Pangs, he may behold the Triumph, and rejoice; and while he finds himself perishing with Infamy and Detestation, let him have the Pain to behold that Body he had endeavour'd to defile and disgrace, surviving his Assaults with a Fame intire and unsully'd. Ah, my Lucretia, precipitate not thy Husband, who loves thee above his Life, into a Widowhood as terrible as detested. Deprive not thy weeping old Father of his Daughter, nor, by so violent a Fate, bring not his grey reverend Head to the Grave in a Sorrow beyond Comfort, nor rob thy poor Infants, thy tender little Off-spring of a Guardian, of so dear and careful a Mother. Oh! rather wish for Life, prolong thy Days, to be a glad Witness of the Revenge we will take. Reflect but justly on Things, and you have no Cause to desire to die. 'Tis true, the Royal Villain has polluted the Mansion of thy Body by his odious Enjoyment; but then the Lady of this Beautiful Mansion is free and incorrupt, your Mind is innocent and clear of a Guilt, your Body cou'd not avoid; and there can be no Crime, where there is no Consent. Who is there so senseless not to acquit thee of Guilt, when they consider the Circumstances? The Time, the Person, the Place, betray'd thee to the Misery; naked in thy Bed, lull'd asleep by the Cares of the Day, when all Things but Lust and Revenge were at Repose, ungarded, unsuspecting so black a Treachery from a Friend, from a Kins-



man, and from a King. Thus defenceless, unwarn'd undress'd, asleep, and unarm'd, what Resistance could'st thou make to a young Prince, robust in his Limbs, as strong in his Lust, and impetuous in his Desires, and violently bent on Murther, or Adultery? That Youth, that blooming Beauty in his Face, and Symmetry in his Person, that must have melted down the Virtue of all other Women, had no Effect on a Bosom so rigid as thine. The Violence he offer'd, the welcome Excuse of the Fair, touch'd not thy Mind; and while your Body suffer'd the cursed Transports of the youthful Adulterer, your Soul was as insensible of Pleasure, as he was of Compassion or Justice. And while the Weakness of your Body submitted to the Force of his Strength, your Mind unmov'd in the midst of the Violence of all his Caresses. If your Soul is ambitious of a Glory most peculiar, this Triumph of Chastity is so great, that nothing can be added to its Perfection: When in Spite of all the Allurements and Frailty of weak Flesh and Blood, you made your self a meer Statue of Marble, cold and insensible of all the Efforts of a vigorous handsome young Prince, full of Love, and with utmost Eagerness and Avarice satiating his L U S T. Add to this, my dear Lucretia, that you yielded not to his Threats for the Fear of Death, but of an Infamy far more terrible than Death can be to the Virtuous. The Terror that vanquish'd you, was the Ruin of your good Name, when he swore not your Death only, but that of a Slave, to be left by your breathless Body, as stabb'd in the very Act of Adultery. Your Father, nay, your Husband absolves you from all Guilt; ah! be not you only a Judge so inexorable, as to condemn your self for a Misfortune, which your frighted Imagination pronounces as a Crime. 'Tis allow'd, that we may fly Infamy by Death; but by yours, you corrupt your Fame, while with the Wound you give your Bosom, you kill both Father and Husband. By your Death, you pervert the Joy of Revenge, which can be but half compleat, when

*it wants you for a Beholder ; and by this Self-Murther you corrupt that Innocence, and proclaim that Shame, which our Hands wou'd expiate and secure. If Reason won't prevail, have Regard to Authority; your Husband Father, Brutus, and all your Relations, fairly and fully acquit you of all Guilt, and with one Desire forbid your Hand the fatal Office it has assum'd. Why, by this Deed, will you condemn all their Judgments? Besides, by your Death you incur the Guilt you'd avoid; for it will be hard to persuade, that she was innocent, who thought fit to punish her self as criminal.*

*Lucretia's Speech before she stabb'd her self.*

‘ **O** ! My dear Father ! and thou, my Husband  
 ‘ Collatin ! once more dear to me, than the  
 ‘ Light to these Eyes ! Do not hinder me from put-  
 ‘ ting an End to my Life, and my miseries at  
 ‘ once ! If I kill not my self, it will never be be-  
 ‘ liev'd, that I was overcome not by the Fear of  
 ‘ Death, but by the Fear of Infamy ? Who, if I  
 ‘ live, can be so weak to believe, that the Appre-  
 ‘ hension of the odious Imputation of Adultery  
 ‘ with a Slave to be fix'd on my Memory for ever,  
 ‘ with which he threaten'd me, was more preva-  
 ‘ lent than Death, a Fear of which my Life  
 ‘ wou'd discover, but one bold Stroke with my  
 ‘ Hand wou'd remove. What a Blemish, what  
 ‘ a Spot wou'd it be in my Fame, to chuse rather  
 ‘ to live the ADULTERESS *Lucretia*, than die  
 ‘ the CHAST *Lucretia* ? Ah ! let not your Fond-  
 ‘ ness of my Person prove injurious to my good  
 ‘ Name ! For do not you perceive, that you pre-  
 ‘ serve me not to Life, but Infamy ; my Reputa-  
 ‘ tion dying in the Life of my Person. By a Con-  
 ‘ duct so fond, you consider not what you in-  
 ‘ dulse to Injuries of this Nature ; the Matrimo-  
 ‘ nial Bed shou'd be made with Holiness ; and  
 ‘ by the Severity of thy Fate, the Slumbers of

others shou'd not be broke by Suspitions and  
Jealoufies. But if by my Impunity, you open  
the Sluces to unlawful Desires, unbounded Lust  
will bear down all before it in a Torrent so  
wild, that Women will not be satisfy'd to de-  
file the Beds of their Husbands in their Ab-  
sence, but impudently, in their Arms, suffer  
the Adulterer's Embraces. For what Woman is  
secure, when *Lucretia* is corrupted? And you,  
my dear Husband, how can your Soul fall so  
low to take me to your Arms, when you shall  
remember, that they hold not your Wife, but  
the Whore of vile *Tarquin*? And you, my dear  
Father, how can you vouchsafe to call *Lucretia*  
your Daughter, who has unhappily lost, and  
impiously corrupted that Chastity, which was  
instill'd into me by the admirable Discipline of  
your House from my Childhood? And oh! vile  
and miserable Wretch that I am, can I bear to  
see my Children look with their innocent Eyes  
upon me, when the chaste Womb that bore them  
has been infamously polluted by an Adulterer?  
Shou'd my passive Body be pregnant by the  
purple Villain, wou'd you have me live to bring  
forth the Fruit of Adultery? Place not before  
my Eyes the Splendor of my past Life, in which  
if any Thing just and honourable appear, one  
Night, one fatal Night has sully'd all, when  
admitted a mortal Foe, in the Disguise of a  
Friend to my House. My Life is no longer  
pleasing to me, 'tis odious, 'tis a Burthen, an  
insufferable Weight, which I cannot bear, when  
I find that my Zeal for Chastity alone was the  
Cause of my Ruin: Yes, yes the accursed Adul-  
terer was not so fond of trampling on my  
Beauty, as my *Chastity*; that was the Trophy  
he long'd for. If this has been the Reward, this  
the Fruit of my Continnence, what must I ex-  
pect



' peck of my Rape and Adultery, but scandalous  
 ' prostitution in the publick Brothels? Alas! a-  
 ' alas! my Mind pure and uncorrupted, cannot  
 ' endure the Company of my Body foul and cor-  
 ' rupted! Whether the Laws of the Body are  
 ' subject to the Mind, or not, I can't tell; but I  
 ' am afraid the Soul has not Power enough to  
 ' stop the Motions of Nature, and render the Bo-  
 ' dy insensible, as the Mind. If this corporeal  
 ' Frailty have, in spite of all the Aversion of my  
 ' Mind, been compell'd to a Sensibility of any  
 ' such odious and detestable Pleasure, oh! Father!  
 ' oh! Husband, forgive me, and suffer that Part,  
 ' which has been any way criminal, to expiate  
 ' the Guilt by this Dagger. Had you the true  
 ' Roman Spirit in you, you shou'd be so far from  
 ' hid'ring my Execution, as to punish the Of-  
 ' fender your selves. No, no, I will not have  
 ' the Image of these Evils perpetually before your  
 ' Eyes, and be a constant *Memento* of my Disgrace  
 ' and my Guilt. Woman is accus'd of inconstan-  
 ' cy of Temper; and Time, that may assuage  
 ' this Anguish and Passion, may raise others  
 ' more dangerous and criminal. Shou'd I defer  
 ' the Punishment, perhaps the Crime might please.  
 ' Let me go, let me go: Give me leave to pierce  
 ' this Bosom with my Dagger, where that vio-  
 ' lent Spoiler of my Honour gave me the first  
 ' Alarm to Lust, by pressing with his trembling  
 ' Fingers those Breasts, that panted with Rage and  
 ' Despair. Move me not to Pity; for if I spare  
 ' my Life, I spare an *Adulteress*, if I spare an  
 ' *Adulteress*, I spare *Adultery* it self; and if I cou'd  
 ' once be brought to spare *Adultery*, *Adultery* wou'd  
 ' then be agreeable, and if so, then the *Adulterer*  
 ' himself. Wickedness once begun, never stops  
 ' when it does begin, but goes on in a fatal  
 ' Progression, 'till it arrive at its *Stygian* Perfe-  
 ction.

' tion. I have no Way of Ease; and being with-  
 ' out Witness of the Fact, I have no Way to gain  
 ' Credit to my Assertions, but by sealing their  
 ' Truth with my Blood. That, my Soul, shall  
 ' be my Evidence, at the dreadful Tribunal of  
 ' *Minos* and *Acheron*: That shall accuse the Roy-  
 ' al Ravisher of the Violation of my Honour,  
 ' and the Pollution of my Body. And you, my  
 ' Earthly Body, because you have brought forth  
 ' the Cause of Adultery, betray'd thy self by thy  
 ' Charms to the Embraces of the Tyrant, dis-  
 ' charge my struggling Soul; pour out thy Blood  
 ' in Expiation! that it may be a happy Omen  
 ' to the speedy Destruction of the cruel proud Fa-  
 ' ther, and ill-fated Son. And you my Husband,  
 ' once most dear to me, and you my reverend  
 ' Father! whose tender Eye and once chearing  
 ' Presence, my Shame and my Misfortune make  
 ' me willingly fly, and all you my Friends fare-  
 ' well! *Lucretia* shall never be brought as an infam-  
 ' ous Example to any *Roman* Lady, that, Infam-  
 ' y and Life cou'd in her subsist together.

With that she plung'd the Dagger into her snowy  
 Bosom, and only had Life to say, *Revenge the in-*  
*jur'd Lucretia*: Which was done by the Expulsion  
 of *Tarquin*, and all his Race.

*The End of Æneas Sylvius's Letters.*

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LETTERS to Gentlemen and Ladies.

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To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy, my Lady——'s  
 Gentlewoman.

SINCE you have promis'd to consider me for  
 drawing your Picture, and to be juster than  
 your

your Mistress, who has not as yet paid me a Farthing for *drawing* hers, and a thousand other *Servises* I have done her in my Time; I am willing to gratify your Desire, and paint you with all the little *Art* I am Master of. At the same Time I may without Vanity affirm, that your Picture will be a truer and more finished Piece than *hers*, since you don't expect I should flatter you; for which Reason you must not take it ill of me, if I tell you, without farther Ceremony, that you are not *handsom*. Should I use this Freedom with your Mistress, tho' I have the Truth never so much on my Side, she wou'd call me all the vile Names under the Sun; but I know I am talking to you, whom I fear less than her, by the same Token I love you a great deal better.

Once more then I must tell thee, my dearest Betty, that thou art not *handsom*; but then, I defy the Devil himself to say, thou art *deform'd*. No, no, my dear Child, thou hast a smiling roguish Air, and a certain *Je ne scay quoy*, which our finest Ladies are often without, and sets all the Springs of Nature in Motion, as often as I think on't. Thy Complexion is brown, and none of the clearest. Thy Eye-brows are as black as a Coal, and, by the Assistance of *Art*, wonderfully becoming. Thy Nose is a little turn'd up, which is an infallible Sign, dear Rogue, that thou art a Lover of the *Mathematicks*. Thy Mouth is somewhat of the largest; but then, to make thee *Amends*, 'tis so proper for a Man's Tongue to wanton in: They thy Teeth are as regular, as the Palisade before thy Lady's Parlour, and as white as Ivory. Thou hast the daintiest smacking Lips in the Universe, that wouldst invite a Hermit to sign and seal upon them. Thy Hair, which reaches down to thy Waste, and is of a lovely Black, gives no little Addition to thy other Charms. As for thy Bubbies,  
dear



dear Child, they are none of the whitest, but they are plump and fleshy, and *rise* and *fall* so prettily, that I am *stark mad* to have the *pressing* of them: Were Bubbies to be bought and sold for ungodly *Pelf*, thou might'st safely boast, that thou art *richer* than thy Lady. As for thy *Shape*, I may *venture* to say without Flattery, 'tis fine and delicate. Thy *Legs* are so straight and well-proportion'd, and thy *Feet* *steal* in and out so prettily under thy *Peticoats*, that I long to be better *acquainted* with them. If thou had'st design'd I should have Painted thy *other* parts, thou oughtest to have *shewn* them me; for between Friends, thou should'st *conceal* nothing from us Painters; and I don't question but that thy Picture would have been ten Times more *compleat*, had I drawn thee *stark naked*. However, I have *seen* enough to convince me, that thou art a most *delicious* Morsel of Iniquity; and, unless the Planets *deceive* me, I dare swear thy Inclinations are not *averse* to the *Flesh*. Thus, my dear Child, I have *drawn* part of thy Picture, by which a Man, that has but *once* had a Sight of thee, may easily *know* thee again: But now I am preparing to shew thee some of my Master-strokes, to satisfy thee I am no *Bungler* at my Trade, but can tell how to *draw* People after the *Life*. Not to make thee *vain*, Nature has been wonderful *indulgent* to thee; thou can'st *set off* thy Person with a little *Expence*, and appear in an ordinary Stuff more *advantageously*, than any of our *stiff rump'd* Countesses in their *Silks* and *Sattins*. In the Point of *Dressing*, thy Fancy is the most *Orthodox* in the World: *Envy* it self cou'd never *charge* thee with putting one *Pin* out of its due Place, nay, even thy very *Negligence* has Charms, and *becomes* thee. As for thy pretty little *Fingers*, nothing in Nature comes *amiss* to them, they are *perfectly* skill'd in all the  
Mysteries

Mysteries of *Embroidery*, they can *stitch* and *sow*, cut *Birds* and *Beasts*, and the whole History of the *Creation* in Paper, raise Fortifications in *Paste*, and a thousand other *Curiosities*. Thou hast more *Wit*, than wou'd set up a dozen Waiting-Gentlewomen, and can'st see as far into a *Mill-stone*, as the *oldest* Match-maker in Town: Thou can'st discover a hundred Things, which no Body else wou'd have taken any *Notice* of; nay, I have observ'd more than once, that thou knowest the Intention of People, let them take never so much Care to conceal it. I'll defy all the waiting Women in the Universe to shew so much *Meekness* of Spirit, as thou dost, or so *virtuous* a Disposition to bring an *Intrigue* to a happy Conclusion. 'Tis true indeed, that in Relation to thy *wicked* Lady, this Talent of thine has hitherto been *unsuccessful*; but if thou continuest much longer about her Person, I don't doubt but some of thy *Stratagems* will take Effect. Thou hast an *amorous* Inclination, as I hinted to thee above; and I am damnably *mistaken*, if thou can'st live a Day, without *engaging* in some new Amour: But then, Child, thy Love is *noble*, 'tis built upon no *sordid* Principles of *Lucre*; it proposes nothing to it self, but the *Ease* and *Relief* of Mankind, and always soars above thy Condition. But let thy Lovers be of what *Quality* they will, thou know'st how to make them observe their due *Distance*, and govern 'em like a true *Mistress*. Thou hast *Dexterity* enough to manage a *laudable* Commerce with *five* or *six* Gallants at once; for, to thy *eternal* Praise be it said, ne'er a Woman in the World is deeper read in all the *Refinements* of Gallantry, than thy self. Thou know'st how to bestow thy Favours with *Discretion*, to employ sometimes *Compassion*, and sometimes *Disdain*; to act the *Fond* and the *Indifferent*, according as the *various* Disposition of the *Scene* requires it; in short,

to

to make a proper Use of thy Looks and Sighs. Thou can'st dart a favourable Glance at one, while thou squeeze'st the other by the Hand; and talk tenderly to a third, while thou tread'st upon the Toes of the fourth; and manage Affairs so discreetly, as to make none of them despair: Not that thou art so willing a Tit neither, as to let every Blockhead get up and ride for asking: Faith, Child, I'll say that for thee, thou wast always a Respector of Merit, and wou'dst vouchsafe thy Friendship to none but those that *deserv'd* it. If any young Fellow falls roughly upon thee, in one of his amorous Fits, thou know'st how to humble his Insolence, without tearing his Ruffles, or playing the Fury with his Hair. Should thy Mistress surprize thee conferring Notes with a Friend in a Corner, or in a Posture, that wou'd give Offence in another, thou art not a Jot discompos'd for the matter; but know'st so well how to personate the Innocent, that 'tis impossible to find the least Cause of quarrelling with thee. Upon all such Occasions, thou hast a thousand Excuses ready cut and dry'd for the Purpose; and thy Wit never displays it self so signally, as in these Recounters, which wou'd utterly dumfound a Person of less Assurance. Besides, Betty, to give thee thy Due, thy Soul is neither infected with Jealousy nor Envy; thou art no Enemy to the Divertisements of others, but take'st as much Delight to procure, as to receive them thy self, and art never in thy Kingdom, but when thou art holding the Door. When thou see'st two Lovers under any unhappy the Circumstances, thou know'st how to insinuate thy self into their Confidence with Address, and art ravished to find any Opportunity to contribute to their Pleasures. After all, thou art generous to a Miracle, and not at all influenc'd by Interest; thou prefer'st an honest Fellow's hearty Affection, to the Purse of a wealthy, Cox-

com;



*comb*; and did'st never in all thy Life stoop so low, as to *value* that glittering *Trash*, call'd Money. Nay, Child, I dare *engage* for thee, that did thy *Abilities* come up to thy *Will*, thou wou'dst *give* instead of *taking* the Pence, and *allow* those that had a Share in thy *Affections*, a noble Share of thy *Fortune*. And, *Betty*, 'tis this virtuous *Principle*, that makes thy Lovers stick so close to thee: As thou art infinitely more *generous* and *witty*, than all the *Servant-maids* in *Christendom* put together, so one may justly conclude, that thou hast none of their *Vices* or Imperfections. Thou dost not *trouble* thy Head to *find out*, and afterwards *proclaim* the Faults of thy Mistress; thou raisest no idle *Squabbles* about the Wages or Gettings of thy Fellow-servants; and as 'tis thy chief *Desire* to *converse* with People Face to Face, thou can'st not endure to speak ill of them behind their *Backs*: So much for thy *Morals*. Now to give some Specimen of thy *intellectual* Parts, thou can'st *nicely* distinguish between *fulsome Love*, and Love dress'd up in *clean* Metaphors, and hast *inform'd* thy Judgment, by reading *Romances* and other good Books, that talk *feelingly* and *judiciously* of these Affairs: 'Tis true, that so many *shining* Qualities make thee as much *envy'd* by the Maids and Footmen, as thou art *admir'd* by the Masters and Mistresses. In short, my dear Child, thou art the *Heroine* of Waiting-women, and *Glory*-of thy Function; and I make not the *least* Question, but that *one* of these Days we shall all of us see some *notable* Adventure befall thee, that will *convince* the World, that thou wast descended of *illustrious* Parentage.

Thus, my charming *Betty*, I have endeavour'd to *draw* your Picture, which, I hope, will give you such *Satisfaction*, that you won't grudge to pay me for't in the same *Coin* as you *promis'd* me, who am

Your most humble Admirer.

Upon

*Upon a Harlot in St. James's, that hang'd her self, for an Irish Captain, and was unluckily cut down by her Maid.*

**A**N old Acquaintance of mine came to my Lodgings this Morning, and accosted me after this Manner. *Harry*, cries he, there's the strangest Accident has happen'd yonder, near *Covent-Garden*, that ever you heard, and prithee, try if you can guess it. Why, says I to him, I have no extraordinary Hand at this Sport; but if 'tis so very strange, and the Scene near *Covent-Garden*, as you say, let me see: Has the talking Parrot in *Russel street* foretold the Downfall of the *French King*? No. Now I talk of a Parrot; when *Doctor Burges*s preach'd last, did he make no Body laugh? No. A Whore proffer'd a retaining Fee at *Rouse's*, and deny'd it? No. A City-Reformer surpriz'd between a Pair of red-hair'd Strumpets, at the *Horse-shoe*? No. A new Play talk'd of at *Will's*, and no *Exception* made to it? No Sir. Thus No was the Word still. At last, says my Friend, in his old leering Way, to put you out of your Pain, a certain *Harlot* in *St. James's*—has run away from her Lodgings, carry'd off all her Effects in her Pocket-Handkerchief, I suppose, and—Why, is that so strange? No, no, but hear me with Reverence and Attention,—decently suspended her self Yesterday Morning, between the Hours of Twelve and One, precisely,—the true *Canonical* Hour for hanging. Says I to him, as I hope to be sav'd, but, prithee *Jack*, for what—Why, what shou'd she hang her self for but *Love*, said he, very gravely—The Devil she did, says I again: Thou may'st as well tell me, a Foot-Soldier wou'd die a Martyr  
for

for small-beer, true States-man for his Country's Interest, or a City-Apprentice for *Suffolk Cheese*—— Why, truly, Sir, you may make merry as long as you please, says he, but 'tis even so as I tell you, and her Name—— Why, that is what I long to know —— Don't interrupt me then, 'tis the famous Mrs. C —— Well, Peace light on her Soul, 'twas *gloriously* done —— But you have not heard all. says he. She had not hung a full Minute, when, alas, to see the great Uncertainty of human Affairs? her Maid, the Duce take me, if my very Heart did not leap up to my very Mouth at the bare mention of her Name, hearing a Noise above, run up Stairs. and unluckily cut her down: and a Chirurgeon, with a *Pox* to him, made a Shift to bring her to her self, and recover'd her. And thus, continu'd he, shaking his Head in a *sorrowful* Manner, they have between 'em spoil'd one of the best Jest in *Chrystendom*.

This is the *exact* Relation my Friend gave me of this *Affair*. Now to do thee *Justice*, thou art the *only* Harlot since the Creation, I believe that ever it had put into her Head by the *Evil*, to fall a Sacrifice to *Love*. Who cou'd have imagin'd, that a Woman of thy free *communicative* Spirit, shou'd fix her Affection, which was distributed before to all Mankind in *common*, to *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*, upon one transitory Mortal, nay, love him to that Degree, as to *venture* Fire and Brimstone for his Sake. This is so *monstrous* and surprising, that I much fear me, my dear Child, it portends some *unlucky* Revolution to *Europe*, the Downfall of the *Protestant* Religion in the *Palatinate*, the Universal Monarchy of *France*, the unkinging of his *Polish* Majesty, or the beating of Prince *Eugene* out of *Italy*. Had'st thou administered a little *Neapolitan* Consolation to thy *Hiber-*



man for his infidelity, thou had'st reveng'd thy self upon him in thy own Way and Profession, but to hang thy self for a faithless Wretch, was so wrong a Step in Politicks, that I can't imagine how thou could'st fall upon it! Alas thy Business is living, and not dying; or, if thou must needs resolve upon the latter, thou oughtest to die in thy own Element, I mean, of Love's active Distemper, and even of that, no were under a Garret. Money is a Whore's Religion, Love is downright Superstition: Now why should one of thy Function, in this Atheistical Age too, die for an Error, when our very Parsons won't do it for the Truth.

But, my Dear, I only say this by way of Railery, for between Friends, I so heartily approve of thy vertuous Resolution, that I am almost ready to hang my self for its Miscarrige:

Bless me! what wou'd I have given to have been in thy Chamber, when this glorious Scene was transacting there; but, Heaven be prais'd I have a tolerable good Fancy of my own, with whose Assistance I can make a Shift to guess pretty well how it was. I imagine then, I see the taking some half a Score melancholy Turns about thy Room, with a noble Distraction, and heroick Wildness in thy Looks, Like Queen Dido a little before she ascended the Funeral Pile. Methinks I hear thee pouring out a Volly of hearty Ejaculations against thy false Gallant, — then down with thy Looking-glass, — then out with the Cords, — then fasten them to the Stable, — then mount the fatal Joynt-Stool, — then take the fatal Leap, ha, ha, ha, it makes me ready to die with the Conceit, — and then swing.

*With an Air and a Face,  
And a Shape and a Grace,*

As the Song has it, like a School-boy in a Bell-rope, but so prettily and decently, that I must needs say for thee, with the Knot so *nicely* plac'd under thy right Ear, thy Mouth so *merrily* distorted, and the Humidity of thy Nature so *plenteously* streaming down upon the Floor, that, for my Part, I wou'd rather have beheld this Sight, than any of the *Roman* Triumphs, and sooner seen thee dangling under the Rope, than a Thousand *Lady Mary's* showing their Agility upon it.

'Faith, my dear Child, to be *serious* with thee, I wou'd not have had thee cut down for a *Million*, and a Million, thou know'st, is a pretty round Sum, as Times go. In the first Place, had thy noble Design taken Effect, thou wou'd'st have been immortaliz'd in all the *News-Papers* about Town, and thy *Phyz* most curiously engrav'd in Wood, by honest *John Overton*, to adorn the Walls of every Coffee-house in *Drury-lane*. The poor Sisterhood of *Wild-street* wou'd have quoted thy Name with as much Veneration, as the Boys in *Cheap-side* talk of the *London* Apprentice, that kill'd his Brace of *Lions*, and kept the Anniversary of thy *Suspension* more *religiously* than the good People of *White Friars* do that of their *Martyr*, Captain *Winter*. Then there wou'd have been half a Score mournful Odes made upon thee, that's certain, sung most harmoniously at *Holbourn-bars* and *Fleet ditch*: The Ballad-Women wou'd have cry'd, *Here's a new and true Ballad of a Miss of the Town, that hang'd ber self in great Queen-street*. Then some of the Standers by wou'd have ask'd, *For what? For what?* Why, because she had, perhaps, cries one of them, been over-work'd in *Bridewell*; or because she had fall'n into the Hands of Justice *Perry*, cries another; or was stripp'd of her only Petticoat, by an *unmerciful* Drawer, says a third; or an unkind Spark

gave her a small Token of his Affection, cries a fourth, and left her not a Farthing to get rid on't. Thus the Mob would have bandied their Opinions about thee, and at last, the Ballad-Woman clear'd all, by telling them, *In Truth, you are mistaken, she bang'd her self for Love.* Upon this, there wou'd have been such *shouting* and clapping of Hands, such *hollowing* and huzzaing, that the whole Town wou'd have run with the Noise. Nay, who knows but the City-Poet, in a few Years, wou'd have brought thee into *Smithfield*, where thou would'st soon have o'er-topp'd *Jephtha's* Daughter and *Bateman's* Ghost? or lastly, who can tell, but thou mightiest have been prefer'd to the Almanack, and a new *Ara* commenc'd from thy glorious *Suspension*? Well, it makes me stark mad, my dear Creature, to think, that thou hast *lost* all these Advantages and Honours, these Trophies and Epitaphs, through the over-officious *Folly* of thy Maid. Prithee, let me *conjure* thee to turn her away for my Sake, or rather for *thy own*; for why should thou keep a silly Slut in thy Service, that has robb'd thee of *Immortality*?

T. Brown.

To Mr. B—— in Covent-Garden.

*An Account of a Journey to Exon.*

April 8. 1700.

AS we have one good *Quality* in our Sex beyond what *yours* can boast of, that is, seldom to make a Promise, but with a Design to keep it; I have therefore been careful to let you I see cannot easily forget any Thing, which so great



great an Obligation as my *Word* hath engag'd me to Remember : And as there was nothing needful, but a bare Remembrance of my Promise to induce me to preserve it ; so I hope, on your Part, there will be nothing more requir'd to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a Willingness to receive it. I confess I have given you but a rude Account of my *Journey*, every Part just scribled o'er with as much Freedom as 'twas acted, wanting Leisure to put it in any other than a *loose Morning-dress* ; not questioning, but it may please you as well without the *Formalities* of Stile, as a pretty *Woman* without Stays may some of your *Acquaintance*.

In the first Place, I shall give you a rough Draught of those *discording Mortals* our Company was compos'd of in the *Stage-Coach*, (viz.) A *Barrister at Law*, an *Attorney's Clerk*, a *Cornish Justice*, a *Taylor*, and a *Valet* to a *Parliament-Man*, that would be ; but some Dispute arising in the Election, prevents me fixing his *Title* : That had I been travilling in a *Dutch Scout*, or a *Gravesend Tilt-Boat*, I could not have been treated with less Manners, or teaz'd with more Impertinence.

The *Justice*, notwithstanding the Government's Care for the *Reformation of Vice*, was as drunk as a *Dutch Captain* before he engages, and, for the first Day talk'd of nothing but *Fox-hounds*, *March-beer*, *Warrants*, *Whipping-posts* and *Vagabonds*, hal-  
lowing as laudably in every Interval of his *Nonsense*, as if he had been riding three-quarter-speed at the very Heels of his *Beagles*, larding his other *Qualifications* now and then with a Scrap of an old *Hunting-Song*, with a *Hey down, ho down, &c.* which gave me good Reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood's Ballads*, than with *Keeble's Statutes*, understanding the latter, I

believe, as much as a *German Juggler* does *Necromancy*, or a *Lord-Mayor State Policy*.

The *Limbs* of the *Law* were much disturb'd at his *Bawling*, for I conceive they love no *Bodies Noise* but their own. They desir'd him to sleep; but he cry'd, 'Zounds, I win't sleep; I din't care a F—t for your *Anger*, I'm a *Justice of Peace*, and worth thirty thousand Pound, and am the *Head-Man* where I live; and, by G—d, if you come to *Landthor*, I'll give you a *Glass* of the best *March-beer* you ever drank in your *Life*: But I will make a *Noise*, if I please. I was in *Hopes* of seeing *Law* and *Justice* fall together by the *Ears*; but at last *Justice* slept, and the *Law* got the better by surviving it.

The *Taylor*, had you seen him, you wou'd have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaux*, for he had the *Lines* of *Faith* in his *Face*, and his *Cloths* bore the *Marks* of *Poverty*; he complain'd very much of *Trusting*: I find 'tis a common *Calamity*, and ruins more *Families*, than the *Royal Oak-Lottery*.

The *Valet* personated his *Master* to a *Tittle*, and was as arrogant and noisy, as e'er a *Country Squire* in *England*.

Now, If I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had most *Manners* of all these: The *Lawyer* slept Dogs-sleep most Part of the *Way*, I suppose the better to *ruminate* on the *Causes* he had in *Hand*. The *Clerk* was as impertinent as a *Midwife* at a *Gossiping*, and I as dull as an *old Woman* at a *Funeral*. They fail'd not to eat and drink heartily upon the *Road*, nor to make me club to the *Reckoning*; *Justice* and *Law* were both of a *Side* in that *Particular*; and the *Court of Equity* being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any *Terms*, rather than seek for *Remedy*.

After the *Fatigue* of four *Days*, which might serve for a reasonable *Penance* for all the *Sins* I  
ever

ever committed in my Life, I arriv'd at Exon, where we met the Judges entering the Town in as much Triumph, as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a Victory; the *Higb-Sheriff* rode in as much State, as a *Colonel* of the *City Train-bands*, and much in the same Order, only the *Sheriff* march'd in the Rear of his Army, and the other in the Front. The next Day being *Sunday*, call'd by the Natives of this Country *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without some Reason, for the People look'd as if they were *gallied*) I was wak'd by the tremendous Sound of a *Horse-Trumpet*; I imagin'd some *Monster* was to be seen, and, looking out of my Window, I saw several Sorts; the first were *Mrs. Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for Women rule in this Climate, and therefore I give her the Preheminence) in a triumphant Chariot (erected on Purpose for that Occasion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crowding to see their *Worships*, as if it had been his *Czarish Majesty*: The Custom, it seems, is to conduct them in this Manner to the most magnificent Church of the Place, where we will leave them to their several Ejaculations.

*I am your oblig'd Servant.*  
*You know who*

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*The Answer.* By Mr. Brown.

*Madam,*

*April. 22. 1700.*

I Receiv'd your Letter, and am glad to find by it, that you have got that by making a small Journey to *Exeter*, for which other People are forc'd to cross the *Alpes*, and beat the *Hoof* to *Rome*, I mean the Remission of your Sins, which you think you have made a reasonable Atonement for, by

G g 4

suffering



suffering so much from the *Impertinence* of the *Cornish Justice*, and the two *Limbs* of the *Law*.

But *Madam*, don't flatter your self, or think, that your *Chalk* will be so easily wiped out. You have been a great *Sinner* in your *Time*, and *four Days Penance* in a *Stage-Coach* will hardly atone for the *Sins* you have committed: And, because we are too apt to be over-favourable to our self; give me *Leave, Madam*, to awaken your *Conscience* out of this *dangerous State of Security*, by laying before you some of the many *Sins* you are accountable for.

*Imprimis*, Here are *People* in *Town*, that charge you with *Murders* numberless; and, unless you heartily repent of them, and promise to commit no more, I find but little *Hopes* of you. Yes, *Madam*, you are charg'd with *Murder*, with this horrid *Aggravation* too on your Side, That whereas other *Assassines* only murder their *Enemies*, or such as they suspect to be so, you make no *Scruple* to kill your *Lovers*, that throw themselves at your *Feet*, and wou'd purchase a *single Smile* from you at a *seven Years Service*.

In the next *Place*, you are accus'd of *Theft*. Set your *Hand* to your *Heart, Madam*, and do but consider how many of those *valuable Commodities* you have stolen in your *Time*, yet never had the *Conscience* to restore them to the *right Owners*. What makes the *Crime* worse in you, you have added *Sacrilege* to *Theft*, and stole away *People's Hearts* at *Church*, in the *Time* of *Divine Service*, and in the *Sight* of *Moses* and *Aaren*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *Theft*; and that if *Men* will put their *Hearts* upon you, how can you help it? But, *Madam*, some *People* gave them you, who had no *Right* to dispose of them, as I cou'd instance in a thousand *married Men* that sigh'd for you, and, according to the ancient  
Proverb,

*Proverb*, the *Receiver* is as bad as the *Thief*, for they stole 'em from their *Wives* to bestow 'em upon you.

*Thirdly* and *lastly*, *Madam*, you have not only your own *Sins*, but those of other People to answer for. How many *Women* have you made guilty of the horrid *Sin* of *Detraction*, and tell a thousand malicious *Stories* of you, only because you were *handsomer* than they? How many *Men* have you made guilty of *Perjury*; and tempted them to forsake their former *Vows*, to sacrifice 'em to you?

Thus, *Madam*, I have made bold to lay some of your *Sins* before you. Should I undertake to send you a full *Catalogue* of them, I shou'd have as fine a *Time* on't, as the *Commissioners*, that are to inspect publick *Accounts*. Therefore never think, that your *Exeter-Journey* has compounded for them. I wou'd advise you this *holy Year* of *Jubilee*, to turn your *Face* towards *Rome*; but, alas, you'd spoil the *Devotion* of all the *Pilgrims* there, that according to our last *Advices*, are above a hundred thousand strong. In short, *Madam*, I don't know what *Course* to advise you to; only don't stay long in the *Country*, for that wou'd be to trespass against a positive *Text*, and to put your *Candle* under a *Bushel*. Come to *Town* as soon as you can, begin to make *Restitution* in the Place where you have done the most *Mischief*.

You desire, in my *Answer*, I shou'd transmit you some *News*: I assure you, *Madam*, there is not enough stirring about *Town*, to fill the last half *Column* of the *Weekly Papers*, without a tedious *Repetition* of the same fulsome *Stuff*: That the *City News-bounds* sit as hush over their *Coffee*, as so many *English-men* in a *Tavern*, when the *Drawer* has brought the *Reckning*: But however, for once, I will strain a *Point* to oblige you.

Notwithstanding the late *War* in *Flanders*, and the present *Year* of *Jubilee*, have rid the *Nation* of  
Abundance

Abundance of *Fools* ; yet *Knaves* are every *Term* as thick in *Westminster-Hall*, and *Cuckolds* every *Day* as numerous upon *Change*, as if they had still, without *Loss*, preserv'd their *ancient Number*.

*Postasters* are grown as numerous in this *Town*, as *Quack-Doctors* or *Stock-Jobbers* ; and every one so applies himself to the *Stage*, that the *White-Fryars Printers* are quite beggar'd for want of *Ballads* : Yet *Wit*, I observe, is as scarce as 'twas in the *Time* of *Jeffrey Chaucer*, when a *Distich* of *Verses* were worth a *Page* of *Prose*, and a *Song*, with a *Fa-la-la Chorus*, was much more listen'd to, than a *Sermon*.

*Discretion* in married *Women*, is here grown as scarce as *Modesty* in *Maids* ; they so forward their *Daughters*, by their own foolish *Talk* and *Example* that the pretty *Miss* at *Seven*, instead of a *Rattle*, talks of nothing but a *Husband* ; and the young *Lady* at *Eleven*, is as ripe in her *Thoughts*, and as pert in her *Behaviour*, as if her *Education* had been at the famous *Mrs. C——'s*, near *Red-Lyon-Square*, instead of a *Dancing-School*.

I know, *Madam*, some of this *News* must seem strange to a *Woman* of your *Virtue* ; but the more surprizing, generally the more acceptable, especially if it be true ; for which Reason I sent it you, to supply the *Scarcity* of such as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your *Acceptance* of it in room of better, from *Madam*,

*Your Humble Servant.*

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To his *Mistress*.

*Upon seeing his Rival go in her Lodgings.*

I Was dress'd, and just going to make you a small *Visit*, last *Evening*, when I unluckily saw a *Coach* stop at your *Door*, a *Gallant* bolt into the



the House, the *Sashes* drawn down by trusty *Rachel*, and all *Appearances* of *Business* going forward. This made me immediately drop my Design; for as I wou'd not willingly be hinder'd in one of my own *Intrigues*, so I am too good a *Christian* to interrupt any *Friend* of yours in his. Cou'd I but express to you how *uneasy* I pass'd the Evening, and what racking Thoughts possess'd me all Night, as *hard-hearted* as you are, I dare swear you wou'd pity me. All the while I toss'd and tumbld in my Bed, I fancy'd my happier Rival revell'd in your *Arms*, surfeited on your *Lips*, lay expiring upon your *Breasts*, and ——— but I dare trust my self no longer with such *stabbing* Ideas. In short, I am upon the Brink of *Despair*, and you have no other Way left to cure my *Jealousy*, but by imposing upon my *Understanding*, and telling me, that all I saw was a perfect *Illusion*; persuade me, the *Gallant* was the Fellow that furnishes you with *Small-coal*; that the *Coach* was a Ban-box with your *Linnen* in't; the two *Horses*, a Brace of *Elephants*, just marching for *May-Fair*. Tell me, trusty *Rachel* was drinking burnt *Brandy*, with a Couple of *Tinderbox-cryers*, at the next red *Lattice*, tho' I saw her draw down the *Parlour-Sashes* about six. To conclude, invent any Thing, say any Thing, swear any thing, tho' it be never so *absurd*; so you give it me but under your *Hand*, 'twill be the best of *Cordials* to.

*The despairing*

*Amintas.*

To

To his Mistress.

*He desires her to steal him a kind Glance out of  
her Window.*

*Madam,*

**W**HAT have I done to disoblige you, that you should keep me so long in *Darkness*? In plain *English*, why have I not seen you *shine* out of the Sash this Morning, since, you know, I compute the Day not from the Sun's *rising*, but your *appearing* at the Window? 'Tis now exactly *ten*, yet 'tis as *dark* in my Hemisphere, meaning my Room, as if 'twere *Midnight*. and all for want of your divine *Eyes* to enlighten it. You'll hardly believe me, but, upon my Faith, 'tis true, I am forc'd to use a *Candle* to write these few Lines to you; therefore, tho' it were only to save me the *Expence* of Candles, which the Maid, with *Tears* in her Eyes, told me are *risen* a full Penny in the Pound, since the *declaring* of the War, peep out of the Window, and give Light and Comfort to

T. B.

To his Mistress.

*Upon calling her a Hypocrite.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU quarrell'd with me last Night, for calling you a *Hypocrite*, by the same Token I promised to *retract* my Words the next Time I did my self the *Honour* to write to you. I wou'd willingly *oblige* you all I can; but having consider'd the Matter seriously upon my Pillow, my *Conscience* tells me, you are a downright *Hypocrite*, and, Madam, I find there's no going against once *Conscience*,

To

To be a *Hypocrite*, is to be one Thing in Reality, and another in Appearance : Now, Madam, let us examine, whether you will not come within the *Pale* of this Definition. To see the charming *Innocence* of your Looks, one wou'd be apt to swear you never intended, or executed any *Mischief* with them; and yet you have more *Bloodshed*, they say, to answer for, than the *French King*. Then your *Eyes* are the greatest *Hypocrites* in Nature; he that observes the languishing *Softness* of them, wou'd conclude they only warm'd us by their Beams, whereas the *Sun* in *Africk* does not scorch more violently. Your *Cheeks* are adorn'd with so delicious a Red, that half the World imagines you are painted, whereas you wholly owe it to the Indulgence of *Nature*. And lastly, as for your Conversation, nothing is easy and free, yet nothing seems so artificial and studied.

On the other Hand, Madam, your humble Servant is perfectly the *Reverse* of what he appears to be. You'd take him for a wavering *inconstant* Fellow, and so does the Generality of your Sex, that regulate their *Judgment* of him by *Appearances*; but, to my certain Knowledge, he's the *sincerest* Lover upon Earth. 'Tis true, he seems to proffer his Heart to a thousand other Women; yet, take my Word for't, he only designs it for you: If sometimes he acts the *Indifferent*, and tells you, he cares not a *Farthing* for you, don't believe him; for then his Passion is at the highest, and he could readily die for you.

Thus, Madam, 'tis plain we are both of us *Hypocrites*, tho' of a different Species. What will you say to my *Proposal* then of beinging both our *Noble* Qualifications into one common Stock? For, perhaps, something very *sincere* may be the Result of it.

To



To Madam de B——

*Upon her being angry with him for telling her,  
that his Soul had left him to go and inhabit  
with her.*

**F**OR Heaven's Sake, Madam, what have I done to you to put you into so *cruel* a Passion? Was it then so *unpardonable* a Crime in me, to tell your Ladyship, that my Soul had *quitted* its old Tenement to *take up* its Quarters with you? For my Part, I cannot see wherein it should so mightily *displease* you. If you believe nothing of the Matter, why then should you be so *offended* at it? And if 'tis *true*, that this *Vagabond* of a Soul has *left* me for you, take it to your self a God's Name, and don't send it back to its old Master, that has now no *Titile* to it: For ever since the *Frolick* has taken it to loiter about you, it comes so seldom Home, that I have no Time to *punish* it for *deserting* me. Perhaps you may think this Adventure without Example: but, I can assure you, 'tis not so new, as your Ladyship imagines. If ever you had read *Pliny*, he wou'd have inform'd you, that the Soul of one *Hermotimus* us'd to *abdicate* his Body, as often as the *Whimsy* took it, in Order to divert it self more agreeably elsewhere. as it saw Occasion; and then when the *Frolick* was *spent*, wou'd come home civilly to its old Habitation, and tell *Hermotimus* what *fine* Things it had observ'd abroad. This was a wonderful pretty Way of travelling, for one to run over the Lord knows how many *Leagues*, without the least *Fatigue*, or being expos'd to any of those *Inconveniences*, that use to incommode other Travellers. But Madam, there's sensible Difference

in

in the Case between *Hermorinus* and me : For that worthy Gentleman's *Body*, all the while his *Soul* was absent from it, lay as cold and *immoveable* as a *Stone* ; but for my *Part*, I eat and drink, and dance, and laugh, while my *Soul* is taken up near your *Person*, By this, *Madam*, you may see, that you have wrought a *Miracle* upon me, much more *considerable* than any in *Pliny* ; tho' under the *Rose*, that ingenious *Roman* was no *Niggard* of his *Prodigies*, when once his *Hand* was in. I am.

Yours, &c.

---

To Madam —

To acquaint her, that had the good Fortune to escape a double Scowring, viz. Death and Marriage.

SINCE I have been depriv'd of the *Happiness* of seeing you, I had like to have done two of the *foolishest* Things, which a Man in his *sober* Senses can possibly be guilty of, if 'tis in his *Power* to avoid them ; I mean, *Madam*, I had like to have gon the way of all *Flesh*, in a *mortal* and *matrimonial* Sense ; or, in *Plainer English*, either to have been *interr'd* in a *Church-yard*, or *undone* at the *Church-Alter*. To set me right in your good *Opinion*, 'tis but convenient I should inform you, *Madam*, that neither of these was of my own seeking ? but that a burning *Feaver* threaten'd to send me, *nolens volens*, to the *Grave*, and my good-natur'd *Parents* to condemn me to a *Wife*. However, Heaven be praised, I have made a shift to avoid both those *Blessings* ; and since  
you

you have been always pleas'd to express some Concern for my *Welfare*, I am vain enough to believe t'will be some *Satisfaction* to you to learn how I escap'd them.

My Fever had brought me to a very low Condition, so that I expected every Moment when I should take a Leap in the *Dark*; for which Reason I was willing to clear my *Debts* before I parted, and if I had stolen any Thing from any of my Neighbours, honestly to restore it, that I might not be embarrass'd in my Journey to the other World. Immediately I remember'd, that I had read in some of our Casuists, (perhaps it was St. *Austin*, but I won't be positive) that to steal was nothing else but to take away something, that belong'd to our Neighbour, without his *Consent*: Upon which Account remembring, that I had stolen certain valuable Goods from your pretty Cousin *Belinda* without her Leave, my poor Conscience flew in my Face, and acted the Part of a *Fury*. This Consideration, in short, so terribly alarm'd me, that 'tis impossible to tell you what *Agonies* I lay under; so that being fully resolv'd to make *Restitution* of all that very Moment, I ask'd my Confessor, a grave ancient Pillar of the Church, whether he wou'd give himself the Trouble to take into his Custody a few Things I had stolen from a certain Person, and deliver them to their proper Owner. The old Gentleman, over joy'd to find so pious a Disposition in me, made Answer, that he wou'd do it with all his Heart. Upon this I gave him a little Purse, which I wore about my Neck in Nature of a Relick-Case, wherein he found a Lady's Picture in Miniature, three red Ribbons, and a Locket of Hair. When my venerable Spark saw this, Come, come, cries he, if you have been guilty of no other Theft, ne'er trouble your self about the Matter: This is a Peccadillo, a  
meer



meer Trifle, and my Life for yours, will never rise in Judgment against you. Ay, but Father, said I to him, this is nothing to what follows, for I have stole something of a thousand Times greater Value than this. How, my dear Child, said he, twirling up his Whiskers most judiciously, and what can that be? 'Tis, answer'd I, what both the Indies cannot purchase; 'tis what would pay the greatest Monarch's Ransom upon Earth, and I must beg you to restore it with the other Things. That you may be sure of, young Man, reply'd our Scruple-drawer, for what says one of the brightest Luminaries of the Latin Church? *Non tollitur peccatum nisi restituatur ablatum*: Which, for your Ladyship's Edification I thus translate;

*If you restore not what you stole,  
Old Nick will burn you to a Coal.*

With that, in spight of my Weakness, I jump'd out of Bed, took old *Ecclesiasticus* by the Beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty Buffes, and desir'd him to restore them to your Cousin *Belinda*. Although my Relations, that stood round my Bed, were in Tears to see me so near my last Exit, yet they could not forbear laughing at so ridiculous a Scene; nay, even the good Father himself lost all his Gravity, to find me troubled with so merry a Remorse of Conscience. However, to compose my afflicted Spirit, he promis'd, in *Verbo Sacerdotis*, that both the Purse and the Kisses should be faithfully restor'd to their right Owner. When they had given me Satisfaction in this important Point, I gave one of my Brothers a Will I had made a little before, and intreated him, that, if he had any Kindness for me, he wou'd take Care to see two Articles of it perform'd: The first was, to bury the Box, wherein I preserve your Letters,

you have been always pleas'd to express some Concern for my *Welfare*, I am vain enough to believe t'will be some *Satisfaction* to you to learn how I escap'd them.

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*If you restore not what you stole,  
Old Nick will burn you to a Coal.*

With that, in spight of my Weakness, I jump'd out of Bed, took old *Ecclesiasticus* by the Beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty Buffes, and desir'd him to restore them to your Cousin *Belinda*. Although my Relations, that stood round my Bed, were in Tears to see me so near my last Exit, yet they could not forbear laughing at so ridiculous a Scene; nay, even the good Father himself lost all his Gravity, to find me troubled with so merry a Remorse of Conscience. However, to compose my afflicted Spirit, he promis'd, in *Verbo Sacerdotis*, that both the Purse and the Kisses should be faithfully restor'd to their right Owner. When they had given me Satisfaction in this important Point, I gave one of my Brothers a Will I had made a little before, and intreated him, that, if he had any Kindness for me, he wou'd take Care to see two Articles of it perform'd: The first was, to bury the Box, wherein I preserve your Letters,



in the same Coffin with my self; and the second, to go to *Amelia*, ask her for my Heart, and deliver it to Madam — to whom it rightfully belongs. I likewise bethought my self of some small Matters I had stolen from *Calista*, and accordingly communicated these Scruples to my *honest* Confessor. But after I had given him a full Account of the whole Affair, he fairly told me, that since I had made so many fruitless Journeys for her Sake, danc'd so many Hours Attendance after her, thrown away so many Sighs, and been at the Expence of so many Tears upon her Account, I had *honestly* deserv'd a better Reward, than a Patch-box, a Tooth-picker, and a small Ear-ring, amount'd to, and therefore need not disquiet my self upon that Score. Thus you see, Madam, what a World of Care I took to discharge my Conscience, that I might troop off like a good Christian. But, as it happen'd, I might have sav'd my self the Trouble of making all this Preparation, for Heaven contented it self to see me put all in Readiness for this unwelcome Voyage, without carrying Matters any farther. In short, my Fever abated, and I began to perceive some small Glimpse of a Recovery. 'Twas at this critical Juncture, when my Relations, intending, I suppose, to take their Advantage of my Weakness, which had not as yet wholly left me, propos'd a Match to me; and I, to convince you, that I was not yet fully recover'd, in some Manner consented to their Proposal: But no sooner did I find my self in *Statu quo*, that is, re-establish'd in perfect Health of Mind and Body, but I took Care to escape the Ecclesiastical Trap they had laid for me, and made the best of my Way to *Paris*, where I am at present, but cannot tell you to what Place I shall remove next. However this I know, Madam, that let my Destiny carry me to what Part of the World it

pleases,

*pleases*, I shall inviolably preserve that *Friendship*, which I have *sworn* to you, and that nothing can give me greater *Satisfaction*, than to find by your Letters, that you *maintain* the same for me, who am,

Paris.

*Madam,*

*Your most obliged, and*

*Most obedient Servant.*

---

To Calista.

*To tell her what cruel Designs his Despair had  
thrown him upon.*

WHEN I parted from you Yesterday, I left you with a full Resolution to *murder* my self, that I might have the Honour of *pleasing* you once in my Life, and *free* you, as you are pleas'd to *express* your self, from a troublesome *Persecutor*. But hitherto I have not put my Design in *Execution*, as having not been able to *determine* what *Sort* of Death to pitch upon. At first I had an Inclination to *imitate* the late *Celadon*, of amorous Memory, and plunge headlong into the *River*; but then I was afraid lest the *Water* would carry me to the Banks, as well as him, and the compassionate *Nymphs* save me, in *Spite* of my Teeth. Then the *Fancy* took me in the Head, to go and decently *hang* my self before your Door, and copy the Example of *Iphis*, who is the first Lover upon Record, that brought a *Halter* into Reputation; but I consider'd, upon second Thoughts, that it wou'd eternally *reflect* upon your Family, should I make a *Gallows* of your Door; and besides,

H h 2

sides, hanging is a *scurvy* Sort of Death, to which I have had an *Aversion* from my Cradle. In the next Place I thought of *poisoning* my self, but soon laid it aside, believing that *Poison* was no more able to *dispatch* me, than *Mithridates* in the Days of *Tore*, since I had made it in a Manner *familiar* to me, by being so long *accustom'd* to it; for mind me, Madam, having fed so many Years upon *Fear*, *Despair*, and *Melancholy*, which are the rankest and most violent *Poisons* in Nature, and all this without any *Prejudice* to my Person, I think I may *safely* conclude, that I may venture now to take a small Dose of *Arsenick* or *Antimony*, and yet do my self no *Harm*. After this, I be-  
 thought my self, that to pierce my Heart with a *Dagger*, was as pretty an Expedient as a Man in my Circumstances cou'd *wish*; but when I reflected, that *Lucretia* had ended her Days with a Piece of cold *Iron*, I soon *abandon'd* my Design; for why the Plague should I pitch upon that Sort of Death, which a *foolish* Woman formerly chose, who died out of *Madness* for having committed that *very* Action, which it makes me *stark mad*, that I have never yet been so *fortunate* as to commit? And therefore since my *Despair* proceeded not from the same *Motive*, as that of the undisc-  
 creet *Lucretia*, what Reason had I to chuse the same *Destiny*? In short, I *spent* the whole Night in *considering* of this Affair, but cou'd come to no *final* Resolution. Now, Madam, I wou'd not have you think, that the *Fear* of dying has *hinder'd* me all this while; no, 'tis the *Manner* of doing it, which has given me all my *Uneasiness*; for to *unload* my Conscience to you all at once, since I have found so many *Plagues* and *Crosses* in my *Life*, I wou'd, by my good Will, tast a little *Pleasure* at my *Death*. And this, Madam, I might expect to *find*, cou'd I put a certain *Thought*, that

has



has suddenly come into my Head, in *Execution* ; which is, my *fairest* Creature, to *die* between thy Arms, to *expire* upon thy Bosom, to be *sifted* with thy Kisses, and *smother'd* with thy Embraces. I am very well *satisfied*, before I have made the *Experiment*, that there is nothing of that *Horror* in this Sort of Death, as there is in drowning, hanging, and the like. *Oblige* me therefore so far, as to let me *die* in this Manner ; for since you are *resolv'd* upon my Death, what signifies it, whether it be given me with *Pain* or *Pleasure* ?

---

A Billet from a Lady.

*Wherein she desires him to help her to a Song she had forgotten.*

**I** Remember, that Yesterday, towards the Evening, I heard a *Sonnet* or *Madrigal*, I cannot tell you which of the *two* it was, repeated to me by I don't know *who* or *where* ; but this I remember full well, that it was one of the *prittiest* Fancies I ever heard in all my Life. This *treacherous* Memory of mine has *unhappily* lost it, by the same Token, I have *puzzled* my Brain, to no Purpose, all this Morning, in *Hopes* to recover it. *Prithee* favour me so far as to try, whether you can retrieve it in yours, for I shall have Occasion to show it in certain *Company* to Night, where it will be very *acceptable*. I can give you no *other* Marks to *know* it by, but that it talks of *Cupid's* having been of several *Trades* ; but what those *Trades* were, the Lord of *Oxford* knows for me, and concludes with this Line, or something like it :

H h 3

*Where*

*Where he stops up one Hole, he leaves a Score in the Room.*

If your *Memory* can't help you to it, I expect your *Muse* should supply the *Defect* of it, and send me before Evening either the *Song* I have forgotten, or one of your own upon the same *Subject*, full as good as the other. Farewell.

---

*The Answer.*

*Madam,*

I Have not the *least Idea* of the Madrigal or Sonnet you write to me for, and indeed how should I? My *Memory* can't help me to't; for, to the best of my Remembrance, it was never intrusted with it. As for my *Muse*, I have taken a great deal of Pains with her to put her in a good Humour, and perswade her to comply with your Commands: Besides, that she hates nothing so much as to write upon Compulsion; she told me very bluntly, that she lay under no Obligation to pay the Debts of your Memory, or gratify a Lady's Demands, that cou'd forget a fine Piece of Poetry so easily. You must own, Madam, that she had some Reason for what she said; for since you have lost so charming a Song, as this last appears to have been by your Concern for it, How can it be imagined, that you should take any Care to preserve such foolish Words as mine? At first indeed I was of her Opinion; but upon second Thoughts both alter my own Mind and hers also, by representing to her, that you cou'd not oblige her more effectually, than by forgetting her Verses, since, at the same Time, you would forget her blind Side.

Be-

Before I part with your Ladyship, I cannot but remind you of your accusing me, in your last, with being the most *faithless* Lover upon Earth. A *hideous* Charge! were it true; but, Heaven be *praised*, 'twill give me no great *Trouble* to *justify* my self, tho' in making this *Justification*, I shall be *forc'd* to advance a certain *Doctrine*, which is not *commonly* receiv'd: I am perswaded, Madam, that there can be no greater *Fidelity* in the World, than to shew it to several People at the *same Time*. When a Man has promis'd it but to one Mistress, he needs no *mighty* Stock of it to keep his Word with her. But when he *vows* *Fidelity* to some ten or twelve *Bona Robas* at once, he ought, in my Opinion, to be *plentifully* furnish'd with this *precious* Commodity, to enable him to *acquit* himself of his Promise. As for my self, Madam, I can *honestly* boast, that I am possess'd of this happy Talent, and am the *faithfullest* Man living to half a dozen *Mistresses* at this present Writing.

*In all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy,  
To shew such a forward frank Lover as I:  
So faithful and true where my Promise is past,  
At the first so sincere, and so warm at the last.  
Imprimis, I've sworn true Allegiance to Phillis;  
And the same I have done to divine Amarillis:  
Then to Cælia, the Fair, I my Heart did resign;  
Next I laid down the Trifle at Iris's Shrine.  
Calista then gently put in for the Prize,  
Nor did the coy Sylvia my Offering despise.  
But now you'll enquire, can they all quarter there?  
Why, Madam, my Heart's large enough, never fear:  
There's room for my Phillis,  
And soft Amarillis:  
And Cælia, the Fair,  
Who need not despair  
Of a good Lodging there:*



120 *Letters to Gentlemen and Ladies.*

*With Iris, Calista, and Sylvia beside.*

*Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.*

*So large is the Place, and so plenteous my Store,*

*I with Ease can provide for six Mistresses more.*

*Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a Score.*

}

I don't know what your Ladyship will say to these *Heretical Principles* ; but you may be satisfy'd I firmly believe them, having made this *Confession* to you, not only in *Verse*, but in the Sincerity of *Prose*, in which I beg leave to assure you, that I am with the utmost Respect,

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient, &c.*

---

*To the Lady S — le, who desir'd him to draw  
the Character of his Rival.*

*Madam,*

**Y**OU are certainly the most ingenious Woman in the World at tormenting of your humble Servants, so that 'tis really a great deal of Pity you had not been Daughter or Wife to one of those Emperors, who took so much Delight in inventing new Punishments to persecute the poor Christians. How nobly had you succeeded in that glorious Employment, and what Pleasure wou'd it have been to your good-natur'd Daddy, or Husband, to see the Fruitfulness of your Invention? All the Tortures, the Gibbets and Racks of those famous Tyrants, had been nothing but down-right Sport and Pastime, if compar'd to the Torments which your fertile Genius wou'd have found out. Have I not sufficient Reason, Madam, to entertain this Opinion of your Cruelty, since I have found, to my Cost, how dexterous you are in persecuting your  
Sub-

Subjects? Is it possible to devise a more *emphatical* Punishment, than to *oblige* a Man to write the Panegyrick of his *Rival*? And yet you have impos'd this cruel *Necessury* upon me. Since *Adonis* has the good *Fortune*, I won't say the *Merit*, to appear *lovely* in your Eyes, you must e'en lay your *Commands* upon me to draw him as *such*, and charge me not to let *Envy* or *Jealousy* have the least Hand in his *Picture*: Nay, what is *more*, you expect I should *flatter* his Defects, and *set off* his good Qualities. This, as I take it, is what you require me to do, in order to *please* you; but, Madam, is it possible I should please you and my *self* at the same Time? I need not inform you sure, what a *Mortification* it is to *praise* one's *Rival* even for his *Perfections*; what must it be then, to be *forc'd* to tell *Lies* in his Favour? Do you believe, that because you are *charm'd* with his *Merits*, I must be so *too*? Or, because you have been *pleased* to make him your *Idol*, that I must *fall down* and *worship* him in my Turn? I *appeal* now to your Ladyship, whether you did not give me a *just* Provocation to *compare* you to those ancient *Tyrants*, that persecuted the poor *Christians*, because they wou'd not adore *false* Deities; for don't you exercise the same *Injustice* against me? But this is *nothing*, you are my *Sovereign*; and tho' it goes never so much *against* the Grain, I must *obey*; neither shall I scruple to *sacrifice* my own Pleasures, that I may *promote* yours. For this *Reason*, I will immediately take my *Pencil* in Hand to draw the *Picture* of your beloved *Adonis*, and use all imaginable *Precaution*, that neither *Envy* nor *Jealousy* shall be *concern'd* in tempering the *Colours*.

*Adonis* is well shap'd. and of a reasonable Stature. 'Tis true, some People think him somewhat of the *lowest*; but what of all that? 'Tis rather an *Advantage*,

*vantage*, than any *Prejudice* to him, since no Man can call him a *great Coxcomb*, without giving himself the *Lye*. His *Hair* is of a fine *flaxen* Colour, and *curls* most deliciously, so that he may boast, without *Vanity*, of having a *fine Head*. 'Tis a downright *Calumny*, to say, his Head is none of his own; for I am intimately *acquainted* with the Barber, that sold him his *Periwig*, who has told me a hundred Times, that, like a *noble Gentleman*, he gave him five *Guineas* more than it was worth. His *Head* stands between his two *Shoulders* exactly, like that of other *Mortals*, upon a *Pedestal*, which, in *Truth*, is somewhat of the *shortest*; but then, to make him *Amends*, Nature has supply'd in *Thickness* what it wants in *Length*. His *Complexion* is as fair as a *Lilly*, and indeed 'twere next to a *Miracle* were it otherwise; for, to my certain *Knowledge*, he owes the Devil and all for *Cosmeticks* and *Washes*, scrubs and lathers his *Phyz* most *unmercifully*, and bestows some half a Dozen of *Wash-balls* upon it every Morning. His *Eyes* are blue and rowling, 'tis true they are somewhat *heavy* and *dull*; but then 'tis to be consider'd they are *only* so in your *Presence*; and what *Wonder* is it, Madam, if when the *Sun* shines in its *Meridian Brightness*, the *lesser Stars* disappear? His *Eye-brows* are fair, but over large, and somewhat *Saracen-like*, I mean, when the *Tweezers* have not play'd their Part; for which Reason, I wonder at the *Impudence* of his *Enemies*, who pretend, that he has an *effeminate Face*. Whether Nature was in a *liberal Vein*, when she bestow'd a Head of Hair upon him I cannot *resolve* you, as not being able to *judge* of it through his *Periwig*; but this I am *assur'd* of, that she shew'd her self extremely *frugal* when she gave him a *Beard*; I say, Madam, extremely *frugal*; for had she given him



him one Hair *less*, she had ruin'd his Beard to all Intents and Purposes. But *blessed* be the Fashion, which extends its *Empire* over our *Beards*, as well as our *Habits*, *Adonis* has just enough for his present Occasion. His *Nose* is not to be *play'd* upon, because 'tis somewhat of the *shortest*, which may be the *physical* Reason, perhaps, why he does not *smell* Things at a Distance. His *Cheeks* are *ruddy* and *sanguine*, and indeed well may they *blush*, to be plac'd so near a *Mouth* that speaks nothing but *Absurdities*. In short, the *Turn* of his Face seems to *promise* no mighty Stock of *Intellectuals*; but who knows but his Soul is an errant *Hypocrite*, and *conceals* it self on Purpose to *surprize* all the *World*, when it makes its *first* Appearance? As for the *Qualities* of his *Body*, 'tis certain he possesses them to *Advantage*: He is a profound Critick in his *Cloaths*; and tho' he duly employs half a Score *Hours* every Morning before his *Toilette* and *Looking-glass*, yet it cannot be *pretended*, that he bestows them to no *Purpose*. He *dances* to Perfection, so that one may with *Justice* say of him, that if he has no *Mercury* in his *Brains*, he has enough in his *Heels*. He makes a good Figure on *Horseback*, I cannot deny it, who the last Time I had the *Honour* of your Company, receiv'd an unlucky *Fall* from my Horse, which he afterwards *mounted* before you, and *manag'd* with an extraordinary good *Grace*. I remember it full as well, as if it were but Yesterday, how plentifully you *laugh'd* at my Misfortune, and what mighty *Commendations* you bestow'd upon his *Horsemanship*. But, *Calista*, the *Miracle* is not so great as you imagine; for there is always a strange Sort of *Sympathy* between *Beasts*, and that, perhaps, might occasion the good *Intelligence* between the *Horse* and *Adonis*. As for his *Courage*, I have nothing to *except* against it, he is not afraid of shewing his Face in the *Field*,  
and

and I believe would not scruple to hazard his Life for a Trifle, because he *knows* very well, that in doing so, he hazards a Thing of no very great Importance. He is liberal even to Profusion, and flings away his Money like Dirt; but 'tis among his Songsters and Fiddlers, because they compliment him with the Title of *his Excellence*. He is free in his Discourse, and has nothing of the Dissembler in him; but, *Calista*, those that alway speak what they think, don't alway think what they speak. He is no Liar, and all that know him will do him the Justice to clear him from that Imputation; for there wants a great deal of Wit and Memory to qualify a Man for that Calling. As for Wit, his Adversaries give out, that he has little or none; but I am ready to take up the Cudgels in his Defence, for, I think, he has given a convincing, and indeed an undeniable Proof of his Wit in loving you. But to this, the others reply, that he loves you meerly because he was told you were amiable, and only suffers himself to be carried down the Stream with your other Admirers. 'Tis true, his Judgment was never polish'd by Education, he has no more Relish for Learning than a Horse, and is a perfect Stranger to all the Sciences: But, what is equally happy for him, he imagines he knows them all, and something more: And as Happiness consists in one's thinking himself happy, so perhaps Wit and good Sense may consist in one's thinking himself witty. If this Inference holds good, no Man ever possess'd it in so eminent a Degree as Adonis, since no Man ever had a better Opinion of his own Merit. At the same Time, *Calista*, we must own, that you have principally contributed to fix this Error in him, by heaping your Favours so profusely upon him, and that 'tis pardonable in a Man to deceive himself, after he has deceiv'd a Woman of your Wit. As for his Devotion, 'tis agreed on all Hands that it must

must needs be very great ; for he never fails of shewing his fine Person at Church, when you are there, which is as much as to say, he goes thither very often. He is as discreet, as a Man in his Condition well can be, and, to be sure, boasts not of Favours he never receiv'd from you. In his ordinary Conversation, he pleases not one in a Million ; but what signifies that, since he is so happy as to please you, and you alone are all the World to him. One cannot say, without grossly flattering him, that he rallies agreeably ; but the Reason is, because all Raillery is downright Slander ; and Slander surely is below a Gentleman of his extraordinary Worth. He tells his Stories with a very ill Grace, and teazes all those People to Death whom he delights to divert with them ; but tell me after all, what mighty Honour is it for a Man to be a good Story-teller, in plain English, a good Buffoon ?

And now, Calista, I have finished the Picture of your dear Adonis, as well as I was able. I am afraid you'll not think it altogether so charming as the Original ; but I find my self oblig'd in Conscience to inform you, that Love is a most deceitful Painter, upon which Account 'tis not safe always to believe the Representations of so known a Flatterer. Perhaps too my Jealousy, whatever care I took to hinder it from having any Hand in this Affair, has not seconded your Intention. Well, be it so then : However, I dare assure you, Calista, that my Jealousy is much more just than your Love, and better knows how to draw Pictures after the Life. I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient Vassal, &c.



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## Mr. T. BROWN'S *Pocket-Book* of *Common Places*.

**T**O see the Number of the Churches and Conventicles open every *Sunday*, a Stranger wou'd fancy *London* all Religion; but then to see the Number of Taverns, Ale-houses, &c. he wou'd imagine *Bacchus* the only God that is worshipp'd there.

A Man need not go out of *London* to hear Barbarisms and Nonsense; they are the universal Traffick from *Limehouse* to *Milbank*.

If no *Trades* were permitted, but those which are useful and necessary, *Lombard-street*, *Cheapside*, and the *Exchange*, might go a begging: For more are fed by our *Vanities* and *Vices*, than by our *Virtues*, and the *Necessities* of Nature.

Tradesmen often break to get an Estate, as *Tartars* retire to get a Victory.

All the Advantage Quality has of us, is, to eat *Asparagus* at *Christmas*, *Mackarel* in *February*, and *Larks* in *November*; run in Debt, without *Fear* of the *Bayliffs*, and put out no Lights in the *Winter*.

Men often interest Providence in their minutest Affairs, when they forget the greater. Thus a Captain in *Flanders*, dining at a Tavern, was pawn'd for the Reckoning; but just in the Nick, the Earthquake pay'd it, by knocking out the Brains of his Host.

I wonder the Tax-Projectors in *France* have never thought on an Imposition on Ice! Unless  
they

they have pass'd it over, as not reaching the Poor.

Some wou'd have us believe Camps the Schools of good Manners; but certainly we might as well learn Sobriety in a Tavern, and Chastity in a Brothel.

*Tiresias* knew more than *Solomon*; for the blind Prophet knew the Pleasures of both Sexes, which was more than the nine hundred Concubines cou'd impart to the KING.

I have found the Women generally against *Circumcision*, and the dismembring of the *Spanish Monarchy*; I can't tell their Reason, unless it be, that they are not for lessening the Members.

For a Prince to think to suppress a Faction, by bribing one or two of its Heads, is, to draw a Rent-charge on the *Crown*; for when Men know they are pay'd for it, the Party will never want a fresh Supply of Leaders.

It's a great Advantage to Traders of all Sorts, to come into a good custom'd Shop: So the Pope gets Money by succeeding *St. Peter*, *Dr. Gibbons* by coming into *Dr. Lower's House*, &c.

How little is popular Favour to be depended on? Four Years ago *Misophilus* was voted *deserving of the King's Favour*, and now voted to be try'd for Mismanagement.

A *Fast-Day* is only a Vacation from Cheating, and the Drunkard's Holy-day.

After all, I know not whether a nice Taste be not rather a Curse, than a Blessing; for by that we are pleas'd with fewer Things; and the less Pleasure, the less Happiness.

E'en Avarice has something to say for it self; and Sir *John Cutler*, perhaps, took as much Pleasure to see his *Guinea's*, as *Neal* to squander them away.

128 *Mr. Brown's Common-Place-Book.*

*Lawyers* leave generally perplex'd Wills, and why? But that, as they got their Money by *Law*, their Heirs may spend it in the same Manner.

A Man, that had a bad Memory, bought a *Memorandum-Book*, but never cou'd remember he had one. A notable Instance we had t'other Day in a certain Bishop, who forgot where he had lay'd his *Memorandums*.

*Vainlove* is a damn'd repeating *Poetafter*, and his Tongue is like a perpetual Motion. never lying still: Yet speaking of a Brother of the Quill--- 'Tis a thousand Pities, says he, ---- *He is the honestest Fellow in the World, only he talks too much.*

In the *Mosaic Law*, if the Whiteness had overspread all the Body, then the Affected had Liberty to go abroad for Air; if some Part of the Body was free from Infection, he was to be kept up as *unclean*. From which I observe first, That *Pu-trification* is more contagious before Maturity, than after. Secondly, That Men abandon'd to Vice, don't so much corrupt Manners, as half Debauchees, half good and half evil.

If the *Eucharist* be the true and real Body of our Saviour, why do you administer it on *Fridays*, when you prohibit eating *Flesh*?

*Tobacco, Ale, and the Protestant Religion*, the three great Blessings of Life.

The *Roman Sepulchres* were erected near the High Ways, to put People in Mind of Mortality; for which Reason we find the Inscriptions address'd to the *Viator*, or *Passenger*; ill imitated by us in our *Church Tombs*.

*Caligula* gave his Horse *Incitatus* a Parsonage; and no doubt on't, but wou'd have dispens'd with the Horses keeping a *Curate* to officiate, because he had an Impediment in his Speech.

The *Jewish Oeconomy* seems never design'd for all the World, but calculated for a narrow Territory,



tory, since they were oblig'd to go thrice a Year to *Jerusalem*.

A reverend, but laborious dull Trifler in his Book, wou'd persuade us, that the Gardens of the *Hesperides* and *Alcinous*, are taken from the Garden of *Paradise*; yes, as much as the great Bed at *Ware*, was borrow'd from that of King *Og*; and he might as well have drawn the *Pope's Triple Crown*, from St. *Peter's Triple Denial* of our Saviour.

*Mythologists* are indeed very pretty Fellows, and are mighty Unravellers of the Fables of the old *Ethnicks*, discovering all the *Old Testament* conceal'd in them. Thus *Eve* was *Ate*, *Pandora*, and *Proserpina*: *Astrea's* leaving the World, was *Enoch's* Assumption in the fiery Chariot: Because *Kings*, in Scripture, are stil'd *Gods*, therefore the *Pagans* deify'd their Kings: *Jupiter Ammon*, *Bacchus*, and *Pan*, are painted with Horns, because *Horns*, in the Scripture-Phrase, signify Power. They might, after this Rate, if they had a Mind to it, bring *Gammar Gurton* in, and make her, and Mother *Shipton*, and *Bess* of *Bedlam* signify the *Witch of Endor*.

The thriving Citizen makes it a chief Article of his *Creed*, that he must do every Thing, that will help to promote *Trade*; for that, to him, is the *Law and the Prophets*.

*Aeneas's* Piety runs incessantly out at his Eyes. He weeps at the burying of his Nurse; he weeps at the Loss of *Palinurus*.

When *Dido* found her self abandon'd, and out of Despair was contriving how to dispatch herself: The *Trojan* Prince very fairly goes to his Vessel; where he sleeps so soundly, that *Mercury* must come to awake him.

l. 1. bell. cw.

*Appian* made a gross Blunder in his History, where he says, That the *Romans* had Kings for the Space of an hundred Olympiads; whereas, all the World knows, that *Tarquin* was expell'd A. U. C. 244. and there's 156 Years Mistake in the Matter. But *Appian* visibly contradicts himself too elsewhere, where he places the Dictatorship of *Sylla* in the 175th Olympiad.

The *Pagan* Sacrifices for the most Part, were at the Charge of the Publick. *Theodosius* uses it as an Argument to the Heathens, to turn *Christians*, because their Religion was so costly.

Cyder an ancient Liquor mention'd both by *Tertullian* and *St. Austin*, the former calls it *Succum ex Pomis Vinosissimum*. The other writing against the *Manichees*, who abstain'd wholly from Wine, which they objected to. The *Catholicks* charge 'em with drinking the Juice of Apples, far more delicious than Wine, or any other Liquor. From these Passages of *Tertullian* and *Austin*, who were both *Africans*, Cardinal *Perrou* (who was born in *Fersy* of Protestant Parents) thinks this Liquor was first known in *Africa*, from thence pass'd into *Spain* among the *Biscayneers*, and from them into *Normandy*.

*Justin* censur'd by some for the Digression about the Antiquity of the *Scythians* and *Egyptians*, as *Sallust* is by *Scaliger*, Poet l. 4. for his tedious Speeches; for spending so much Time in describing the *Ara Fratrum*; in making a Parallel between *Cato* and *Cesar*, *præter Historiæ Argumentum*, and tracing the Conspiracy of *Cataline* to the Original of *Rome*; not to mention his two tedious, impertinent Prefaces.

*Creusa* had told *Aeneas*

*Ad terram' Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius, arva*  
*Inter opima virum, leni fluit agmine Tybris.*

And yet he says afterwards

*Incerti quo fata serant.*

The *Ancilia* among the old Romans ( as a Reverend Author asserts ) had some Reference to the Jews *Urim* and *Thummim*: As much as they have to the Spanish Arms in the Tower.

*Aristophanes's* Quarrel with *Socrates* was, because he dispis'd the Comedians, tho' he would go to see *Eurip.* Trag. for which Reason *Nub. Act. 5. Sc. 2.* he jeers at *Eurip.* Poetry.

The *Clouds* did not contribute to the taking away *Socr.* Life. *Palmerius* has shewn that he liv'd 24, if not 25 Years after, 'Tis evident, from the Play that was acted before *Cleon's* Death, which happen'd in the 10th Year of the *Peloponnesian* War, at which time, *Aminias* was the chief Magistrate at *Athens*, *Ann. 2. Olymp. 8.* But *Socrates* was accus'd when *Lachetes* govern'd, *Ann. 1. Olymp. 95.* three and twenty Years after the Death of *Cleon.* -- *Anton.* -- *Thyſt* in his Comments upon *A. Gellius*, l. c. 17. pretends that after *Arist.* had expos'd *Soc.* in his Comedy, call'd *The Frogs*, ( for so he mistakes ) the next Day he was accus'd and condemn'd.

\* 'Tis confess'd by learned Men he liv'd 16 Years after this play.

-- Who perhaps, borrow'd it from *Olivarius* in l. 7. Val. Max

*Apud Homerum Alcinous Odyss. 7. Ulyſſi peregrino Filiam offers optans ut illam velit accipere, & vocari gener, quod quidam reprehendunt.*

*Circe* better employ'd by *Ovid*, than by *Virgil*. In the latter she is represented weaving: In the former she and her Companions.



*Vellera motis*

*Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fila sequentia ducunt.  
Gramina disponunt, sparsaq; sine ordine Flores  
Secernunt calathis, Variasq; coloribus Herbas.*

And this seems to be the fitter Diversion for an Enchantress.

*Macrobius l. 5. c. 17.* blames *Virgil* unjustly, for making the Grounds of the *Latin War* so trivial. *Homer's Ilias* turns upon a less, the Tears of a Parson's Daughter.

Errorem admittit *Lucanus*, cum dixerit:

*Fundat ab extremo flavos Aquilone Suevos  
Albis.*

Nam Suevi Rheno propiores.

Par error in Sequentibus.

—— *Ganges toto qui solus in Orbe  
Ostianaescenti contraria solvere Phæbo  
Audet.*

Ister liquidem et Padus, et Thamasis in orientem Fluunt quin Ganges in Austrum exit.

*Isidore* pretends that 'till *Augustus's* Time, the Romans made use of *cs* instead of *x*; and *Papias* adds, that after the Nativity of our Saviour, it came in Fashion, in *Honorem crucis* in Respect to the Cross; both which are false. For in the *Colonna rostrata*, the oldest Remainder of Antiquity in Rome, we find *exfociunt* for *effugiunt*.

*Errores Philol.*

*Infraactus idem Servio ac invictus; male. Nam nemo ita usurpat Latinorum, apud quos infracti sunt vere fracti et victi. Crusenius Plutarchi interpres in vita Catonis Uticenses ἰχρυόν reddit infractum, sed perperam.*

*Priamus Iliad 22. debortans Hectorem a congressu cum Achille tandem subjicit, ἰπεινὸν πολὺ φέρσεός ἐστιν. Nihil audire clarius ad contumeliam Hector potuit. Vide quid Cerdanus super hac re dicat, p. 695.*

Some Writers of no mean Note among us, have made use of *Jewish* Testimonies to prove the Trinity, as some *Romish* Authors have done the same to support that monstrous Doctrine, Transubstantiation. Particularly *Galatinus* in his first Book *de Arcanis Cathol. Verit.* c. 3. says, That the ancient Jews may be thought not so much to have foretold Things to come, as to have reported, like the Evangelists, Things already done. To this Purpose *Rabbi Cabana*, and *R. Judaas* are cited by them, tho' in the Places alledg'd, we find nothing that makes to that purpose; as also *R. Simeon's Revelatio Secretorum*, a Book compos'd in *Utopia*, and *R. Barachias* in *Ecclesiasten*.

As *Mahomet* says of himself,  
*Ego quadraginta Virorum in meis lumbis Vires habeo.*

So may *Ed——ds* with more Truth assert,

I have a Stock of Impudence and Calumny, enough to furnish the whole Town upon Occasion.

*Scaliger*, *de Emend. Temp.* lib. 5. pretends that *Troy* was taken about full Moon, and the Beginning of Spring. *Petronius* in his Fragment, *de expugnatione Troja*,

*Jam plena Phæbe candidum extulerat jubar.*

To excuse *Moses* for killing the *Aegyptian*, 'tis merrily enough pretended that he had the Spirit of Prophecy upon him when he did it; and knew, that out of this Fellow's Loins, no Proselite should ever arise.

It deserves Observation, that the Names of the two Magicians that oppos'd *Moses*, are still remaining with *Jewish*, *Christian*, and *Pagan* Historians, tho' *Moses* no where calls them by their Names. But 'tis probable that the *Aegyptian* Priests writ Memoirs of what happen'd, and so out of their Writings, for after the Captivity, the

Jews had no old Monuments but what are still extant, the Names of the *Egyptian* Magicians might be taken.

*Atridas, Priamumq; et sævum ambobus Achillem.*

Legendum Atriden. Neq; enim Menelao sævus fuit, sed Agamemnoni quem confodere voluit Iliad; deinde si tres, Agamemnonem, Priamum, et Menelaum proponet, quo pacto dicit sævum ambobus?

*Guy Patin* in his Letters, tells us, that being Physician to *Cassendus*, and telling him that he was at the Point of Death, he answer'd him:

*Omnia præcepi, atq; anima mecum ante peregi.*

In some Countries the People are Slaves without a standing Army, as in *Poland, France, &c.* where the Tenants hold at the Will of the Lord; and consequently are not industrious to build and plant

*Poggius* tells of a Man that gelt himself, to know whether his Wife—— he being jealous of her.

*Homerus tradidit a Pharo in Ægyptum noctis & diei cursum fuisse navis stridens quam Ventus pone sequatur. Quod falsissimum cum Alexandria stet ab annis bis mille, tamen semper est littorea.*

In *Agragas*, if we may believe *Laertius* l. 8. there were eight hundred thousand Inhabitants μυριάδες καὶ ὀκτὼ ὀγδοήκοντα, verum mendum est in numeris, qui cum per literas numerales compendiose scriberentur facile potuerunt π & κ mutari. Qua ratione factum ut pro viginti Myriadibus, Octingenta scriberentur. Neq; enim habuisse Agrigentum supra 20. Myriades, i. e. 200 thousand his verbis docet *Diodorus Siculus*, l. 13. Ἀκταγωνῖται μὲν ἦσαν πλείους τῶν δεκακισμίων σὺν δὲ τοῖς καλοῖσι ἔκ ἐλάττους τῶν ἑκοσίων μυριάδων.

*John Danton's Athenians*, it seems, affect the Honour of being thought Originals; and it must be

con-



confess'd, to their great Honour, that they are so : For most of their Etymologies, their circular Rainbows, nay, what is more surprizing, their very Translations, are meer Originals : And so is every Thing, in short, but their Poetry, which is a feeble Imitation of *Jordan's* Versification.

As for their great Skill in Etymology, I shall instance in two, viz. *Supplce* from *super* and *plico*, and *Punch quasi Paunch*. As for the first, it is call'd in *Latin* *Superpellicem*, and is far enough from the Derivation they brought : And as for the latter, *Punch quasi Paunch*, it is like *Hat quasi Hate*, because a Man hates to be without a Hat.

The *Athenian* who told us his Wife never long'd for any Thing but she had it, is desir'd to tell her, that if she longs to see an ill-natur'd Block-head, she need not stir out of Doors to see the Sight.

*Nymphas Baccho adhibere*, will pass no where for Bawdy, but only amongst the *Athenians* ; whereas this Phrase does not signify to pimp for *Bacchus*, or to help *Bacchus* to a *Covent-Garden* Cooler, (wich seems to be their Mistake) but only to a little cool Water. And in this Sense, the severest Ear in the Kingdom, may read it without Offence.

*Aeneid.* l. 2. *Famq; adeo super unus eram, &c.*

*Sunt qui sequentes 22. versus rejiciunt, at Scaliger, l. 3. cap. 11, 12, and 23. germanos esse evincit.*

*Ab imbecilli fate humana*

Comly fallly represents *Pindar*, as irregular. The *Antistrophe* always answers the *Srophe*, and the *Epods* each other.

In the *English* Play, *Oedipus* makes an Allusion to the Decorations of the *Athenian* Stage, which were not invented till a hundred Years after.

The German Soldiers won't fight without Pay, Even the Gods *Neptune* and *Apollo*, trounc'd *Laomedon* for cheating 'em of their Hire.

*Julian* in his Epistles, tells us, That the Fig-Trees in *Judea*, were seldom or never without Fruit, the Old not falling off till the New came on. This may afford Light to the Passage *Mat.* 14 13. *The Time of Fruits was not yet come.*

The Publisher of *Petronius*, *cum notis Variorum*, recommends the reading of him, to those that would understand *St. Paul's* Epistles.

*Mr. F——le*, in his Account of *Fersey*, tells us of a Charter given a Man to hold during Life, and five Years after

*Josua* takes no Notice of the *Phenecians* peopling of *Africa*, and erecting Pillars at *Tangier*; yet *Procopius de Bello Vandal.* lib. 8. affirms it, and is believ'd.

*Rablais* has not been more extravagant in his *Garagantua*, than the Jewish Rabbies in their Stories of King *Og*. They tell us, that Monarch had got a mighty Stone upon his Head, designing to ruin the whole *Israelite* Army with it. Down comes a Lapwing, and pecks such a Hole thro' it, that it fell on his Shoulders; and by a Miracle, his upper Teeth suddenly extended, kept it fast from Motion.

*Poeta loquutus est cum in principio Aened. dixerit Lavinaiq; venit littora, at cum in persona Palinuri, portusq; require Velinos, quia Scil. Suo tempore sic nominabantur, minus excusandus est.*

*Florus* says, that *Cesar* pursu'd *Cavelianus* usq; in *Sylvas Caledonias*.

The only Thing I envy you in the Country, is, your Women; and there, 'tis true, you have the better of us; and a mighty Blessing it is, if you knew how to value it aright. You know, I have in my Time, had some civil Correspondence  
with

with the *London Ladies* ; but after all, I don't like them. I have the same Quarrel to them, as the Parsons have to the Laity, they know too much.

*Militant Drunkards here below.* A Passage inconsistent with the affected Gravity of those strait-lac'd Moralists, the *Poultrey* Reformers, who place the greatest Part of their Religion, in the *Opus Operatum* of bellowing out of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

'Tis customary, for Poets to commend one another, like the two famous Swords-men in *Bessus*, who gave it under one anothers Hands, that they were brave Fellows.

Compliments, like Funeral Sermons, ought in Strictness of Justice, to be paid to those Performances only that really deserve them ; and that even in those Cases, the Incense is not worth one's Acceptance, unless free and unrequested.

Vanity makes the *French* Loyal, and boast of what their King does.

*Lucian* makes *Prometheus* cite a verse out of *Homer*, that liv'd long after.

*Dr. Heylin* in his Introduction to his *Cosmography*, tells us of some People that make *Aristotle* to be our Saviour's Præcursor in Naturals, as *St. John* was in Spirituals. He might better have made *Prometheus* a Type of his Crucifixion.

When the *Senate* had once permitted the Soldiers to elect *Galba*, and had confirm'd that Election, more Emperors were elected Abroad in the Field by the Legions, than at Home by the Senators.

Three Legions kept their constant Residence here, viz. the sixth, the twentieth, (both firman'd *Victrix*) and the eleventh ; but in the declining State of the *Empire*, when the *Romans* were forc'd to recal them for the Defence of *Italy*, then overrun by the Northern Nations ; the *Scots* and *Picts*



so harraſs'd the poor *Britains*, that in Hopes of Relief, they call'd in the *Saxons*;

*Incidit in Scyllam, &c.*

*Joſephus*, all the World knows, ſtudied to make his own Country great, even at the Expence of Truth. Thus, that *Moses* might not appear a poor Fugitive that fled into the Wilderneſs, he makes him the General of an Army in *Aethiopia*, and married to the King of the Country's Daughter.

King *Henry VIII.* in the Year 1538, conſidering in what Terms he ſtood with the *Pope*, and *Charles V.* for his late Deſection from the See of *Rome*, and his Divorce of *Queen Katherine*, thought it adviſable to provide for his Safety, by building in all Places where the Shore lay open and expoſed, Caſtles, Platforms, and Block-houſes.

*Aristotle* and *Plato*, tho' Commonwealth-men, call'd the Government under the *Ephori*, Τετρανταρχία καὶ τὸ Τετραρχικόν.

When we came there, we found two ſolemn Pieces of Antiquity, the old Gentleman and his Lady, coughing at the Fire ſide very conjugally, and answering one another like two Birds in a Cage.

The Collection of Canons and Decretals publiſh'd by *Richiphus*, Biſhop of *Mentz*, under the Name of *Iſidorus*, ſpurious. Every one was ſurpriz'd at the Novelty, but no Body durſt imagine it the Work of an Impoſtor. Pope *Nicholas* and his ſucceſſors, underſtood the Value of them ſo well, that they built the Canon-Law upon this Foundation; and 'twas not till the 14th Century, that learned Men began to doubt of them. One of the ſtrongeſt Arguments that was uſed to reject them, was taken from the Silence of the eight firſt Ages.

Foreign

Foreign Gods, without enquiring into their Merits, were, with less ado, made free of Rome, than one can get into the loudest Corporation in England.

'Tis a Miracle, that *Ed—ds*, when discouraging of the *Sybil*s, forgot to tell us, that the *Sybil* which came with her Books to *Tarquin*, was lineally descended from the old Woman at *Ender*.

St. *Austin* pretends that the Magicians fail'd in the third Plague, to shew the Defect of human Philosophy, when it comes to the Mystery of the Trinity.

*Virgil*'s Narration of *Palinurns*'s swimming three Days, destroys what St. *Euremont* tells of the Poets preserving Probability in Actions merely human.

In Heroick Times, even at Feasts, Men did not eat of Dishes in common, but every one had his Portion a part, and the best Man had always the greatest.

Veiling of the Bride, a decent Custom that common Sense might dictate to them, without travelling as far as *Palestine* for it.

*Gregory Nazianzen*, in his twentieth Oration, has this remarkable Passage, τῷ αὐτῷ πάλῳ διδασκάλῳ χρώμενθ; as merry a Sight as it would be to see two grave B——ps lugging one another by the Beards in a Council.

*Julian* the Emperor in his first Oration *de laudibus Constantii*, tells us, that *Xerxes* took up χεῖρον ἐπὶ τῶν ἐν ἐλλάδι α δέκα in Preparations for the Gr. War, which is impossible, since *Xerxes* began this War against them, in the 6th year of his Reign.

*Eusebius*, l. 1. c. 8. *Hist. Eccl.* quotes *Josephus*'s Antiquities, and makes him relate the Punishment with which God afflicted *Herod* for the Murder of the young Children, leaving out the Names of *Juda* the Son of *Sariphaus*, and *Matthias* the Son of

of *Margalothus*, who were slain by *Herod's* Command, long after the Infanticidium, which *Josephus* mentions not at all.

'Tis strange, how the fore-mention'd Passage in *Josephus* should escape *Justin Martyr* in his Dialogue with *Trypho* the Jew. How *Tertullian* and *Clem. Alex.* should so strangely forget to urge its Authority against the Jews, and that none should ever take Notice of it before *Eusebius*.

*Clem. Alex.* pretends that *Miltiades* was beholden to *Moses's* History, for the Victory which he obtain'd over the *Persians*.

No mention of *Christ*, or the last Judgment in the *Sybil's*; only an Interpreter gather'd out of them

*Eum, quem revera Regem habebamus, appellandum quoq; esse Regem, si Salvi esse velimus.*

The *Essenes* first heard of in the Time of *Jonathan*, the Brother of *Judas Maccabeus*, about 150 Years before *Christ*, a Sort of *Pythagorean Jews*, mention'd by *Josephus*, l. 13. c. 9. *Philo de vita Contemplativa*, describes their Way of living; erroneously apply'd by *Eusebius* to the primitive Christians.

*Bracca* a Mantle, such as the *Irish* wear. *Tunica sago imposita*, worn over their Coats and Cassocks.

*Tertullian* inveighs against the *Tragicians* for using the *Cothurnus*, and endeavouring to make our Saviour, who said, *You cannot add one Cubit to your Stature*, a Lier.

*Ulysses*



Mr. Brown's Common-Place-Book. 141  
Ulysses in Homer, says of himself,

ὅς περ ἴσσι δόλοισιν  
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλω καὶ ὡς κλέῃ δουρὸν ἦκει

*Parum apte dictum dolis ad Calum evehi posse.*

The Blind and the Lame (says Mr. Gregory) mean the Tutelar Gods of the Place, whom the *Israelites* call'd so in Derision. Else why should *David* say, 2 Sam. 5. 8. *My Soul hates the Lame and the Blind?* Or the People of *Israel*, *That the Blind and Lame should not come into the House?*

*Fundum Varro vocat quem possis mittere funda.*

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## The following EPIGRAM on Dr. OATES.

*Scriptus es in Tergo, Nec dum finitur Orestes.*

A merry Argument to prove the Antiquity of *Oxon* higher than that of *Cambridge*, because *Adam* was a *Terra-filius* before he turn'd *Prævaricator*.

OUR Fathers took Oaths, as of old they took Wives,  
To have and to hold, for the Term of their Lives.  
But we take our Oaths, as our Whores, for our Ease,  
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they please.

The End of Mr. Brown's Common-place-book.

In

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In immaturum obitum *Annæ*  
*Baynard*, Filix *Edwardi Bay-*  
*nard*, M. D. Virginis eru-  
 ditissimæ, quæ pridie Id. *Jun.*  
*Ann. Dom. 1697.*

Piam Animam efflavit.

**E**Rgo eruditam perpetuus sopor  
 Urget Banardam? Præcipe lugubres  
 Thalia cantus, & severos  
 Quare modos graviore plectro.

O Anna sæcli degeneris stupor!  
 Gentis Britannæ Spes, Amor & decus:  
 O Virgo in æternum sacratis  
 Pieridum memoranda Fastis!

Aptem decoros unde Lyre Modos?  
 Qua voce laudes aggrediar tuas?  
 O digna cantari Noventis  
 Castalidum numeris piarum!

Te Graia Pallas nutriit in sinu,  
 Musa vocarunt te Latia suam:  
 Te dote non una superbam  
 In medios Sophiæ recessus.

Apollo

*Apollo duxit : sic tibi semina  
Nascentis orbis ; sic penetralia,  
Magniq; natura labores,  
Et vacua patuere sedes.*

*Qua vi tumescant æquora, subdolum  
Luna quid orbem proferat, aut premat.  
Quid contumax, venti, propago  
Æoliis meditentur antris.*

*Unde Iris arcum piggere gestiat,  
Quis motor axem dirigit aureum :  
Cur horridum fulgens Cometes  
Syrma minax per inane jactet.*

*Non te Sagittis, ut reliquas, Puer  
Lusit Cupido ; nempe animum Deus  
Implevit ingentem, & capaces  
Igne sacro tetigit Medullas.*

*Qualem trementi vidit in arbore  
Moses benigno Lumine splendidum,  
Densos per Errores comarum  
Mobilibus sinuare gyris ;*

*Cum flamma frondes lamberet innocens,  
Ramis jocosos incutiens metus,  
Blandiq; vestirent calores  
Attonitum sine fraude veprem.*

*Utcunq; verno dura necessitas  
Te flore Decerptam abstulerit Tuis,  
(Quid luctui indulgemus atro ?)  
Parte tui meliore vivis.*



144 *In immaturum obitum Annæ Baynard.*

*Sic se renascens funere fertili  
Phœbeus ales Morte reseminat,  
Bustoq; committit fideli  
Emeritos rediturus artus.*

*Hinc te micantem Virgineo in Choro  
Cornara castis excipit osculis,  
Scurmanna te visam stupefcens  
Inde cupit, fruiturq; visa.*

*Circum decora fecta manu gerens  
Cæli juventus confluit, aureos  
Mirata Sermones, & alta  
Aure sonos bibit efficaces.*



*Te Candor, equi conscia te Fides,  
Te ignara Zonam solvere Castitas,  
Te Veritas blandum renidens  
Æthereis comitantur arvis.*

*Prestona felix, ubere quæ sinu  
Annum iulisti! te memores canent  
Faustam Camana, tu fereris  
Perpetua super astra fama.*

*Nec Smyrna vatis Meonii parens,  
Nec quæ Maronem Mantua protulit  
Durabit aque, Oracla vatum  
Siquid habent celebrata veri.*

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A PLEASANT  
**W A L K**  
ROUND  
*London and Westminster.*

LASHING  
The *Vices* and *Follies* of the Town.

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By Mr. THO. BROWN.

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*A Walk round London and Westminster, Exposing the Vices and Follies of the Town.*

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*A Tavern.*

**H**Aving over-night carry'd my *Indian* Friend to the Tavern, whence, in order to entertain his Curiosity, I introduc'd his Pagan Worship into a Christian Society of true Protestant Fuddle-caps, among whom, tho' there was much Preaching over their Liquor, yet there was no Vice or Vanity, but what, in its turn, had its ascendancy in the Company, which occasion'd my *Indian* to be more particularly inquisitive about the Tippling Rendezvous, where he had been so lately oblig'd with such variety of Amusement. Therefore, that he might better understand what had pass'd his Observation, in answer to his Importunities, I made the Smoak-dry'd Infidel shew his Ivory Teeth, and grin like a Sun-burnt Plowman at a Mountebank Oration, whilst he heard the following Account, which for his further Information I very frankly gave him.

That place, said I, is a *Tavern*, and a *Tavern* is a little *Sodom*, where as many Vices are daily practic'd, as ever were known in the great one; Thither *Libertines* repair to drink away their Brains, and piss away their Estates; *Aldermen* to talk Treason, and bewail the loss of Trade;

#### 4 *A Walk round London and Westminster.*

*Saints* to elevate the Spirit, hatch Calumnies, coin false News, and reproach the Church; *Gamesters* to shake their Elbows, and pick the Pockets of such Cullies, who have no more Wit than to play with them: *Rakes* with their *Whores*, that by the help of Wine they may be more Impudent and more Wicked, and do those things in their Cups, that would be a Scandal to Sobriety: *Lovers* with their *Mistresses*, in hopes to wash away that Modesty with the Soothing Juice, which had been a hindrance to their Happiness, so that they may fall too without Grace, and give a pleasing Earnest to each other of their future Affections: Thither *Sober Knaves* walk with *Drunken Fools*, to make cunning Bargains, and over-reach them in their Dealings, where, cloaking their mental Reservations with a grave Countenance, they will tell more Lies about a Hoghead of Tobacco, than *Tavernier* in his Travels does about Mount *Aetna*: Thither *Young Quality* retire to spend their Tradesmen's Money, and to delight themselves with the Impudence of Lewd Harlots, free from the Reflections or Remarks of their own Servants, whilst their Ladies at home are doing themselves Justice after the like manner, and perhaps for want of better Opportunity, are glad to break a Commandment with their own Footmen: Thither *Bullies* Coach it to Kick Drawers, and invent new Oaths and Curses, and in Feasting, Rattling and Blustering, to lavish away that Scandalous Incom called a Petticoat-Pention, tho' doom'd the next day to a Three-penny Ordinary: Thither run *Sots* purely to be Drunk, that they may either wash away the Reflections of their own past Follies, or forget the Treachery of their Friends, the Falshood of their Wives, the Disobedience of their Children, the Roguery of their Lawyers, the Bitchery of

of their Paramours, or the Ingratitude of the World, that they may drown the Remembrance of past Evils in the Enjoyment of the present : Thither *Beaux* flock to shew their Vanity, Drink Healths to their Mistresses, boast of Conquests they never made, praise Beauties they never saw, brag of Duels they never fought, censure Books they never read, damn Authors they never knew, talk familiarly of Noblemen they had never the Honour to speak to, commend the Vertue of Women they have made Whores, and rob those of their Reputation they could never conquer : Thither *Cowards* repair to make themselves valiant by the Strength of their Wine ; *Fools* to make themselves witty in their own Conceits ; *Mads* to be made otherwise ; *Married Women* to Cuckold their Husbands ; and *Spendthrifts* to be made Miserable by a Ridiculous Consumption of their own Fortunes. In short, No People are Customers to that Ware house of Debaucheries, where *Rakes* and *Extravagants* surfeit their vicious Appetites at the Price of their own Ruin, but what are less careless of their own Good, than they are of the Vintners ; except such who have a strong Guard upon their Purfes, and a stout Bridle to their Appetites, and they may venture to sip off a half Pint at a Sitting, without the danger of contracting an ill Habit, that may at last expose them to the Worlds Contempt, under the scandalous Plague of an empty Pocket.

But Prithee, says my Tawny Acquaintance, Who was that fine Lady that stood pulling a Rope, and skreaming like a Peacock against rainy Weather, pinn'd up by her self in a little Pew, all People bowing to her as they pass'd by, as if she was a Goddess set up to be worshipp'd, and that it was Blasphemy in a Mortal to lay a Finger upon the beauteous Deity ? A Man may



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find, said I, by your Innocent Simplicity, how easily, by the Vanities of this Town, a Stranger may be impos'd upon ; That very Taudry Bux-body of a Female, that you have such heavenly Conceptions of, is no more, I can assure you, than a Stage-Coachman's Daughter, and by all Relation has sufficiently prov'd her self true Flesh and Blood before she was advanc'd to the Chalk and Sponge, which are the principal Badges that belong to that honourable Station you beheld her in ; but being nearly related to the Master of the House, he has put her into his Bar, in hopes some time or other she may top her crack'd Pipkin upon some Fool of a Drawer, who has Patience enough to prove as contented a Cuckold as his Master, so that she has little else to do, but to Dress, Paint and Patch, ogle her Uncle's Beau-Customers, and Tattle at the Bar with an Amorous Extravagant, that she may Coax him with her Smiles to Dine there the oftner, which the Fool does, more for the sake of Raw Flesh, than either Boil'd or Roasted : Tho' at last she disappoints him of the great Felicity he hopes for, and only treats him with kind Glances, and a few Amorous Witticisms, as long as his Money runs flush, but as soon as that begins to fail, then her Shooing-horn Looks and Freedoms, are turn'd into moody Pouts and a scornful Reservedness, that makes the Block-head quit the House with *Damn her for a Filt* ; and so leaves my Lady to play the same Game with the rest of her Admirers.

I profess, says my inquisitive Acquaintance, so long as I have been in *England*, notwithstanding the Benefit of your kind Instructions, I have not yet learn'd to distinguish Female Quality from the Wives and Daughters of Mechanicks, any other way than by their Coaches and Attendance ;

dance ; for the former dress with as much Gaity as the latter, speak as contemptibly of all Persons beneath them, and as enviously of those above them, as they do cry Foh at any thing that offends them, and magnifie any thing that pleases them, just like Quality : And as for their Vertues and their Vices, they are so exactly alike in both, that it is as difficult a matter to find the difference, as to know a Cock-Linnet from a Hen by the colour of their Feathers. But pray excuse my Impertinence, that has almost lead you into a Digression, and inform me what Tun-belly'd Mortal that was, who met us in the Entry with a low Bow without his Hat, and with a Blue Flag before him, as if he had been an Ensign in some notable Engagement, and as an honourable Badge of his remarkable Bravery, had ty'd round his middle his own flying Colours. That Hatless Hero, said I, as you take him to be, is the Lord of the Family, the Controuler of the Household, Governour of the *Celerapedeans*, one of the Priests of *Bacchus*, who receiv'd his Ordination at Fuddlecaps-Hall, that keeps his Library under Ground, and when ever he Preaches, 'tis to a Congregation of Drawers over his own Liquor, in order to reform them from Tippling below stairs, drawing Pots too full, Cozening the Bar with false Reckonings, and giving Bumpers of Palm-wine clandestinely to the Cook-wench. He has also the Art of changing his Temper as often as the Camelion does her colour ; and as the latter receives its Tincture from that Body which is nearest it, so the former does his Principles, Humour and Disposition, from whatsoever Society he is a Member of at present. In High-Church Company he always rails against Occasional Conformity ; among the Low-Church Saints is a Stickler against Episcopacy ; and is a violent

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Moderator among such *Bisarious Anythingarians*, that always make their Interest the Standard of their Religion. He is a very proud Fellow in his Heart, tho' his Head drops more Bows in a day than falls from the servile Noddle of that Cringing Slave, who is under the Plague of being a Gentleman-Usher to a Lane Countess. He is always most ceremonious to those Customers that he gets least by, and will bow oftner to a niggardly Alderman over his Half Pint, than he will to a Jolly Rake that spends a Guinea at a Sitting; because he knows that a dignified Citizen expects more Homage than a Man of Honour and Quality; not that he uses his Fawning Cringes as any Tokens of a Submissive Temper, for his Pride is even perspicuous in the lowest of his Humilities, for his Nods and Scrapes are only the Effects of a Habit that he acquir'd when he was Bar-Boy, which he resolves never to leave till he comes to be *Lord Mayor*, or at least Sheriff of *London*. Ingratitude is one of the Black Badges of his Character, for if ever you find him to do a Friendship, or a Courtesy to any Fool that has beggar'd himself by Extravagance, to make him Rich, you may Score it upon his Bar-board, where it would be more wonder'd at by all Spectators, than a Blazing Comet. In short, He is a Member of the Corporation of Sicophants, who, as he has serv'd an Apprenticeship to false Reckoning, Lying, and Subterranean Adultery, claims a Title by his Trade, to poyson us with bad Wine, deceive us with fair Words, and humour us in our Follies for his own Advantage: Therefore, as Libertines do Whores, we ought to use them for our Pleasure, as they do us for their Interest; that is, to look upon them as Mercenaries, who we maintain through Wantonness to gratifie

our



our Vicious Appetites. I shall observe your Caution, says my *Moletto* Comrade, but pray who was that Corpulent Lady that we met in the Entry, coming out of the Kitchen, with her Head so finely dress'd, and glittering Pendants in her Ears, that so dazled in my Eyes, I could scarce behold her Countenance? That shining Lump, said I, of cloven Mortality, is that necessary Evil in such a House, call'd, the Vintner's Help-mate, whose Business it is to have a Superintendancy in the Bar, to over-look and direct in all Culinary Proceedings; to Scold at the Maids; be Civil to the head Drawer for her own Ends; to Grace the Bar upon extraordinary days; and to oblige her self with a Friend in a Corner when her Husband is not at leisure to give her Nuptial Consolation. This is the Life she leads, till high Eating, a Lazy Life, and Canary Sops in a Morning, improves her to the Bulk of a Squab Elephant, unwieldy in Bed, and too big for a Bar; and then if her Husband be able, she's remov'd, with two or three of her Daughters, to a little Country-house at *Hamstead*, where she Surfeits upon Sack, Smoaks Tobacco in an Elbow-Chair, and Snoars away the Remainder of her Life, till one of *Russel's* Rumbling Caravans runs away with the Load of Kitchen-stuff to the Town of her Nativity, where she desir'd to be bury'd, that her Country-Folks might see, tho' her Mother sold Nappy Ale in Black Pots under a Thatch'd Roof, yet her Daughter had arriv'd to the Honour of being bury'd Lady-like out of a Hearse and six Horses; but let her take care, for no sooner will her back be turn'd, but ten to one that the Widower takes up with his next tolerable Cook-maid.

*Doctors Commons.*

Coming through *Paul's Church-Yard*, and having gaz'd on the Noble Pile of *St. Paul*, that Emulator of the *St. Peter* of *Michael Angelo* in *Rome*; we took a little Trip down on the left Hand, to the famous College of Civilians, call'd *Doctors Commons*. The Etymology of the Name I know not, nor is it very material, whether it be, that the Advocates are but *Common Doctors*, or, that the chief thing they are remarkable for, is, their *Commons*; or that it is the Common uninclos'd, where the Doctors feed on their foolish Clients, I know not.

Here you are ply'd with Porters (if you escape the little Appendixes of Proctors at their Shops, which they call Offices) who demand your Business; whether you have any *Will* to prove, or Administration to take out, any *Caveat* to enter, whether you want a License to be Marry'd, or a Divorce if you are marry'd, and the like; they can convey you to a Proctor, that can supply all the Commodities of the Place, cheaper than the Market-price.

What strange Place is this, says my *Indian*? This, says I, is one of the Relicks of Popery, and the Terror of Seamen. Here a Man that is weary of his Wife, may, upon some honest Evidence, be separated from her; and a Wife that has play'd the Whore, and run out her Husband's Fortune, may sue him for separate Alimony. Here a Man must come for a Liberty, or License to lose his *Liberty*. Here Executors must come for Authority to perform their Trust; and here defend themselves in not performing it. Here are Proctors, Doctors, Apparitors, and the rest of

of Pickpockets under the odd Names, that would fain still do what they did in the Times of Popery. But the Reformation having par'd their Nails, they are full of Regret, and always sounding the Praise of the Power of the Ecclesiastical Authority. They are all profess'd *Jac* ———, because they hop'd by King *James* to restore their Authority, and by consequence their Perquisites. They are a drunken, roaring, nonsensical Generation, that have abundant of Zeal without a Scruple of Religion. They are a Pious sort of Atheists, and Ignorant Professors of the Mystery of Iniquity. They are hot for High Church, tho' they never go within any. They should be Scholars, but that they find the Common Road sufficient to do their Business and get Money. They are utter Enemies to Whigs, because they would reduce them under the Law of the Nation. They are for preferring the Common Law to the National, because one advances, the other destroys their Interest. For notwithstanding their noise for the Church of *England*, they would declare for that of *Rome*, if they could, because they could get more by it. In short, a *Doctors Commons* Man is a Scholar without Learning, a Zealot without Religion, a Lawyer without Law, and a Medley of Popery and Reformation, without Reason or Honesty.

I have enough of this *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, when Right and Wrong are confounded and sunk with Terms. Let us therefore make our escape from the litigious Congregation, said I, for we are not secure in the Words we say here; for Scandal is their Province; they are nice Judges of *Billingsgate*, whose laudable Quarrels of Whore and Rogue, Bastards, and the like, are the Fund of their Prattle and Feats.

We



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We jogg'd on with some Expedition, till we got into *Drury lane* ; where passing into *Russel Court*, a strange sort of Noise drew us into an *Amusement*, consisting as much of Jargon as this ; but what affected only such as were pleas'd with the Folly, & *colenti not fit injuria* ; Father *Burges* himself is a much more pleasing and innocent *Amusement* ; so we enter'd *Daniel Burges's Meeting-House*.

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### *The Presbyterian Meeting-House.*

**M**R. *Burges's Meeting-House*, in *Russel Court*, falling in our way, my *Indian* and I ventur'd in to take a view of the *Godly* : For the *Godly* in this City afford an *Amusement*, as well as the *Wicked*. This is the Epitome of the whole Kirk ; and by this one you may judge of the rest. Here sits a zealous Cobler next to an Alderman's Fellow, and he uses less Ceremony with his God, than his Customer ; for to the latter he stands bare-headed for sixpence ; but to the former will not do it for Salvation ; believing, perhaps, that *a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush* ; or that being necessarily one of the Elect, he is too familiar with God to stand upon Ceremony. This cannot be said to be the House of God, for that the Scripture says, is the *House of Prayer* ; but the very *Lords-Prayer* hear, is as Apocryphal as the *Macchabees*. 'Tis true indeed, when the *Holder-forth* has plaid the Spiritual Buffoon for two or three Hours, he gives you a Desert to his Harangue, or what he calls a *Prayer* ; that is, a Rapsody of stuff without Head or Tail ; for had it Method, Order, Connection or Sense, it would be exploded under the Notion of a *Form of Prayer*,

a Goblin as frightful as the *Whore of Babylon*, and has furnish'd many a zealous *Scots Miss John* with an Exercise for his Lungs, when Sense and good Doctrine are not at hand. But tho' they are such Enemies to *Papery*, yet they sympathize in praying in an *unknown Tongue*, or at least in a Jargon neither understands; for Sense in their Prayer, as well as in their Sermon, would favour too much of Human Invention, and not give latitude enough for *Enthusiasm* and *Cant*.

Here sits a Holy Sister, full of Spiritual Pride in her Face, the Word of God in her Hands, the Parson in her Eye, and the Devil in her Tail: She pays her *Quarterage* justly, and that makes her *reſta in Curia* with her Guide; for a Saint may make bold with her Husband's Bed for her Gallant, provided she make as bold with his Purse for her Preacher; nor can they much be accus'd, if their Doctrine of Predestination be true, for, *they needs must go whom the Devil drives*. Necessity has no Law, and if they offend, 'tis the fault of the first Mover, whose Machines they are. So that if they pick a Pocket, betray their Trust, bear False Witness, commit Adultery, Incest, &c. the Fault's not theirs, they are but meer Passives, and what they cannot help they cannot suffer for. This may be one reason, the Ten Commandments are not in their Meeting-Houses as well as in the Churches, because they are only for the Wicked, who own *Free-Will*, and not for the Godly, who deny it, and cannot sin. The Promises and Threats of the Scripture have nothing to do with them, for those are directed to free Agents, who are Masters of their Actions; that can comply with or break the Laws of God, as they think fit. Such were the People of God, Sinners and Penitents; but such are not they, for repent they can-

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cannot, the Saints being without Sin. But if they are not the Children and People of God, I know not who'll take 'em for Saints, but the old Gentleman in Black, the first Preacher of this Notion. But this discovers them not so parcimonious as they would be thought, when they are at the Expence of a Guide, that is as much a Machine as themselves, and can do no more for them, than the Wire in the Finger of the *Poppet-Player*.

I have been considering, says my *Indian*, why your Churches, or Places of Worship, are so light ; whereas our *Pagods* are almost quite dark, illuminated with a Lamp, which serves only to discover the Image of our God, who (all other Objects excluded) takes up our whole Thoughts in the Adoration.

O my Friend, reply'd I, you mistake the Business of our Places of Worship: The Women come to see and be seen ; the Men to ogle, or get the Repute of Religion and Holiness ; for that gives 'em Credit and Trust, and Credit and Trust make 'em rich at the Expence of those who confide in 'em. Did these Saints here come for Zeal and Devotion only, that Taylor's Daughter would not be set out thus, and equipt like a Countess, to draw the Eyes and the Hearts of the Congregation from Heaven to her : Nor would that old Maid be dress'd like a Girl of Fifteen, in hopes that Paint, Patches, and the Religious Ogle, may get her a Husband at last ; believing that Men cannot discover her Age, Uglinefs, and Ill-nature, under the double Disguise of Body and Soul, *Saint* and *Hypocrisie*. Nor would Alderman —— young Wife lay open her panting swelling Bubbies, roll her Black Eyes, and divide her Looks so between Heaven and Earth, as if she had learnt the Art of serving



two Masters, the *Flesh* and the *Spirit*, at the same time; nor would her Husband be so fond of his Folly, in appearing so publicly, watching her more than the Motions and Gestures of his *Dominion*. He gratifies his Vanity to expose her to view finely drest, and to the best Advantage; but then the Remembrance of his own Impotence makes him afraid of every one that casts an Eye towards her. Thus his Wife, not his God, brings him to the Meeting, and his Heart rises no higher towards Heaven, than her Eyes, or the Parson.

It would indeed be hard on the Ladies of this Persuasion, to be debarr'd showing their Faces and Persons in their most engaging Airs, since their *Pulpit* supplies the Playhouse Musick, and the Scene to call them together; and perhaps this is the reason the Teachers will not let their Hearers go to the *Theatre*, because they'll be the only Pimps to their own Congregation, which they encrease by their Declamations against the Stage; since here they kill two Birds with one Stone, get the Reputation of Saints, and the Pleasure of Sinners. No, no, my Friend, the Adoration of God, sincere and humble Prayers, and grateful Thanksgivings, is the least of the Business of this Place; and I dare be confident, that if they made a Law, that no Woman should come drest, or bare fac'd, most of the Congregations of the Town would dwindle away, and they Playhouse Audience encrease.

Do you think that honest Mr. ——— comes to Church for Devotion or God's Sake on Sundays, when he has been serving the Devil all the Week? Or the gay Mrs. *M*——— for the Exaltation of the *Spirit*, on the Lord's day, when she has been for that of the *Flesh* all the Week? Or that the venerable Madam *W*——— that covers the  
Bawd

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Bawd so effectually in the Sanctimonious Vizor of a Godly Leer, comes for the sake of the Doctrine, or the Man? While her Zeal for the Parson makes her pass for Religious, and the necessity he has of her, gives her the Authority of Prudence, and so helps to sheer the Flock, by providing Husbands for their Daughters, and Wives for their Sons, while she and the *Demagogue* share in the *Brokerage*. No, my good Friend, the *Meeting* is their *Spiritual Exchange*, where they barter *Hypocrisie* for *Pleasure* or *Profit*; and they are able to keep their Countenances, tho' the Cheat be universal. It was said by *Cicero*, That he wonder'd how, the *Augurs* could meet without laughing in one another's Faces: The same Reason would make one wonder as much at the top *Fanaticks*, but that Use and Interest remove the Difficulty, and a natural *Sourness* and *slavish Temper* make it easie.

Tho' they are Enemies to the Lord's Prayer, they make it up in their Zeal for those of *David*; and here the Form goes down as glibly, in their *Bawling* which they call *singing*, as *Aloes Pills* in the Pulp of an Apple. This shows, that if they are Enemies to the *Church Musick*, it is, because it is *Harmony*; whereas their *Singing* is a sort of *Jarring Medley* of Sounds, as disagreeing as their *Notions*; not much unlike the laudable *Diversion* of every one in the Company's singing a different Song: Nay, they have so peculiar a *Gusto* for *Discord*, or *odd Sounds*, that, I believe, they would admit the *Symphony* of the Tongs and Key, tho' they reject the *Harmony* of the *Organ*. Every thing here indeed, seems so odd and contradictory to the rest of the World,

*As if (as Hudibras has it) they worship'd God for spite.*

tho'

tho' the Ingenious *Butler* seems a little out in one of his Words; for they do not Worship God at all, but the *Teacher*; for as it is not properly call'd the House of God, but Mr. *Burges's*; so Mr. *Burges*, not God, is there worshipped. Prayer and Praise is the proper Worship of God, but here they meet to hear *Daniel* lay about him, with his merry Stories and Theatrical Actions, which is at least an *Amusement* they think worth their while. When he has done his Harangue to the Congregation, he begins one to God, with whom he's as familiar, as with his Text, and handles him as roughly, and with as little Respect to his Truth and Majesty; which still makes it his own House, for no body else is admitted to pray, unless they can divine what he's about to say, and to join with him in his. If he makes a Speech to the King, with an Address of *Life and Fortune*, he studies it before-hand; but he deals not so with God; whom he thinks is oblig'd to hear all his Nonsense, and so speaks *quicquid in Buccam venerit*, whatever starts into his fancy to amuse his Congregation, and make a Noise, for that is all I can discover in these *Meeting-Houses*.

The odd Looks, the Groans that eccho one another; some with their Hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the Women, some the *Teacher*; his merry Postures and *Pop-gun*-way of Delivery, with the Whimsical Medley of his Words, is, I confess, an *Amusement*, says my *Indian*, and such a one, as I never saw in my Country in my Life; we there converse only with the Gods in the *Pagods*, here you come only to hear Men. True, said I, my dear Friend, we only come to hear Men; but then these Men deliver the Word of God, if we believe them, tho' what they say be never so opposite



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to the Written Word, yet Bigotry in the Congregation, and Impudence in the *Holder-Forth*, will palm Inspiration upon us, as for what he says *beyond* or of his Text, which he often racks as much as the Tyrants of old did the Primitive Martyrs, till it die under the Torture: But this brings in Money, and Money buys Land, and Land is an *Amusement* they all desire, in spite of their Hypocritical Cant. If it were not for the Quarterly Contributions, there would be no longer any *Schism* or *Separation*; for who can imagin, that when two or three thousand are maintain'd like Gentlemen by the *Breach*, that they will ever preach up *healing Doctrines*, and dispose them to *Union*? If it were not for the sake of *Earthly Comforts*, they would not be so conversant with *Heaven* in their *Pulpits*; but *Heaven's* their *Traffic*, and why should they spare a Commodity, which costs them nothing, yet brings in so good a Return?

The fairest thing I know of them is, that they wear neither *Cassock* nor *Gown*, for being no *Priests*, and without *Ordination*, they refuse to wear any *Priestly Ornaments* of Distinction from *Laity*; but that is not owing to their *Modesty*, but *Pride*, to distinguish themselves from the *Clergy* and their own *Congregation* at once; they go in *Black*, as if they dayly mourn'd for the *Wickedness* which they dayly committed.

Tir'd with such a Composition of *Dulness* and *Wickedness*, my *Indian* and I departed from this *Amusement*, and left it to those who had *Flegm* and *Hypocrisie* enough to endure it all the Year round. So leaving Father *Daniel* thumping the Cushion in a most immoderate manner, we past on to the next *Amusement*; which was a *Quaker's Meeting-House*: Where

The

## The Quaker's-Meeting.

WE discover'd the very *Ague* of Religion, which yet after its shivering, has its *hot Fit* of Zeal and Noise. This *Seet* arose from *Nailer*, as the *Presbyterians* and *Independents* from the *Jesuits*: These indeed may plead a greater Antiquity, as having their Rise in the days of good Queen *Bes*; but the *Shaking Congregation*, not till the days of the *Martyr*. Some will have it, that the *Quakers* are the *decrepid Age* of Religion, where it shivers and shakes for want of *Youth* and *Vigour*: And indeed, if we may, from the Appearance judge of the Matter, this Fancy is not ill grounded; for here is scarce any thing of the *Christian Religion* left, but every Man having the Light within him, as they have no use of Guides, so they are not so improvident as the other *Seetaries*, to be at the Expence of any. Every Man, nay every Woman too, is here inspired; the spirit speaks in them, they are but the *Stentonorophonic Tubes*, thro' which that speaks: But it often proves a *lying Spirit*; and I believe, if they had no more Light than this gives within them, they might still walk in the Dark.

This is the most *Sociable* Society of all without the *Pale*; for here every one may speak Non-sense in his turn, and the Women are not excluded the same Benefit of Talking, which for ought I know, not only keeps the Females to their Congregations, but gets *Profelytes*; or might, if well urg'd among the Sex. So not being oblig'd to hear all and say nothing, one hears his Neighbour speak a great deal to a little or no purpose, that he may do the same by

him or her in their turn. I knew a Pious old Matron, that every Morning us'd to scold her Maids about half an hour, not that they were in any Fault, but only, as she said, to clear her Pipes. So I believe these People only meet to make a Noise by way of *Exercise* for Health's sake, all others being unlawful on the *first Day*. These are more just than the other Dissenters, because, as they pull not off their Hats to God, so they pull them not off to Men; whereas the others shall cringe and bow to any Man they can get Sixpence by, but ne'er veil the Bonnet to God, by whom they may get *Heaven*; it may be indeed, because, contrary to *Christ's*, their *Kingdom* seems to be of this World.

To me, said my *Indian*, these *Quakers*, as you call them, seem the *Bedlamites* of Religion, and their *Meeting Bedlam*, where all that are freakish and mad come together: Do but consider when we were at *Bedlam* what odd Objects we saw there: True said I, and here I see fully as fantastic and whimsical; and I wonder none of their *Lights within* mov'd them to set *Oliver's Porter* at liberty, since he was thoroughly qualify'd to speak in their Congregations. What can be a more pleasant *Amusement*, than that odd Fellow that speaks now: His crop-ear'd Hair and frizzl'd, short round Forehead, too great goggle Eyes like two Fish-ponds, and his high thin Nose which is like a narrow *Isthmus*, hinders them from joining together; his skinny, flabby, hollow Cheeks, that like a piece of half-tann'd Leather, is drawn over his Jaw bones, while his thin Lips and wide Mouth stretch and open to let forth the *Light* within, in a hollow unmusical Tone, and show his Toothless Gums with here and there a stragling Stump, that promise us, *however he barks he cannot bite*; his Mountain Back overlooks  
his



his Head, and seems to anticipate the Wish of the Cursed at the last day, *for the Mountains to fall on him and cover him*; with his long scraggy Arms, and lean Hand and Fingers, with which he so belabours the Rail on which he leans: His Belly is the Counter-part to his Back, and seems to poise the Machine, and keep it in *Equilibrio* on his Catstick Legs; but what *Amusement* he finds in harrissing his worn-out Carcass in this manner I know not; unless it be a Madness he can't help, and in Madness, they say, there is a Pleasure *which none but Madmen know*.

But now there rises up a Monster of another kind; and sure he must have a large share of the Spirit to inform that *Quagmire of the Flesh*. His Head is as big as *Gogmagog's* in *Guildhall*, and his Face not behind the Sign of the *Saracen's*; only his Eyes are so diminutive, that one would think them retired to behold the *Light within*; for what with his large Beetle Brows which like a Pent-house overshadow them, and the *Agitation of the Spirit*, one would think him groping in the Dark, without any at all: His Cheeks are like two blown Bladders, and a Trumpeter's seem no more to him than a Puppets: His ruddy carbuncled Nose, seems as if he suck'd his *Inspiration* from *Bacchus* more than the *Bible*; and we may at best suppose him drunk with the Spirit, and now disemboгуing on the *Brothers* and *Sisters*; and when the *spewing-fit* is over, he'll sit down to take a Nod: His Mill-post Legs are well adapted for the Load of his Body, which looks like an *Atlas* able to support the Spheres, but that he is never like to bring his Shoulders near enough to so Heavenly a Burden; like *Sir John Falstaff*, he is not made for mounting, but must have a strange Alacrity in sinking: the Noise he makes is as particular as his Person, and no more to be

understood than his Religion; 'tis perfectly the Language of the *Beast*, and, as well as the *Apo-calypt*, wants *Jeuxes* for an Interpreter. But this, like a great many other *Amusements*, consists more in Noise and Show than Sense.

But who have we here lifted up by the Spirit? 'Tho' I fear 'tis such a kind of Spirit, as set our Saviour on the top of the Pinnacle: A brisk dapper Spark, and, if I mistake not, a Taylor; he might be chose King of the *Pigmies*, and in a second War with the *Cranes*, might prove as notable a Conqueror, as *Monf. Boufflers*, or any of the *French Bullies* and *Hectors*. A sharp Nose, a quick Eye, a high Forehead, meagre Looks, a shrill Voice, and a voluble Tongue, distinguish him. He'll out-talk a *Frenchwoman*, and out-blunder an *Irishman*, or *Teguelander's* Understanding; *Scots* Honesty, a *Dutchman's* Temperance, an *Italian's* Chastity, are his peculiar Qualifications; yet he's as Solemn on the first day, and speaks as often as an old Midwife at a Christning. But, like a Cracker, he makes a Noise and splutters a little while, then with a Bounce stinks and goes out.

But what have we hear, old Mother *Shipton*, of the second Edition with Amendments? A close black Hood, over a pinch'd Coif, a little low wrinkled Forehead, so deeply plough'd with Age, that the Furrows, if plac'd beneath her Eyes and Nose as above them, would be very convenient Conveyances, for the Liquids that continually flow from her blear Eyes and dropping Nostrils; which with her hollow Cheeks, pale fallow Complexion, Nut-cracker Chin, that almost meets her Nose, Paralytick Motion of the Head, which keeps pace with her Tongue, and gives much advantage to the shivering of the Spirit, makes a compleat *She-Precacher*, fit to denounce

nounce *Hell* and the *Devil* ; but for Joys, and Rewards, and the like, she looks them out of Countenance. Nay, says my *Indian Friend* if the *Womens Tongues* begin to run, 'tis time for us to seek another *Amusement*.

I took him at his Word, and quitted this House of *Dagon*, where a Poet can have no more to do than a Painter, we jogg'd on to our next Adventure ; only by the way, I ventur'd to draw this Character of the Sect :

They would be thought the *only People of God* ; tho' their chief Motive to that impudent Ambition, is, that they may claim the Right of *pillaging* and *cheating* all the World besides, as *Egyptians*. They are a sort of *Jews*, and not only trade and *fornicate* among themselves but many likewise in their own *Tribe* : But I beg your pardon for talking of *Matrimony* ; theirs is only *Whoring* with a Witness, while the whole Congregation set their Hands to the Bargain. They won't swear, because they may chance to pay for that ; but they will lie confoundedly, because they may chance to get by that. A long *Cravat* or *Wig* in a Man, or *high Topping* and *Lace* in a Woman, they abominate, as *Ensigns of Vanity*, but they will wear the best Favours and richest Silks, use the Leather Convenience, and be prouder in their Plainness, than the haughtiest Lady at Court in her Embroideries and Jewels. Their Religion indeed seems chiefly in their Cloaths, and so they have more need of *Tailors* than *Teachers*. For, *They are a Congregation without Teachers ; a Church without Sacraments ; a Religion without Worship ; Formality without Meaning ; Men without Manners, and Christians without Baptism.*



*The Bawdy-House.*

**I**T is an old and approv'd Observation of those jolly Fellows who spend much time in the Contemplation of *Bacchus*, and are acquainted with the laudable Records of the *Bottle*, that generally in Discourse, after *Religion* comes *Bawdry*; and so it happens here: For after so large an *Amusement* of the *Spirit*, we accidentally tumbld into an *Amusement* of the *Flesh*; for passing from the *Spiritual Bawdy-Houses*, betray'd by the Hypocritical Sign of a *Coffee-House*, we fell into a *Carnal one*.

The *Egyptians*, who were the first Authors of Human Religions, never suffer'd any one to be made a Priest, till he were initiated in the Rites of *Priapus*: And the *Roman Church* will admit no Pope, till the *Porphyry-Chair* has confirm'd his Manhood; so great an Affinity have the Ancient and Modern *Idolaters* made betwixt the *Pulpit* and the *Brothel*. In other Countries, nearest the chief Churches and topping Monasteries, you find Establish'd *Bawdy-Houses*; and in the very Seat of *St. Peter*, we know 'em settl'd by Authority of State; the same is done in the Politick State of *Venice*, the Arbitrary State of *Florence*, and almost all Towns and Cities of *Italy*: But here, under the purer State of *Reformation*, *Bawdy-houses* are fain to go in Disguise; *Coffee and Tea* to be sold, or *fine Spanish Chocolate* invite you in, when in reality they sell only *Katiffa*, *Rosa Solis*, *Geneva*, and such odd sorts of *Liquor*, fit to enflame the Reckoning and fire the Blood; while the *Secret Commodities* of the Place, are ready in the *Warehouses*, to cool one Inflammation and give a greater; like true Tinkers, stoping one Hole in a Kettle to make two.

Be-

Being warm with our *Spiritual Amusements*, we fell into one of these Receptacles of Sinners, with a design to drink a Dish of *Bohea* or *Coffee*, or at most not to exceed the Debauch of a Pennyworth of *cold Nants*. We were no sooner entred, but such a Tun of Female Fat saluted us, that the very Sight was an *Amusement*. The Reverend Matron of the Place saluted us very civilly, tho' with this very odd Appearance: Her Face was broader than the Full Moon, and as shining; but it was with Sweat or Pomatum, not Light; her Grey, or rather *Silver Locks*, were cover'd most curiously with Powder, whose straggling Hairs reach'd almost down to her Eye-brows; something of a Forehead there was, but all drawn over with the Footsteps of Wrinkles, which the Fat had driven thence, and so they look'd like Seams of Wounds, which, mingl'd with the *Pockholes*, made an agreeable Mixture all over her Face; which, with those, and the large Scars, was made incapable of being clean, so that the Dirt, and fallow Complexion, gave her a Phiz most surprizing; her Neck look'd like Rolls of collar'd Pigg, and her Bubbies, like a Quagmire, ready to o'er-run the Brink, or like a Hasty-Pudding o'er-looking the Dish; an Ell and three-quarters could not measure her from side to side, and she was no longer from Head to Foot, than from Hip to Hip; she was Spherical, like a Globe; but I must needs say, very complaisant.

My *Indian* starts back, as if he had met with a Rattle-Snake, or some other noxious Animal, dangerous to Human Life; and indeed, he was not much mistaken, the Stings she produces being almost as fatal. We ask'd for a Dish of *Bohea*, she reply'd, she had none; we then desir'd a Dish of *Coffee*, that was a Pagan Liquor, and not to be admitted within her Domipion. We then desir'd  
some

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some true *Nants*; that was a *French* Commodity, and she was not for encouraging the Manufacture of an Enemies Country. But if we would please to sit down, she had good *Rosa solis*, *Ratafia*, *Mead*, *Syder*, *Geneva*, or *Wine* she could help us to if we requir'd it. Enquiring if she dealt in no other Liquors, she gave a stamp with her Foot, and up came one Ten times uglier than she——*Run*, cries she, *fetch Betty Tomson hither presently, and her Bedfellow with her.*——Repeating our demand, not minding what she said to her Female *Mercury*, she reply'd, That she had sent out for as good as any this noble City afforded, *Pretty*, *Plump*, *Sound*, *Easie*, *Gay*, and a thousand Qualities which most Trades give to Commodities they have a mind to dispose of. I should think, says I to my *Indian*, we are unawares fallen into a *Bawdy-House*, were there not so many *Memento's* of Mortality here, as are sufficient to banish *Letchery* from the most Vigorous. But however this is likewise an *Amusement*, and therefore give us a *Quartern* of *Gen*. Down we sate, the *Quartern* was soon evacuated, another fill'd without calling for, and another, when enter two tawdry Whores, brisk, gay and awkward, with sickly smiling Countenances, flatternly Dress, and dirty Shoes. The Familiar Doxes threw themselves immediately each in one of our Laps, Hands about our Necks, and Lips to Lips, before we knew where we were. And if they had not given this Alarm, other Parts had been invaded before we could be on the Defensive. *My Dear*, *sha'nt we have a Quartern of Ratafia?* says one: *My pretty Rogue*, *sha'nt we have a Betty of Wine?* says t'other.

But the *Bawd* finding we did not like the Ladies, tip'd them the Wink, and sent her grizzly Messenger for others of the same Gang: Excuses her self, that the damn'd Jades had been  
Drunk



Drunk all Night, and not fit for Company, but assur'd us, that the Black one had been a celebrated Beauty, a Parson's Daughter, and a Taylor's Wife, but was debauch'd by a young Ensign of the Guards, who leaving her, she was expos'd to the Town, but not above half a Year; when the Whore had pass'd all her Degrees this seven Years, and was ready to commence *Bawd* the first Coffee-house that was empty, and the first Cull she could get, to furnish her with Tables, Chairs, and one Table-Bed, and two Quartern Pots, and about half a Crowns worth of the infernal Liquors they deal in.

What Place, says my *Indian*, is this you have brought me to? Is it another *Bedlam*? All the People I have seen lately are mad, some one way, some another, every House has its peculiar Frenzy. True, said I, for the *Bedlam* you saw in *Moorfields*, is but the Representative Epitome of this Town; for we are all *Mad*, tho' in different manners: But as to this Place, I must tell you, it is the Picture of one of the very celebrated Parts of *Hell*; the great awkward Lady of this Place is call'd a *Bawd*, who is generally a worn-out Whore of twenty or thirty Years standing, and she deals in *Damnation*, and so is truly a Factor for the *Devil*. This is the Place of *Battle*, whereas the *Meetings* we saw is only the Place of *Challenge*; There the People meet, and agree the Bargain, here they put it in Execution; the *Bawd*, like the Hangman and Phyician, lives by the Sins of the People. Tho' she has generally *The Practice of Piety* in her Window, yet she knows of no Religion but short Quarterns, and easie Bubbles; and as she thinks little of *Heaven*, so she dreads no *Hell*, like Justice —, the Beadle, or an Informer. She is the *Informers* Slave, the *Whores* Tyrant, the *Tally-man's* Estate, the *Surgeon's* Bene-  
factor,

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*factor, the Shipwreck of City Prentices, the Favourite of Lords and Courtiers, and the Abhorrence of all good Men*

While I was making this Harangue, two jolly *Bona Robas* slip in, and march directly up Stairs, the *Bawd* after them, and the Messenger all in a streaking Sweat down the Stairs into the Sodomite Cellar. Madam soon comes down Stairs, puts on a thousand awkward Grimaces of good Humour, and Vows, because we look'd like Gentlemen, she had prevail'd with two Intimate Friends of hers, Ladies of Figure, both kept one by a rich City Druggist, and the other by a zealous Saint of —, and that to oblige her only, they came to her; that she doubted not but we would be generous, and desir'd us to walk up Stairs. But my *Indian* and I, Sick of the nauseous Follies of the Place, paid Madam for what we had drank, and made haste out of her enchanted Castle, for fear of some of her Bravo's Resentment of our disappointing both the *Whores* and the *Bawds* Expectation.

In the *Indies*, says my *Indian*, it is no Shame for the young Women, before their Marriage, to make use of their own; but then it is not in this manner traffick'd for by *Broakers*, and *Goers-between*, who put an Extortion on the Pleasure, and cheat both the Purchaser and Seller. Are these Places common?

Why truly, said I, this Town is pretty well stored, but much less than formerly, for since Liberty of Conscience, every Meeting-House is a Rendezvous, and now every Tavern a Bawdy-house, every Drawer and Porter a Pimp, and the Whores get more by it, and the Cullies are less cheated in their Liquors and Prizes. Not but there are some *Bawds* of figure, which make a pretty hand of it among the Ladies and Men of Figure.

figure. Mrs. — has her Visiting Day, where all Assignations are manag'd without noise or notice. My Lady — has hers to the same purpose ; and on other days can furnish a convenient Apartment for the Lovers to dispute in, and yet keep their Reputation ; for tho' they are known to live by nothing or little else, yet the Ladies and Gentlemen of figure, having both, one time or other, occasion to make use of them, they slip over any false Step, that for want of good Conduct happens to make a Noise, as when my — chanc'd to have his Wife dogg'd to my La — and follow'd her, being acquainted with the Rooms, tho' assur'd his Wife was not there, goes up directly, and finds his Lady in a very suspicious Posture with —. But the matter was hush'd up, and the next *Visiting Day* not a Person thinner than usual.

There are Places of Reception of better figure than the Quarters we fell into, where you may bring your Lady, and have a Bed and Entertainment from half a Piece to twenty Guinea's, for some Men are so fond of those *Amusements*, that they spare no Cost to advance them.

### Upon Old Man's, and Young Man's, Coffee-Houses.

MY Friendly *American*, and your humble Servant, having left *Temple-Bar* to West and be South, we bore away directly for the Palace of St. James's ; but happening to encounter the Church of St. Clement-Danes by the way, the numerous Beauties that throng'd thither, put my Companion in an excellent Humour ; he demanded



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manded of me with a plealant Impatience, What Place that might be which entertain'd such good Company? I told him, 'twas a Structure Sacred to the Majesty of Heaven. He reply'd very smartly, That he thought it Heaven it self, since so many Angels attended there, and bless'd it with their presence. I smil'd at his Notion, but desir'd him not to be too rash in his Opinion; for those very Numerical Ladies, that were the Objects of his Pleasure, had not half so much of Saints in their Constitution, as he imagin'd. Observe, says I, giving him no time to make answer, There's Serjeant *Blunder's* Lady in the Gallery, who never was civil to her Husband, or disobliging to any body else; my Lord *Dorset* certainly drew this Lady's Picture, when he express'd himself to this purpose;

*Nature in Pity to our Pain,  
And with design to ease us,  
Has to her boundless Beauty joyn'd  
A boundless Will to please us.*

This discerning Fair one, continues I, knows the Complexion, Age and Country, of a young Fellow in the dark by the Touch, as well as her Husband distinguishes Murton by the Taste, tho' he has been Man and Boy this Forty Year a Member of the Honourable Society. There's Madam *Flexible* too, a great Railer at the Times; she heartily laments so much Christian Blood should be shed abroad, when she knows how to dispose of it to a much better Purpose at home. Of all the Products of your Country, she likes Chocolate the best, because 'tis Indulgent to Lovers: Of all Vertues she declares for Charity, but the Young and Handsom are the only Subjects of her Compassion; and she never maintains any Persons in Idleness,

*Upon Old and Young Man's Coffee-Houses.* 31

Idleness, such only who can work very vigorously are sensible of her Magnificence. In short, Her Husband would have been as Rich as any Gentleman of the Long Robe, if this Itch of Liberality had not affected his dear Partner. Tho' after all, some Persons think it very reasonable, that what one got by his Head, the other should spend by her Tail.

*Their Care and Pains the Fair-ones do bestow,  
Not to please God above, but Man below ;  
Who thinks them Saints, are damnably mistook,  
They're only Saints and Angels in their look.*

The Spirit of Poetry had took Possession of me, and without giving my Friend and Fellow-Traveler the opportunity of Interfering, I proceeded,

*The Ladies here, their Lovers Hearts,  
By their Devotion win ;  
Tho' all is Rock and Stone without,  
Yet all is soft within.*

The Character given of these Fair Hypocites, frighten'd my Sun-burnt Innocence, and he tumbled down the stately Portico, as nimbly as a Woman of the Town jumps into a Hackney-Coach. I stretch'd my self a little to recover the Fugitive, and having reduced him to Reason we continued our Journey very lovingly together, the rattling of Coaches, the Spaciousness of the Road, the Pertness of the Company we met with upon the way, the magnificent Equipages, the Richness of the Garniture, and the Pleasure that appear'd in every Bodies Face, put me into the same sort of Chagrin that perplex'd my Spanish Friend and old Acquaintance *Don Quevedo*; the Humour took me in the Head that I was directly bound for the Devil; That this broad and open way

way was the Road of Perdition; And those little blind Alleys I pass'd by, were the Defiles that lead to Paradise. I had read that Ingenious Author a little before, and his diverting Notions had made a very deep Impression upon my Judgment, my Melancholly and some malicious Vapours agreed to render me Whimsical: Under these dreadful Apprehensions I trudg'd on a pretty way, without communicating my Thoughts to my swarthy Attendant that was to come in for his share in the Adventure. But on a sudden, spying the Reverend Dr. *Fr — n*, Successor of the Eloquent Bishop *Patrick*, walking very gracefully before me; Oh thinks I to my self, 'tis well enough, 'tis morally impossible for me to be in the Paths that descend to the Gates of Destruction, since that Venerable Orthodox and worthy Divine takes the same Road, and Steers in the same Latitude; his Charity is conspicuous, his Piety notorious, and his Conversation humble: He Practices the Austerities, Hardships and Penance, of an Anchorite; He denies himself the good Things of this World; He is resolv'd that he and his House will serve the Lord; Fasting and Prayers are the great Duties of Religion, and he and his effectually perform these Duties: He Prays and his Family Fasts, and betwixt the Reverend Seer and the Sons of the Prophet, they exactly comply with the Letter and Intention of the Text. I had no sooner hit upon this Notion, but my Senses clear'd up, and I was as gay as a Priest that hath satisfied his Revenge; we immediately found our selves near the Statue on Horseback of the late Royal Martyr, I pull'd off my Hat as I pass'd by the Image of Injur'd Majesty, when an old Acquaintance of mine, whose Family had severely suffer'd in our late unhappy Dissentions, accosted me, and was very Inquisitive to know  
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the Cause of that unusual Action. He told me, if I design'd some Ecclesiastical Preferment by that piece of Condescension, I was very much mistaken; That it was as hard to obtain a Commission to act in the Church, as in the Army, unless the Ready prepar'd the way; That paying my Respect to the Statue of that departed Monarch, was to as little purpose, as *Diogenes* begging of a Statue; That it was well for the Reverend Bust it self, that it stood in the Sacred Limits of the Verge, otherwise the Creditors of the Son might have made bold with the Father in Execution. As I was attentive to this Discourse, a Rascally Slave of a Chair man takes me upon the North side of my outward Man with one of the Poles of his Leathern Conveniency, and afterwards cautiously bawls out with a surly Tone, *By your leave, Sir.* Not at all pleas'd with this Complement, and desiring no more of his Civilities, I brush'd off as fast as I could, when *Young Man's Coffee House* threw it self in my way, and very kindly offer'd its Protection. I acquiesc'd there, knowing my self secure from more Dangers than one, and immediately upon my entrance mounted the Stairs, and mingled my Person with the Knights of the Round Table, who hazard three Months Revenue at a single Cast; and run the Risque whether they shall be Luxurious one Week, or starve in a Garret for a dozen. Their Weapons, if not themselves, were much ancientser than the Institutions of King *Arthur*; we read of Chess invented by *Palamides* at the Siege of *Troy*; and without dispute Dice ow'd their Extraction to a more veterane Original, for 'tis very credible the Prince of the Air might be the ingenious Author of these Moveables, and imparted the Invention to divert his Proselytes, when the Fumes of Melancholy or Wine set them

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on the Stool of Repentance. From these Instances it is evident, that Gaming is of venerable Antiquity, tho' the modern way of practising it is a little unaccountable; We were scarce enter'd the Room, when a volley of Oaths saluted us; one blasphem'd Heaven, but this was a little *French* Lieutenant, who had the ill Fortune to lose his own Money, and the private Collection made by some charitable Persons for the Relief of the Brethren; Another curs'd himself, and a third his Wife, who, it seems, had intreated him not to play that Morning: The second of these Gentlemen was much in the wrong, and the last can as little be justified, for 'twas damnably unreasonable in the Husband, to give his Wife to the Devil, who has used all her utmost Endeavours to send him to Heaven.

The surprizing Entertainments bred such Confusions in my Stranger, that sometimes he imagin'd 'twas his ill luck to have hit upon a Rendezvous of Madmen; at other moments he was perswaded to believe that he had mistook his way, and fallen into the bottomless Pit: The small Experience he had in the World assisted to amuse him; and he could not imagin but this House of Curses, Imprecations and Gnashing of Teeth, could be any other than some Parlour or Drawing-Room belonging to his Infernal Majesty. I guess'd at his Disease, by the change of his Complexion; and to convince him of his Error, acquainted him that these were Military Men, who got their Money easily, and parted from it with as great freedom. Upon this he very gravely enquir'd, What I meant by Military Men? And what Profession those Gentlemen were of? I reply'd, by Military Men, I meant Soldiers canton'd into several Troops and Companies, consisting of several Individual Persons, kept constantly in Pay by the State; to be useful  
in

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 in Action, and burthensome in Peace; to meet  
 with Applauses upon view of Danger, and Affronts  
 when the Consternation is over. In brief, I in-  
 tended Men whose business was fighting in bad  
 Times, and who had leisure to starve in Good;  
 or take a Turn to the *West-Indies* to find them  
 Employment, and Season them, by change of  
 Climate, against another Occasion. My *Ame-  
 rican* reply'd, He did not doubt their Courage,  
 and must needs be of Opinion, that those Gen-  
 tlemen, as I call'd them, must of consequence be  
 free enough of their Persons, who were so pro-  
 digal of their Souls; (For my Spark, you must  
 understand, had made shift to learn something  
 from his Marine Chaplain by the way, besides  
 the Art of composing a Bowl of Punch.) But  
 pray, says my Friend, are not these well-dress'd  
 Gentlemen, who make so good an Appearance,  
 very rich? I let him know 'twas an Argument  
 he understood Mankind very little, when he  
 drew Inferences from their Dress; That the  
 Soldiers, in opposition to the Tradesmen (who  
 generally provides the Ready for his Holy-day  
 Cloaths) is always poorest when he makes the  
 best show, what they wear outwardly, they want  
 in Linings. And if his Curiosity induc'd him to  
 know the Exposition of the Riddle, he might  
 enquire at the Horse-Guards, the Agent's Office,  
 or of the Undertakers for the Army. Tired with  
 these Scenes of Folly and Extravagance, we con-  
 vey'd our selves down Stairs, in order to find  
 something more entertaining; the Company was  
 numerous, and consisted of as much diversity,  
 and as many Humours, as the Calves-Head-Club;  
 some were reading News, others discoursing Po-  
 liticks, and a third sort of People Smoking  
 Tobacco: At the upper end of a long Table,  
 sat a little diminutive Gentleman, to whom sever-

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ral Persons, in much better Habit, and more resembling the Divine Image than himself, paid a great deal of Respect. *Bless me, says I, what have we got here, the natural Issue of some Insolent Dame, who doted on a Baboon, and entertain'd her self with the Caresses of that agreeable Animal? Here the Whirl-pool of Poetry suck'd me in, and I fell a Rhiming without farther Ceremony.*

*Fond Israel after Brazen Idols whor'd,  
Egyptian Meroe a Cat ador'd,  
Fishes and Dogs her Impious Zeal implor'd.  
No Superstition, surely, cou'd allow  
Respect to thee, and none but we cou'd bow  
To such a brazen peevish Cur as thou.*

When ever Deformity has a mind to expose her self undress'd, she needs no other ill Figure to appear in ; *Providence* consulted for the good of Mankind, when so treacherous a Soul was permitted to infuse it self in so crooked a Receptacle ; for had his Person been agreeable, and not obstructed the Infidelities of his Mind, he might have ruin'd more Honest Fellows in Red, than the Payment of their Debts, a long and lazy Peace, or a Disbanding Parliament. I express'd my self a little louder than was necessary, and being taken notice of by some that sat next me, I resolv'd to be no more a Martyr to my Chiming, than a Wit at Wills would be to his Religion : So briefly deposited my Copper at the Bar, whilst Mrs. Man was pledging an Irish Colonel in *Usquebaugh*, and vanish'd out of the Coffee-Room, as quick as an enchanted Supper flies from a Saucy Clerk, that has the ill Manners to say Grace to it. As I was crossing the Way to wait upon a Person of Quality at Old Man's, my Fellow Traveller accosted me very gravely ; That a Soldiers way



*Upon Old and Young Man's Coffee-houses.* 37

way of Life was unaccountable; That he had heard among the Priests of his own Country, there were two *Eternal Beings* opposite in their *Nature*, and vastly different in their *Qualities* and *Attributes*; The one Indulgent and Merciful, repleat with infinite Wisdom and Goodness; The other of a Disposition Cruel, Malicious and Revengeful; That he could not but imagine, if there were any Truth in these Traditions, that the Military Orders proceeded from the *black* and *ill-natur'd Deity*, which for fear is worship'd by his Superstitious Country-men. He added, It seem'd inconsistent with the Design of the Creation, that one part of it should be bred up in Blood, train'd and educated to destroy the other, and make havock of the noblest of all Sublunary Beings. I could not but be pleas'd with his Theology, yet told him, those *formidable Fellows*, (pointing at the *Double Creatures over the way*) dress'd with all the Equipage of Murder, were not half so good at Execution, as the *Gentlemen* of the *Colledge*; That the sound of the Mortars in an Apothecary's Shop, was a sure Prefage of a *Funeral*, as a *Passing-Bell* in the Times of Superstition and Ignorance: That some *Philosophical Inquisitions*, after the Cause and Cure of Diseases, by a single Member of a *Worthy* and *Judicious Society*, had dismiss'd a greater number of Wretches from the Afflictions of this miserable World in a Year, than e'er a *hoary-headed Red-coat* in all the Rencounters of his Life. We pop'd into *Old Man's* just as I had ended my Morality, where the Agreeableness of the Company, the Magnificence of their Dress, and the Ceremony that was used on all occasions, entertain'd my Fellow-Traveller with very diverting Idea's; he observ'd the Word *Honour* to be mix'd in all their solemn Assertions, and softly demanded

what God that might be, whose Name was mention'd with such a Religious Deference? *Honour*, I return'd, was a *Deity* which only *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* paid their Respects to; The one when they sacrific'd their Pleasure to their Fame; And the other, when in ridiculous *Duels* they ventur'd Life to maintain a *Barren Reputation*. 'Tis true, almost all Orders and Distinctions of Men, pretend a Reverence for this *Whimsical Fantome*, which exists only in Imagination: But to give you a clearer Notion, how far their Actions are agreeable to their Words, I believe we have no more to do, than to reflect upon what those Gentlemen in the corner are a doing; We observ'd there a *Colonel* and his *Agent*, upon whom a pretty brisk Youth of about Seventeen attended at three or four Yards distance in the Rear, and made his Honours upon every occasion, we happen'd to place our selves very near, and immediately express'd himself as follows:

*This young Gentleman has a particular Regard for your Honour, and a desire to learn the Art of War under so experienc'd an Officer; 'tis true, he can't boast any Antiquity of Blood or Service in the Army, to recommend him to so considerable a Post, as that of Ensign to your Honour. But, Sir, he has deposited a Hundred Guineas in the Hands of Sir Francis Child, which, I presume, will plead his Merit very weightily; besides an Acknowledgment to your humble Servant. The Favour was granted, and the young Beau dismiss'd to his Satisfaction. My Indian* flung out of the Room in a Passion, for by this time he understood something of these Military Intrigues, and wonder'd how Mankind could be so insensible as to pay for Ruin; he affirm'd that Blood and Money was too much; that he had often heard of Persons willing to buy Life, even with the basest Articles, but never knew of any

so mad before, to purchase Death upon the lowest Consideration.

By this time we were come to the *Admiralty Office*, the outide invited us in, but here we found only a Company of Tarrs walking too and fro with their Hands in their Pockets, as on the Quarter Deck aboard; in one Room there was a Company of Lieutenants, some had serv'd twenty Years without being rais'd, because they either knew not how to Bribe in the right place, or were so tenacious of what they had so hardly purchas'd, that their only hopes were now *Half Pay*, or *Superannuation*. In another place were Seamen's Wives with Petitions, and pressing Deputy B——, who was as surly to them, as a *true Whigg* in Office; but tho' he demanded no Fee, he could be mollify'd by a little *Fellow-feeling*, that like a Sop to *Cerberus*, let Petitions and Men pass too; Then you fall in betwixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, the Clerks on one side, and Sea Captains on the other; where Cowards that have lost one Ship, easily get another; and Men of Valour, without Interest, wait in vain for Preferment, from those who dispose of what they do not understand; for here the *Land* determin's of the *Main*, and he that never see the *North Foreland*, disposes of things, as if he knew all the Creeks, and Bays, Shelves, Sands, and Nations of the Universe.

But *Mum's* the Word—for who wou'd speak their Mind among Tarrs and Commissioners, for the cracking their Shell, is too hard an *Amusement* for my Teeth? So my *Indian* and I pass'd hastily out, and made our way over the *Parade* towards *Westminster*; when we had pass'd the *Horse-guards*, and enter'd the odoriferous Park of *St. James's*, we found it a *High Change* on the *Parade*, Red Coats and Laced Hats spread every  
C c c 4                      where;



where, and Faces that breath'd Fire and Blood were all about us ; some were eager, and walk'd fast ; others were grave, and look'd as if they thought : Here is decided the Price of Commissions, which are openly bought and sold, as if a lawful Merchandize. Here Sieges are form'd, Battles fought, Victories won. Here *Irish*, *Scots* and *English* meet very amicably, make a buzz, and contend in Nonsense : Here you may hear all this General's Miscarriages fully accounted for ; that General's Success magnify'd and describ'd ; that Colonel damn'd for being put over this Captain's Head ; that Agent curs'd for tricking the Regiment out of their Pay, or by raising such Contributions with the Colonel's Connivance, that Estates are now got at this end of the Town, as well as by *Stock-jobbing* in the City. Here honest *Pain*, and *Potter*, and divers others of that Fraternity, take their mid days Perambulation, to agree with the Spendthrift Officers, for advancing their Money at 30 *per Cent*. Here walks a tall *Irishman*, with abundance of thoughtful Gravity in his Face ; who had spent his Estate, and now lives on Women ; and what is more preposterous, sets up for a *Wit*, the oddest Ambition that ever was in Nature ; for *Wit* was never yet the Growth of that Country.

We as naturally went from *Man's Coffee-house*, to the *Parade*, as a Coachman drives from *Locket's* to the *Play-house*. Tho' the Scene was changed, the Actors were the same as to their *Profession*, but infinitely different in their *Character*, *Degrees* and *Circumstances*. The first Gentleman I happen'd to cast my Eyes upon, was my old Friend and Fellow-Collegian honest *Bartholomew Cringe*. I wonder'd who in the Devils Name had equipt him with a Wig large enough to load a Camel. If Nature had indulg'd our

Pri-

Primitive Parents with such an extraordinary Production, they would have had little reason to have blush'd at, or been asham'd of their Nakedness. And the Original of that *virtuous Profession Mantua making*, our good Grandmother Eve might have sav'd her self a great deal of trouble in tacking together her *Primitive Green Petticoat and Waistcoat*. His Sword in length resembled a Footman's who asserts the Reputation of his Mistress, which for divers good Causes and Reasons, he is very nearly concern'd in. His Coat was as blue as the Sky; and his Hat boldly erected its Sable Penthouse, to play with greater vivacity the ruddy Complexion of its Owner. I considered him with the strictest Attention, and could hardly give Credit to the Informers of my Mind, when my spark, to end the *Amusement*, accosted me in a very obliging manner. Says he, Dear Friend Tom, you're surpriz'd to find your old Friend in this Place and Habit. I wear this Dress and Garniture, as the Emblems of my Militant Capacity. I have the Honour to perform the Duties of my Office under the Protection of that worthy Gentleman Lieutenant-General — in Quality of Chaplain to his Regiment of Horse; and faith, dear Tom, to be plain with you, I was looking for such a pleasant Companion as your self, to whom a Man might unbosom a few Secrets, which are a little hard of Digestion. We've had many a smart Touch together; and to deal sincerely, what betwixt my Respects to his Excellency, and some necessary Punctilios to the Cassock, I am become as Melancholy as a Statesman debarr'd from doing Mischief, or a Bawd in *Bridemel*. If you'll do me the favour to contribute your Assistance in order to expel these Splenetick Vapours your old Acquaintance, a Bit to eat, and a Bottle of  
Wine

Wine expect you at *Shuttleworth's*, where I know you have Courage enough to come, tho' the Devil appears upon the Sign post. I told him, I kiss'd his Hands with all imaginable Respect; that I would not fail to oblige my self and him with the Interview he propos'd, as soon as I had treated my Sun-burnt Friend with a view of some Rarities in the *Park*, who I design'd, with his good leave, should share in the Entertainment. We immediately parted; the *Canonical Cavalier* to the Tavern, and my *American Papil*, with his Instructor, towards the Canal, where once the Centinels and Gladiator, with equal concern, guarded her Majesty's Subjects of the Feather'd Generation.

I was as gay and pleasant, in Expectation of the promis'd Regalement, as that Reverend Judge *Don Sancho* would have been after a plentiful Collation. I met with several *Amusements*, during three or four Turns I made, that augmented the Pleasure which possess'd me. My Fellow-Traveller demanded, What Officer that might be, who was so kind to desire our Company at Dinner? An Officer, quoth I! not a Jot of an Officer, or a Soldier, that I know of: He is indeed a sort of an *Ecclesiastical-Drum-Major*, that balls the Military Herd to Battel. Pennance or Fasting, when the General thinks convenient to fight, or the want of Provisions, makes an Humiliation important or necessary. Indeed, to do the Man justice, he does not much delight in Fasting; he looks upon that as a Qualification fitter for a Bishop, such as the Rev. Dr. K——n, than the Chaplain of a Regiment, who ought in Conscience to give a good Example to the Soldiers. Turning about to see what a Clock 'twas, in order to make good my Assignment, I had almost tumbl'd over a young Gentlewoman, who was



was marching off the Parade with a Colonel, the Surgeon of his Battalion follow'd close in the Rear, who was ready to give an Authentick Certificate, *to all whom it might concern*, of her Ladyship's being in good Health, and that his Honour had no more reason to apprehend any danger of Fire from her, than he had formerly from the Combatants of *Steinkirk* or *Landen*; who being a quarrellsome sort of People, this Gentleman most cautiously avoided their Conversation, and always had the good Fortune to be Sick, or in Garrison, at the Critical time of any dangerous Rencontre. But whatever Objections the Malicious might raise against his Courage, he had the good Fortune of shewing his Manhood to the Ladies; and without dispute, he was infinitely in the right on't, since the Work of Generation is much more glorious than that of Privation, extinguishing Life, or honourable Murder. My *Indian Friend* ask'd me, Whether this was not another *Exchange*? The Question was to the purpose, and I frankly return'd, The *Parade* might properly be call'd an *Exchange*, or a Market; for every thing here was Venal ready Money, or a Handsom Sister were never-failing Presents, if a Man had an intent to purchase a Commission. That good Friends and a large Stock of Assurance, sometimes admitted the Soldier to Preferment; but Courage, long Service, or true Merit, very rarely. The Colonel here tells his Honour, the Agent his Conscience, and every thing bears a Price but Virtue. Should the *God of War* serve under these Gentlemen, I question whether he would arrive to the Dignity of a Serjeant, unless his Mistress the *Queen of Love*, or the more prevailing Picture of her Majesty, introduc'd him. Observe that little Gentleman upon the right hand; his Business

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 ness is to state Accounts of the Army ; and it  
 turns very well to his one : If a young Widow  
 wants the Arrears of her Husband, and ima-  
 gines in respect to the Dead, or compassion to  
 the Living, she shall be honourably dealt with,  
 such Persons will find themselves damnably mi-  
 mistaken: No, there's another way to go to work ;  
 the Lady must take a Tour as far as *Knightsbridge*  
 or *Kensington*, stop may be at the *Worlds-ena*, or  
 the *Swan* ; offer my Spark a small Treat, when  
 upon examining her Affairs at Night, 'tis a hun-  
 dred to one but he does her Business in the Morn-  
 ing. Tho' my Stomach gave me warning, I  
 trespass'd upon good Manners, in permitting my  
 Friend to be so long alone, or entertain'd with  
 no better Company that what the Mistress of  
 the Hospitable Tenement were he resided could  
 afford him. Yet before I repair'd to my Fellow-  
 Collegian, I could not forbear making this Po-  
 etical Reflection.

*The Colonels here in solemn manner meet,  
 Not with a fell design the French to beat,  
 But to consult where they may nicely eat.  
 What Trusting Mortal sells the noblest Wine,  
 Where, free from Duns, they may securely dine.* }

We walk'd thro' the Horse Guards ; I call'd  
 to mind the Happiness of those serene times,  
 when the Troops of the Household, instead of be-  
 ing transported to Foreign Countries, guarded  
 the Royal Poultry with great Care and Applica-  
 tion. When these generous Knight-Errants  
 presided over the Converse of sighing Lovers,  
 and protected their Nocturnal Amours from Vi-  
 olence and Injuries. This was the *Golden Age*,  
 unless preceeding *Ara* claim that Venerable  
 Title, when even the Guards themselves were un-

unknown unthought of; when Majesty had no other Defence, than the Love and Piety of their Subjects.

*Tyrant and Traytor then were Names unknown,  
Nor Guards secur'd, nor Fears disturb'd a Throne.  
Then Kings enjoy'd a long and happy Reign,  
And slept as quiet as the meanest Swain:  
Honour'd and old to Death did gently bend,  
And without Blood to Proserpine descend.*

This Martial *Amusement* did not long detain us, but we pass'd through, and made our way for the *Abby of Westminster*; where we taking a solitary walk, my *Indian* seem'd pleas'd with the Solemnity of the Place; which struck a sort of sacred Horror into us, and inspir'd an unsought Devotion to the Deity it was erected to.

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### Westminster-Abby.

**I**T not being Prayer-time, we amus'd our selves with viewing the glorious Circumstances of the Dead; on which my *Indian* Friend made many Moral Reflections; as on the foolish Vanity of Men, in extending their Folly beyond this Life. *Pride*, that was their Vice while living, will not forsake them in the Grave, they making that the lasting Monument of it. Flattering Inscriptions, and Marble Monuments they have Refuge to, when they want Soul to recommend themselves to Posterity by their good and generous Actions. In the North-Isle we found a remarkable Instance of *Modesty*, while over the Immortal *Ben. Johnson*, there was only on a plain little Stone inscrib'd, *O rare Ben.*

*Johnson.*



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*Johnson* : But whether this were the effect of the Avarice of his Friends, or their Confidence in his admirable Works or his own Modesty, I shall not determine: Overlooking the other pieces of this Nature on this side, except that of *Harry Purcell*, the Memory of whose Harmony held us a little, we pass on to the other side, where one thing was remarkable; for, on a Woman's Monument we found an Inscription in *Greek, Hebrew and Arabick*; as if by multiplicity of Figures, they would express the Volubility of that of the Sex in one: And that of *Fairborn* in *English*, set up by his pious Wife, in order to get her a second Husband; the Comforts of a second Marriage being the surest to a Widow for the loss of a first Husband. Casting our Eyes forward, *Tom of ten thousand* intercepts our sight; a mournful Instance of a *Martyr in Love*. But we could not but stop at the Tomb of a Judge, his Neighbour, and wonder at his Assurance, in telling us of his hopes of a Resurrection, when he must pass the fiery Trial of the Judgment upon it; where he'll stand as a *Culprit*, not in *statu quo*: He had certainly forgot how many bad Causes he had defended, before he could come to sleep over the Cause he was to determine; and how many times he had judg'd by his own Passions, or Interest, or Affections, more than by the *Law*.

The next that drew our Eyes for the Admirableness of the Work, as well as the Character of the Man, was Dr. *Busby* of *flogging Memory*: His Inscription tells us how many he had bred to the Bench and the Board; but some have been apt to think, he had better have employed his time in teaching them *Honesty* and *Understanding*, than *Latin* and *Greek*; it had been better for the State at least, if not for themselves.

selves. His Pupils, when they come by, look as pale as his Marble, in remembrance of his severe Execution on their Posteriors.

From him we easily pass'd to the Poets his Neighbours, and first old *Abraham Cowley* salutes us with an Epitaph, and Inscription of equal Truth, truly poetical indeed, as all *Mat. Clifford's* Fictions ; for he was no more the *Horace, Virgil, Ovid, &c.* of England, than the Monument was of his Grace of *Buck's* erecting, at least paying for.

The venerable *Chaucer* was next, a Poet indeed, and the *English Homer* truly ; at whose Feet, without any Name, lies *John Dryden*, his Admirer, and truly the *English Maro*. *Drayton*, with half a Nose, comes next, admir'd in his Time, but whose Works are forgot before his Monument is worn out. The great *Spencer* keeps the Entry of the Church, in a plain Stone Tomb, but his Works are more glorious, than all the Marble and Brass Monuments within.

To which we now ventur'd to enter, being first encounter'd by a dapper pert Scoundrel in a crop-ear'd Wig, the Parrot of the Place, but a piece of *Wistminster Wit*, for he throws in his Joke as formally, and as much to the purpose, as a Fanatick Holder-forth does his Text.

My *Indian Friend* was indeed surpriz'd at the first Apartment of the Dead that we enter'd, there was something very magnificent and fine in the Tombs. Here lay a great Minister of State in a tatter'd Brass Case ; there the Immortal *Talbot* ; here a Reverend Bishop under foot ; there a fine Lady lifted aloft : Here lay the shatter'd clumsy Figure of a noble Knight, with his now peaceful Dudgeon at his side ; and there the Lady who had the odd Fate of dying by pricking her Fore-finger with a Needle: Here a topping young Hero, like *Mars* ; and there two diminutive Figures of Princes.

But

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But to run over the Particulars of all this *Amusement* of the Dead, would be too tedious a Repetition; There was a Conqueror without a Head; for they were so vile to make that of Silver, and his Body of Brass, so the Thief stole the Head, and left the Trunk unattempted.

But we can't leave this venerable Place, without a View of a formidable Sword and Buckler with which he conquer'd the *French*; and they must have been Giants indeed, to have resisted such formidable Weapons, if his Soldiers fought with the like. Here was the Pillar of old *Jacob*, brought to *Scotland* by *Pharaoh's* Daughter, with this Advantage, that where-ever that Stone should go, the *Scots* should reign. But whether *Edward* the First brought it out of *Scotland* out of Zeal to *Jacob*, or to take away the Foes *Palladium*; but here it is, and if you won't believe it, you had best dispute with the Parrots of the Place. But true or false, it has been an *Amusement* Time out of mind, and so will continue for all that I can discover to the contrary.

*Edward the Confessor's* Tomb is the chief piece of Antiquity, who was the first Royal Empirick for Scabs and Scrophulous Humours. He was a whimsical sort of a Gentleman, that not being willing or capable to lye with his Wife, was yet so jealous of her, that he caus'd her to pass the fiery Tryal of the *Ordeal*, which she did to the Satisfaction of the Beholders, but not of the King, who could never be brought to give her his Royal Benevolence; for which the Monks make him a Saint, and the Nation was expos'd to Invasion and Ruin in *William* the Bastard of *Normandy*, whom the Monks call'd in a barbarous Latin *Conquestor*, or *Conquer*.

From hence we pass'd to another Apartment, where the noble Earl of *Exeter* lies cover'd with  
Marble,



Marble, with his own Effigies and his first Wives ; and to shew that he was not behind-hand in Love to his Second, he left her a Place to lye by him, when she took her Eternal Nap. But she being a Person of very nice Taste in the Ceremonials of Place, chose rather to be alone, than to lye on his Left-hand.

Hence we advanc'd into the curious Chappel of *Henry* the Seventh, and by the Way saw good *Queen Bess*, and bless'd her Pious Memory. Here we found that cunning Monarch enshrin'd in Monumental Brass, which perhaps he got the Expence of out of *Dudley's* and *Emson's* Estates, which he had squeez'd out of the People.

Having some notice before hand, I desir'd my *Indian* Friend to amuse himself with a View of the Stalls of the ancient Monks of this Chappel. Here was inlaid half a dozen jolly Fellows, some Drunk and Spewing, others Maudlin, some Quarrelling. There were more numerous Sparks in the Act of Fornication ; other good Friars, &c. engag'd with their *Gampucades*, and in every place their Master, old *Lucifer*, rejoycing at their Exploits. My *Indian* was extremely amus'd with the Piety of the Representation. But I saw with a little Indignation, things too Scandalous for a Brothel, made free of the Church. And so we pass'd on to see the Ruins of Majesty in the Women Figures placed there by Authority. As soon as we had ascended half a score Stone Steps in a dirty Cobweb hole, and in old Worm-eaten Presses, whose Doors flew open on our approach, here stood *Edward* the Third, as they told us, which was a broken piece of Wax-work, a batter'd Head, and a Straw stuff'd Body, not one quarter cover'd with Rags ; his beautiful Queen stood by, not better in Repair ; and so to the number of half a score Kings and Queens, not

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near so good Figures as the King of the Beggars make, and all the begging Crew would be asham'd of their Company. Their Rear was brought up with good *Queen Bess*, with the Remnants of an old dirty Ruff, and nothing to cover her Majesty's Nakedness.

Tir'd with this *Amusement*, I was enquiring if there were no Charnal-House to compleat the View of the Dead. There is no need of that, says my *Indian*, for this place, I think, gives as melancholy a View of the Dead as that can do; there the Bones and Skulls seem to want no Garniture, but here we see Kings, after their Death, cloath'd like Vagrants; and all their Pomp and Grandeur confin'd to a Rag and a Cupboard. And this proves that

*All mortal things are subject to decay,  
And when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey.*

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*Upon the Compters.*

I Slept as heartily as Innocence it self, when my Fellow-traveller, who shared in the Adventures I am going to relate. enter'd my Room, and by the Noise and Pains he took to wake me, dispers'd those agreeable Ideas, Fancy at that time was entertaining me with: And instead of flattering Dreams of Pleasure, which at that instant obligingly amused me, opening my Eyes, and collecting my Senses, I found my self no richer or wiser than I was the precedent Morning: The Bells were ringing in all the Steeples of the City, and made a noise as harmonious as the pathetick Harangue of that *Urban* Magistrate a R——r, when he delivers himself upon some  
very

very important Occasion. Having taken a sound Nap, by preparing my Person with the Invincible Opiates of a Glas of good Wine, and the Lecture of some Pages in Sir R ——— B ———re's *Eliza*, I thought I had no incumbent Necessity upon me to go to Church to her Dr. T ———n preach against Avarice, or the Reverend Master of the Temple rip open mysterious Points of Divinity, as plain as he did Dr. *Overall's* Convocation Book ; And being as little inclin'd to be merry, or to see a *Harlequin* in a Pulpit, I avoided the Theatre in *Russel-Court*, where more *Farces* have been acted, than ever appear'd upon the Stages of *Drury-Lane* or *Dorset-Garden*. Faith, says I to my *Indian*, it shall be so, I'll e'n go shew you the Tombs. Those of *Westminster*, says my Friend, I am satisfy'd they are very entertaining, the Dead in those Vaults sleep very magnificently; And there's a certain Air of Greatness and Antiquity interspers'd among those venerable Monuments. But pray, continu'd he, What Tombs, what Monuments do you mean? Said I, with a Smile, you are infinitely mistaken, if you conclude we have no other remarkable Monuments, than those of the *Plantagenets*, situate in the tempestuous Air of *Westminster*; the Tombs of *Wood-Street* and the *Poultry* much more deserve your Consideration, and thither 'tis I design to conduct you.

At this Period I found my self dress'd, and privately thank'd Heaven my humble Equipage had neither brought Ruin or Inconvenience upon any Family ; That the Cloaths I had put on, had not made me Criminate; That I had hurt no Tradesman, by obliging him to trust me; Nor increas'd the Injury, by deluding him into an unnecessary Attendance. These serious Reflections put me into a sort of Melancholy, which suggested to



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my Fancy, that the Places I was going to were Real, not Imaginary Tombs or Monuments; And that as our Church-yards and Burial places were attended with Ecclesiastical Officers, as *Clerk, Sexton and Grave-Diggers*: So these Burial-places for the Living, are as little destitute of their Chiefs and Assistants, who rake the unhappy Wretches in the Limits of their Dominions, with a severer Justice than the Infernal Judges are Fabled by the ancient *Grecians*, to have Lorded it in Hell over the dusky Populace of *Stryx* and *Acheron*. The Right Worshipful the *L—— d M—— r* for the time being supplies the place of *Clerk*, the Worshipful the *Sheriffs* are the *Sextons*, and the *Serjeants* and *Tecomen* are the *Grave-diggers*; but in the House your Parochial Pioneer digs up for the Mansions of the moun-dering Tenants, meet with a serene Quiet, a-long Sensibility from Pain, which those that are immur'd in this dismal Fastness can never pretend to; no surly Gaoler disturbs the Dead, they sleep from Debts, Necessities and Care; no gingling Keys break their sacred extended Slumbers; nor does the saucy Insolence of villainous Keepers, plague them with Oppressions and Injustice.

Whilst these Images were revolving themselves in my mind, we approach'd the wooden Portcullis that guards the melancholy Avenues of a terrestrial Hell. *Virgil* expresses himself very beautifully concerning the *Stygian* Palace, re-fided in by the Son-in-Law of *Ceres*.

*Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua Divis*

—— *Facillis est descensus Averni;*

*Sed revocare Gradum superasque evadere ad auras,*

*Hic Labor hoc opus est*——

*Swift of Access is Ceres grizly Son,  
His Brazen Gates on ready Hinges turn:  
But from Avernus, and the Realms of Night,  
Upwards to move, and view the Æthereal Light;  
This is the Task——*

But we found the Case quite alter'd in this House of Torment, and it was almost as difficult for us that were without doors to get in, as it was for them within doors to get out: His Cerberusship demanded our Business, and by the Grimness of his Face, gave us a dreadful Idea of the Horrors which are inseparable to the *Internal Massiff*. I told him very civilly, that I was come to see a Friend of mine in Confinement; That it being *Sunday*, I conclude a Visit to Persons either Sick or in Prison, was as acceptable to the Divine Goodness, as offering up my Devotions at Church. He smiled at my Notions of Piety, and turning the Key, not without an insolent Grin, gave us admittance to a Scene of Horror, which discover'd the Prudence, Christianity and Tenderneſs, of the City Government. The Gentleman was call'd down from breathing in the Air upon the Leads, who occasion'd us that Visit. After some Complements of Condolance being pass'd betwixt us, we desir'd him to entertain himself with a Quart of comfortable Ale; and if that was not potent enough to make him forget his Cares, we engag'd him to mingle it with the Infallible Prescription of a Nipperkin of Brandy. Whilst we amused our selves with our Curiosity, and the dismal Diversion of the Sable Apartments, a multiplicity of different Figures immediately presented themselves of both Sexes, and almost of all Ages and Conditions; Their Vizages were pale and ghastly; their Drests squalidly neglected; and the Disorder of their

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Seats sufficiently appear'd by the Contempt they had of their Bodies ; one walk'd as swiftly as a bending Tradesman from a Saturday Dun, when, God knows he was as near his Journeys end, as a decaying Whore is to a Bawd, or a young giggling Girl to the loss of her Maiden-head. Another most demurely, with Hat, Cane and Gloves, and the Phiz of Business, marches from one side of the Ward to another, as if he was just a going to the Exchange, to monopolize the Commodities of both the *Indies* ; when, alas, the Wretch has never seen that busie Place since a Brace of ill-looking Officers whisper'd him in the Ear, a sort of scurvy Story, and in secure and safe Custody, brought him to a Ware-house which he pays no Rent for, yet nevertheless has got but a very indifferent Bargain. A third Damns his Attorney, and a fourth curses as heartily his Wife. *That Rogue of a Lawyer*, says one of these irreligious Recluses, raging and almost mad with his Misfortunes, *if he had not play'd fast and loose with me, I had never been brought to this. Confound that Villain of a Creditor*, continues he, *who brib'd the Judge and Jury ; and the Devil take the Jury that sold my Cause.* Here starts up another, and in an infinite Passion demanded, What Reason he had to use so many Execrations ? *Pray Sir*, says the Party that ask'd the Question, *if you have so good a hand at Cursing, do me the Favour to curse my Wife : My Wife, a Plague confound her, brought me hither ; To my Wife I owe this Fantastical Misery, this horrd Air, and this ridiculous Habit. She brought me nothing, adds he, before Consummation, but Pride, Poverty and Lewdness, and that was a Portion with a Vengeance ; but since the fatal moment of taking For Better for Worse—* He would have run on a brace of Hours upon this Nuptial Panegyrick, but we decently left him



him to make his Complaint amongst the listning Herd of his Fellow sufferers, and turn'd our selves about, in order to reflect with concern upon a Figure lamentably wretched; the very Picture of Sadness it self: His Air was dejected; Despair and solid Melancholy took up their Residence upon his Face, and interwove themselves in all his Discourses and Actions; yet his Misfortunes had not absolutely rob'd him of every thing that was agreeable: His Judgment remained very penetrating, and his good Manners and Civility render'd him unworthy of the Conditon that the Capriciousness of Fortune had reduc'd him to. We address our selves to him, and begged the knowledge of those ill Accidents that had brought him to a Station so different from what we imagin'd he was once in possession of. Whether to oblige our Enquiries, or to indulge his Grief by the Repetition of his Story, I am uncertain; but he gave us to understand, in very pathetick Terms, That he was a Person had made a handsome appearance in the World; that he had been Master of a very considerable Estate, and tho' he had not comply'd with his Payments so exactly as Sir *F — C — d*, yet he had more punctually perform'd his Word than *Sweetapple* or *F — s*. That he was in very thriving Circumstances, when his Affairs oblig'd him to take a Journey into the Country; where staying, by the means of Sickness that detain'd him a little longer than was expected, a Sober Religious Common Council-Man, with whom he had dealt several Years, took out a Statute against him, seiz'd three times the value of what he ow'd, which was most of it spent at *Pontac's* or the *Rummer*, upon debating the weighty Points of Contribution and Dividends; then seiz'd upon his Person, threw him into the *Compter*, and took

care his Family should be like the State of the Christian Church, disperst and distressed over the Face of the whole Earth. We pity'd the Injustice he had met with, and return'd to my Friend, with whom I could not help murmuring against the Imprudence of some part of our Legal Constitutions. We wonder'd, that a Thief should be hang'd for some sort of Felonies, and by that means find an end of his Torment, and for other Actions of like nature have the *Benefit of the Clergy*, when neither the Law nor the Gospel found means to discharge an Insolvent Debtor. That according to the unhappy Severity of our Laws, we might at a much easier rate offend Heaven, than be indebted to Man; and that in all degrees of Criminal Cases, the Prisoner some way or other made his *Exit* from a Dungeon: A Debtor is the only Prisoner for Life, and his Misfortune is hereditary to his Family; the Innocent Children share the Punishment of their Father, who was never accessory to his Guilt; and Vengeance here is extended to the third and fourth Generation. My *American*, tho' he had been a Witness to the several Passages I have related, yet would needs impose upon me so far, as to affirm the Inhabitants of these Catacombs, were Persons guilty of a Murder, and here expiated their Crimes by the Confinement of their Persons. I told him indeed, that whosoever had brought themselves thither, were a sort of Self-Murderers, and so (according to the Opinion of the Orthodox) suffer'd the Pain and Penalty of Damnation. But truly speaking, these Unfortunates rather suffer'd than avoided that Crime; and, without dispute, of all Persons whatsoever, are most worthy our Compassion. For my part, says I, rising to be gone, after I had put an end to a few Conclusions which I gave my enchanted Friend,

Friend, This Place is certainly *Purgatory*, and agrees very well with the Character *Virgil* gave us of that infernal Prison, some 2000 Years ago; you shall see the Description when I meet you the other side of this Castle; mean time I wish you all the Satisfaction so uncomfortable a Place can afford you.

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## The Thames.

NOW (said I to my *Indian*) I have feasted your Curiosity with such variety of *Amusements* upon *Terra firma*, I'll present you upon the Water with a surprizing Entertainment, that shall startle you much more than all the hair-brain'd Confusions or ridiculous Adventures, you have ever met with on this side the Equinoctial. Then your River, says he, must afford something that is very extraordinary, for I think your Streets and Publick Houses abound with such an amazing Medley of all manner of Contrarieties, that if a Man had the Eyes of *Argus*, he might imploy them all in this your Christian *Babel* to his continual Satisfaction. However I shall be glad to wait upon you, if for no other reason, but the Benefit of a little fresh Air in this sultry Weather.

Finding my *Antipodean* Companion thus agreeable to my Humour, I steer'd him down *Black-fryars* towards the *Thames* side, till coming near the Stairs, where from their Lowzy Benches up started such a noisy multitude of old grizly *Tritons*, in sweaty Shirts, and short-skirted Doublets, hollowing and hooting out, *Next Oars* and *Skullers*, shaking their Cuckolds Caps over their bald Noddles, seeming as overjoy'd to see us, as if we had been Foreign Princes come out of stark Love  
and



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and Kindness to redeem them and their Families from Cruel Popery and Slavery. Adds Flesh, says my poor frightened *Indian*, let's not venture any further, in the Name of *Neptune*, What are this Crowd of *Mermidons*, who approach us so like *Cannibals*, as if they resolv'd to devour us, and were squabbling with one another at the sight of their Prey, who should have the first Bit? Never fear, said I, with one Word I'll put you out of your Pain; and with that I bawl'd out as loud as a Speaking-Trumpet, *Next Oars*, and away run Captain *Charon* from the Front of his wrangling Fraternity, with a Badge upon his Arm, that the World might behold whose Slave he was, and hollow'd to his Man *Ben* to bring the Boat near, whilst the rest withdrew to their Seats, calling one another *Louzy Rogue* and *Sorry Rascal*, giving us a clear Passage without further Molestation. Upon my Word, says my *Indian* Friend, I am glad we are past them, for this is one of the most ill-looking Rabble, and from whom I had more Apprehensions of Danger, than from any I have yet met with. 'Tis all, said I, but an *Amusement*, step into the Boat, sit down Water-men, row us up to *Chelsea*: No sooner had we put off into the middle of the Stream, but our *Charon* and his Assistant (being jolly Fellows) began to scatter their verbal Wild-fire on every side of them, their first Attack being on a couple of fine Ladies with a Footman in the Stern as follows, viz. *How now you two Confederate Brimstones, Where are you swimming with your Fine Top-knots, to invite some Irish Bully or Scotch Highlander, to scour your cloven Furbiloes for a Petticoat Pension? I'll warrant your poor Cuckolds are hovering about Change, to hear what News from Flanders, whilst you like a couple of hollow-belly'd Wh — s, are sailing up to Spring Garden to cram*  
one

one end with roasted Fowls, and the other with raw Sauffages. One of the Ladies taking Courage, pluck'd up a Female Spirit of Revenge, and facing us with the Gallantry of an *Amazon*, made the following return, viz. Get you home you old Cuckold, look under your Wives Bed, and see what a lusty Gardener has been planting, a Son of a Wh—e in your Parsley-Bed : O how fond the old Fool will be of the Fruits of another Man's Labour, when the Midwife vouches the Bastard to be the true Picture of his Daddy : Out you old Rogue, Gray before you're Good, and Bald before you're mannerly ; hold your Bawling you rusty old Churl, whose dogged Countenance makes you look as if you were begot by a Tanner's Mastiff ; talk not to a Woman, you surly Whelp, for you are fit for nothing, but like the Breed you come on, to crawl upon all four, and cry Bow wow at a Bear Garden.

No sooner had we saluted each other with these Water-Compliments, as we pass'd by, but a Western-Boat stow'd with a mixture of both Sexes began a fresh Attack upon us in manner following, viz. How now Old Dad, Whither are your Man and you carrying that King of the Gypsies you have pick'd up for a Fare ? Why he looks as if he had painted his Face with a Childs Surreverence, to make his Countenance shine like a Turmeric Pudding. Out you nasty T — d colour'd Dog, born upon a Dung-hill without a Head, that your Mother was forc'd to supply the Defect with a yellow Pumkin. Which unfavory Complement was thus retorted by our foul-mouth'd Prolocutor, viz. Stop your Smoak-hole Nincompoop, What laden for Puddle-dock with Taylors, Bayliffs, fat Bawds and Chamber-maids ? Shoot your Rubbish, you Rogue, at the next Lay-stall, and carry back Dung to the next Gardener's House, that you may beg a Bunch of Carrets for the Sow your Bed-fellow to stop her Mouth from Scolding. Who

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was it that caught the Boat builders Journey-man kissing his Wife, and forgave him for half a dozen of Mother Shepherd's Beer, because he swore upon the Old Woman's Bible, 'twas the first time? O rare Tom Sanders, you Lye like a Cuckold; Get you gone you old tumbler to my Dame Tosfield's Daughter, and make a Fool of the poor Wench in the House of Office; and after Kiss the Mother upon Horn-Fair-day for Nuts and Ginger-bread.

This Dialogue being thus ended, the next that we met was a jolly Parson, skudding from Lambeth-House in a Skulker sitting at the upper end of the Boat by himself like a Lady in a lobster-shell. Rare Game, Master, cries our Navicular Spokes-man, and thus he accosted the Man of Scripture as soon as within hearing, viz. Well met Holy Father, I'll warrant in your time you have drawn as many Tyth Pigs in at your Mouth, and out at your Fundament, as would have stack'd Bartholomew-Fair for a whole Season, or else you could never have shewn such a fat Gut to your lean Parishoners. Ah Doctor, 'tis a sign the Church is at a low Ebb or else a long Scarf and a Rose Hatband, would never be so kumble, as to be seen lolling in a Skulker in such a pious Age too, when every Wapping Understrapper, that has but a Congregation of old Women to hold himself forth to, scorns to have less than Oars, tho' he crosses but the Water to administer Comfort to a Holy Sister. Thou art a wicked Reprobate I'll warrant thee, reply'd the Priest, Pruthee desire the Minister of your Parish to teach thee the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, that thou may'st not go out of this World in thy old Age like a Heasben, and be damn'd in the next for the Sin of wilful Ignorance. Thank you Master, cries old Grizzle, for your good Advice, but I believe 'tis the first that ever you bestow'd so generously without being paid for it: A wo is me, that ever the plentiful Age



of *Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance*, should ever be chang'd into the mercenary *Times of Moderation and Vertue*.

No sooner had we steer'd clear of *Divinity*, but we fell foul (in words I mean) upon a nimble pair of Oars, freighted with a couple of *Scarlet Officers*, and between them a *Lady furbulo'd* with all the Colours of the *Rain-bow*; no sooner were they come up a broad side of us, but our bold Son of *Neptune*, seconded by his Man, began a vigorous Attack upon the Sons of *Mars*, who sat hugging their *Venus*, as the two Elders did *Susanna*, viz. 'Esaith noble Captain, you lay close Siege, I dare swear, at the very first Assault, Loves Fortrefs will surrender upon your own Terms; tho' I can tell you this for your Comfort, as soon as your Ammunition is spent, and your Guns are dismounted, you'll be forc'd to quit the Possession: But whatever you do, take care before you enter, that the Castle is not on fire, for if it should, you had better break up your Siege, than go on any further. Hold your Tongue, you old Swobber, replies one of the Heroes, and pull off my Lord Mayor's Jacket and Louze your self, or else, you Rogue, we will have you whip'd in Bridewel, for suffering his Lordship's Livery to be over-run with Vermin, to the Dishonour of the City. You are mistaken, Captain, cries Bullface, a Louse is a Soldier's Companion, and not a Waterman's; therefore pray look in your own Collar, for a Red-coat and a Creeper are inseparable Companions, as a Dog and a flea, Virginity and a C—b-louse. Out, you nasty Fellow, cries the Lady, what an old Man and a Beast. Why how now Madam Rain-bow, cries our Advocate, what so young a Wench and so notorious a Strumpet, to have two Soldiers at a time to relieve your Conscience, when Venus her self, the damndst Whore in the Heavens, was contented with but one, tho' she had fifty times your Beauty.

The

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The next that we encounter'd was a Quaker and his Handmaid, with whom our merry Pilate thus began his Drollery, *viz.* *Well done Holy ones, I see Aminibab will have his Abigal, as well as the wicked ones their Harlots; in spite of the Holy Spirit G ———s Lambs will play, tho' they sin after a sanctified manner; by and by snap goes the Cakes, and whiz cries the Bottle-Ale; Then, O Abigal, since the Light of thy Countenance hath moved the outward Man to uncover thy Nakedness, I say stretch thou forth one Leg towards Dan, the other towards Barsheda, and hold up thy fleshy Idol, that I may raise Seed unto thy Husband Abraham, who at present is a weak Friend, and cannot, as he ought, administer the Comforts of Wedlock unto thee his Wife. Out upon thee, says the Quaker, for a foul Friend, thou art the Seed of the Serpent, and the Light is not in thee: O Generation of Vipers! that this River Jordan should be so defil'd in the hearing of the Saints, by thy abominable Utterance. I say unto thee, Repent, Repent, or that wicked Member, thy unruly Tongue, will at last bring thee to be buffeted by Satan. Thus our Waterman's Language so provok'd the Quaker, that the Spirit mov'd him to Hold-forth, but meeting each other, and rowing contrary ways, we had but a short Benefit of his pious Exhortations.*

Pray, says my Moletto Companion (pointing at the *Folly*) What noble Structure is that floating upon the Water? I have often heard of Castles in the Air, and this seems to me to be a kind of an Essay towards such a windy Project. That whimsical Piece of Architect, said I, was design'd as a Musical Summer-house for the Entertainment of Quality, where they might meet, and ogle one another into a Fit of those amorous Vapours, that are not to be cur'd by any other means, than by the secret Administration of a  
little

little mutual Familiarity. But the Ladies of the Town, finding it as convenient a Rendezvous for their purpose, over-stock'd the place with such an Inundation of Harlotry, that dash'd the Female Quality out of Countenance, and made them seek some more retir'd Conveniency, where they might carry on their amorous Intrigues with greater privacy.

*For Secret Whores, who Sin to ease Love's Pain,  
Cry Foh at those that do the like for Gain.*

By these means the Mercenaries of the Town drove away their private Enemies, (who hinder the Trade of the Publick, by dispensing their Favours *gratis* in a corner) and entirely possess'd themselves of this moveable Mansion, which they have occupy'd ever since, very much to their advantage. Therefore we'll step on board, where perhaps we may meet with some Novelty or other that may oblige your Curiosity: So accordingly we bid the Watermen row us to the Folly, where we no sooner enter'd, but we had as many Ladies staring us in our Faces, as if we had been either handsom to admiration, or ugly to a Miracle; so that we could scarce move without crippling the Corns of an old Bawd, or disoblighing the lac'd Shooes of a young Harlot; but with much ado we broke through the leading File of these *Amazonian* Strumpets, and thrust our selves into the body of the Seraglio, where from Fifteen to Fifty we could have fitted our selves with Concumbines of any Age, Stature to Completion, for we were so surrounded with a Crowd of Currizanes of all sorts and sizes, mix'd with those ignominious Vermin their Ruffinly Protectors, that a Man could not stir without jolling a Tun-belly'd Bawd, a Furbilo'd Whore,  
or



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or a Long-sworded Bully; some dancing as they mov'd, to shew the Airyness of their Temper; some ogling their Gallants, to shew their vicious Inclinations; and others crowded into Boxes, like Passengers into a Western Wherry, sat smoaking their Noses, and drinking Burnt-Brandy, to defend their Stomacks from the chill Air upon the Water; the young Whores squinting about like Rabbits in a Warren; the old ones mumbling perfum'd Almonds, to disguise the nauseous Sowerness of their stinking Breaths: Beaus, some tattling and cringing to a pack of Twelve-penny Strumpets, as if they were Ladies of Quality; others humming *Chickens and Sparragrass*, now and then dancing as they walk'd to their own Musick. In short, It was such a confused Scene of Folly, Madness and Debauchery, that we step'd again into our Boat without Drinking, to avoid the Inconveniencies that attend mixing with such a Swarm of Caterpillars, who are always dangerous to the Unwary, and destructive to the Innocent. Now proceeding our intended Voyage.

The next diverting Scene that the River afforded us, was a very warm Engagement between a Western Barge and a Boat full of *Lambeth* Gardeners, by whom *Billinggate* was much outdone in stupendious Obscenity, tonitrous Verbosity, and malicious Scurrility, as if one side had been *Daniel D—f—*'s Party, and the other the *Observer's*: And because the Reader shall have a Taste of their modest Dialect, and incomparable Breeding, I have ventur'd to stain the Paper with some of their spiteful Eloquence, viz. *Ba, a, a, Sheepstealers, cry'd the Gardeners to the Barge-men, What Kin are you to Tim Collet of Staines, that beat his own Father, stood Pimp to his Mother, Lay with his Sister, and B ——— d his*

*Brother.*

Brother, all in one Night. He was a Western Barge-man, you Rogues, he was so. Foh, you nasty Dogs, reply'd the Barge-men, that get your Bread by the Drippings of other Peoples Fundaments; well may you pray for the Dunghill, for if that should fail you, no T—d, no Gardener. Who was that, you Rogues, that dung'd in his own Cap at Stocks-Market, and carry'd Home the old Gold to enrich his Radish-Red? Out upon you, for a Pack of Snail-picking Adamites! Who was it that took the old Woman from Weeding, and gave her a Flurt under the Burgamy-Pear-Tree, and when he was caught by his Prentice, gave the Boy a Holy-day, because he should not tell his Mistress? With this sort of Billingsgate Facundity were we merrily entertain'd, 'till we had arriv'd at that Port to which we had consign'd our Selves, where we quitted our Boat, and offering old Charon three Shillings, he swore he would have a Crown; but having the printed Rates in my Pocket, I was forc'd to lug out my Oracle before the fresh-Water Looby would be convinc'd of his Error; and withal told him, had it been in London, I would have carry'd him before my Lord Mayor, and have had him punish'd, for making, contrary to Law, so unreasonable a Demand. With that he takes the Money, and putting off his Boat, gave us a notable Farewel, after the following manner, viz. You're a Couple of niggardly Sons of Whores; I care not a Fart for my Lord M——r; Damn the Rogue that printed that Book; a Pox take you for a Book-learn'd Blockhead; and a P——e confound him that taught you to read; and so we parted. My Friend and I, after a little Refreshment, returning Home by Land, merrily reflecting on the comical Passages we had met with on the Water.

*The Dispensary, a Farce.*

*Written in the Year 1697.*

*John Galen*, Doctor of Physick, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, *London.*

*Tom Gallypot*, an Apothecary by Trade, but Practises Physick, as a Doctor near — *Garden.*

*Lancet Pestle*, an Apothecary by Profession, but boldly undertakes to be a Physician, and Surgeon also, to all his Patients that want the Assistance of either; living in — *Market.*

*Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso*, an Apothecary in — *Lane*, but pretends to be a great Doctor, Surgeon, and Chymist, valuing himself much upon his foreign Birth and Education.

*Jack Comprehensive*, an Apothecary living in — *Street*, who professes himself only to be a Doctor, Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Distiller, Confectioner, and (on occasion) Corn-cutter, &c.

*Trueman*, a Gentleman of honest Principles, endeavouring to shew each Person their Faults, and perswading them to act in their own Sphere only.

*Messengers, Glyster-pipes, Mortars, Saws, Forceps, Boxes, Bolt-heads, Crucibles, &c. and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE Apothecaries-Hall.*

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**ACT I. SCENE I.**

[*Enter Dr. Galen and Trueman.*]

*True.* **D**OCTOR, Good Morrow; what News do you here about the Plot? Who are taken up? Who are Evidences? Are there any Persons of Quality concern'd in it, d'ye hear?

*Dr.*



*Dr. Galen.* I mind no Plots, not I, but a Plot to get good store of Patients, if I can; but I think they never were so Healthy.

*Tr.* So what? You seem to speak a little concern'd, and look as if something had vex'd you. What's the matter, Doctor?

*Dr. Matter!* Let me tell you, *Mr. Trueman*, I have been a Physician in *London* almost forty Years, and I never knew so little Business to do in all my Life-time. 'Tis a damnable Healthy Town grown since I knew it first. I have known the Time, when I could go out and pick up 10 or 12*l.* in a Morning, come home to Dinner and empty, so out again after to replenish. But I am sure the Times now are so hard, that if my good Father had not conveniently step'd aside, I could no more have bragg'd of living by my Wit, as some Men do, than the D——s of N—— can of her Chastity.

*Tr.* Pray, Doctor, not too severe. Why damnable Healthy?

*Dr.* I call that damnable Healthy (though I know it bears another Sense) when the Sickness is not great enough to require the Skill of a Physician, but every ignorant Apothecary assumes the Cure, and pretends to know more than the learned'st Physician of us all.

*Tr.* What? Then you would not have the Apothecaries recover Peoples Health, would you?

*Dr.* Yes; but I would, by all means; only let 'em do their Part in their own Sphere, and within their own Limits or Bounds.

[*Tom Gallypot* peeps in, with a Glyster-pipe in one Hand, and a Cordial Bolus in t'other.]

*Tr.* Come in, come in; we were no sooner talking of Rogues, but enters an Apothecary: Prethee, *Tom*, where ha'st been, that thou com'st with the Accoutrements of thy Profession thus?

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*Gallyp.* Truly, Sir, I have been at your House; your Lady was not very well to Day, and she sent for me to—to—to—Cannonade her Posteriors: You know by my Instrument what I have been doing. And now I have done that, I have prescribed a specifick *Bolus* for her to take after it.

*Tr.* A Pox of your specifick *Bolus*, and you. My Wife is never well, but when she fancies herself ill, and is taking Physick, I think. Prithee, Mr. *Gallypot*, what will be the Charges of this Morning's Work?

*Gallyp.* O, Sir, but little, you never stand upon that, I am sure, for your Lady's Good; she must also have a Pearl Julep, and an *Anodine* Draught, and then I hope she'll be very speedily well again.

*Tr.* A Pox had you with your cramp Names. Tell me what all this will cost? I am sure I left her well, not above an Hour ago.

*Gallyp.* [*Starts back*] Good Sir, be not so unreasonably passionate, and I'll tell you. Sir, the Pearl Julep will be 6s. and 8d. Pearls being dear since our clipt Money was current. The specifick *Bolus* 4s. and 6d. I never reckon less; my Master in *Leadenhall-street* never set down less, be it what it would. The *Antibysterick* Glyster 3s. and 6d. (a common one is but 2s. 6d.) and the *Anodine* Draught 3s. and 4d. That's all, Sir; a small Matter, and please you, Sir, for your Lady. My Fee is what you please, Sir. All the Bill is but eighteen Shillings.

*Tr.* Very fine, I faith; d'ye make a *Bat* at it? I do suppose, to be genteel, I must give you a Crown.

*Gallyp.* If your Worship please; I take it to be a fair, and an honest Bill.

*Tr.* Do you so indeed? But I wish you had called a Doctor, perhaps he would have advis'd her, to have forbore taking any Thing, as yet at least, to I had sav'd 13s. in my Pocket.

*Gallyp.*

*Gallyp.* O, Sir, call a Doctor; we never do that, at least very rarely, 'till we have done all we can with the Patients; and when we can't tell what to do with 'em, then we oblige a Doctor, and call him in.

*Dr.* Very fairly confess'd, Mr. *Gallypot*; I believe you never spoke a truer thing in all your Life. I am glad to hear your Confession to Mr. *Trueman*; and am very sorry the State does not think fit to handle you a little for your unreasonable Practices. I see you have Impudence to demand a Fee too, but do wonder you should do it before my Face.

*Gallyp.* Truly, Doctor, I did not mind you: However, I hope I may take what Gentlemen please to give me.

*Dr.* Pleas'd to give you! Faith, I am asham'd to see Gentlemen so impos'd upon by ye Mrs. Doctors.

*Gallyp.* Troth, Doctor, that was a lucky Thought of yours; we are but Mrs. tho' they commonly call us Doctors. And now you put me in mind of it, ha'nt you seen my Paper, set out *March 2. 1695.* wherein I make above half the Colledge of Physicians Mrs. tho' they are called Doctors among themselves?

*Tr.* How! Mr. *Gallypot*? How do you do that? That's a Trick and an half; pray let's know it.

*Gallyp.* O Lord, Mr. *Trueman*, can't you guess how? If the Doctor pleases, I'll tell you immediately.

*Dr.* With all my Heart.

*Gallyp.* I can infallibly prove more than that, if I once undertake it. You must know, that I own none to be Doctors, but those who have regularly done their Exercise for Physick in one of our Universities; that's plain: But hold a little, here's my Brother *Pestle* of *King-street*, coming in;



he can be a Witness of the whole. I Gad, I have so ferreted and humbled 'em, that I'll spoil their Association against the Apothecaries; for they have associated by the Names of Doctors, and I'll prove above half of 'em to be but Mrs. at best. [*Enter Lancet Pestle, with a Plaster-box in his Hand.*]

Brother *Pestle*, I am glad you are come in, in this Nick of Time; I was just telling Mr. *Trueman* how I have humbled the Colledge of Physicians; has'nt thee read my Paper of Queries, I put out March 2. 1695? Do'st not see how smartly and finely I jerk 'em? Hey!

*Pestle*. Ay Brother, I must needs say you have done your Part very handsomely, tho' I don't hear any Body took much Notice of what you said.

*Gallyp*. True, that may be; and does not that shew their want of Understanding the more? None but a Blockhead would slight such smart Reflections.

*Pestle*. I am in haste, and must go to bleed an Eminent Citizen in *Tower-street*. So I am in haste.

*Tr*. Hold a little, Mr. *Pestle*, one Word with you before you go. Blood, Mr. *Pestle*? I thought you had been an Apprentice to an Apothecary.

*Pestle*. So I was, Sir; but, I thank God, and my own Industry, I have by my Diligence perfectly acquir'd the whole Knowledge of Surgery. I Phlebotomize as well as the best Surgeon in *London*, tho' I say it, that should not say it. I'll tell you how I came to be so dextrous in performing that Operation in particular.

*Tr*. Well, now am I fairly hope up, between two of ye, one endeavouring to prove all his Doctors to be Masters, and t'other shewing his Dexterity in Phlebotomizing, as he calls it. What a Pox, were not both of ye bred Apothecaries?

*Gallyp*.

*Gallyp. and Pestle.* Sir, Pray be not so passionate. Yes, we were both of us bred Apothecaries. But Knowledge ———

[Enter Messenger.]

*Mess.* Is Dr. *Pestle* here?

*Pestle.* Yes, he is. What, d'ye come from Sir *Thomas* in *Tower-street*? What, does he want to be let Blood immediately?

*Mess.* Yes, Sir, he does, and stays for you.

*Pestle.* Good Lad. Well, I'll come presently.

[Exit Messen.]

Now I know he will be blooded by no Body else. I have perswaded him that all the Surgeons are Blunderers, as to Bleeding. Sir *Thomas* is a good-natur'd Gentleman. He believes that no Body understands the curing a Disease, or an Ulcer, or indeed any thing, but an Apothecary. Faith he is one of the honestest Gentlemen in *England*.

*Tr.* You make him a fine Gentleman indeed. Honest, for no other Reason, as I see, but because he suffers himself to made a Fool of by such as you.

*Pestle.* But, Mr. *Truman*, assure your self he's a Man of very good Sense; all the Apothecaries in Town say so, and then I am sure it must be true. He pays well, and takes Physick freely: Besides, I particularly know his Constitution; after Bleeding, he must take a Purge or two, then some Cordial Powders, Dulcifiers of the Blood, and two or three odd Things more. But as I was saying, this Sir *Thomas* has a Vein as fine and as small, as the finest Silk you can imagine.

*Tr.* But suppose this true, does this make you a compleat Surgeon, so as to undertake the Cure of any Ulcer or Wound?

*Pestle.* Puh! Mr. *Trueman*, I tell you 'tis an easy Thing for a Man of Parts to be a Surgeon:

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Do but buy a Lancet, Forceps, Saw; talk a little of Contusions, Fractures, Compress and Bandage; you'll presently, by most People, be thought an excellent Surgeon. Especially—d'ye mind me—Lord, you Nod, methinks, as if you were sleepy.

*Tr.* O, Sir, I hear you: But I sate up late last Night, and am a little drowsy. But I heard you say you were a Man of Parts, I think, and that you had two familiar Acquaintance, Compress and Bandage. I grant it, Sir, [*rubbing his Eyes;*] but still how does this make you a Surgeon? You may as well say, my keeping Company with a Bishop, may make me a good Divine.

*Pestle.* Alas! poor Gentleman, I find you did not sleep well last Night. Hah! Hah! I can't but laugh at your Mistake. My two Acquaintance! Hah! Hah! Hah! a pretty Mistake!—but true enough: For a Man must be acquainted with his Business indeed. Now Compress and Bandage being a part of it, you may term them my familiar Acquaintance, if you please, *Mr. True-man*—. Lord, I think the Devil's in you for Drowsiness, and Gaping.

*Tr.* Pray, *Mr. Pestle*, pray say something then that may divert me, and keep me awake, for I protest, to hear you talk of Skill in Surgery, will never do. For my part, I am for employing every Man in his own Way; the Doctor for Advice, the Apothecary for Medicines, and the Surgeon for Wounds, &c.

*Pestle.* Now, how you are mistaken again! Don't you think that one Man, being an Apothecary, may understand perfectly and thoroughly all three Parts?

*Tr.* O, Sir, being an Apothecary, indeed, he may understand very much, as you say, especially if he be a Man of great Learning.

*Pestle.*



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*Pestle.* Learning! That signifies but little in this Age, nor (I thank our kind Stars) had ever less Encouragements. If you but profess your self an Apothecary, and then undertake any thing whatever, (as we dare do) no Body questions but that you are an able Doctor, and a good Surgeon, at any time.

*Tr.* Very fine, on my Word! And do you think the World so blind as to believe it?

*Pestle.* Faith, Mr. *Trueman*, they generally are I my self have turn'd out several Doctors out of Families, because they would not prescribe Physick *plentifully*, and in large Quantities. I have perswaded my Patients, that they did not well understand their Distemper; so have brought in another, who has *swingingly dos'd 'em*. I could tell you of a Sir *Harry*, that paid an 100*l.* for Physick in six Weeks, and I accepted it, being a Friend, without requiring one Penny for my own Fees.—You don't know the Mystery of Trade.

*Tr.* In plain *English*, I know not what you call Mystery; but I now know the Roguery of that Doctor and you too. What, an 100*l.* in six Weeks? Bless me, what did she take? I believe she swallow'd Guinea's made into Bullets for the Gripes, so discharg'd 'em again for the Gold-finders: For I hear Guinea's are grown so cheap, that Ladies begin to think they can take them cheaper than Apothecaries Doses.

*Pestle.* O, abominable! Do'st hear, Brother *Gallypot*? I protest, Mr. *Trueman*, you scan Peoples Actions too narrowly. Wou'dn't you have us live?

*Tr.* The same Question may be as well ask'd by an Highway-man, or a Pick-pocket. Live upon honest Gains, come do, and then it will *wear well*.

*Pestle.*

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*Pestle.* Well, Sir, I'll go to Sir *Thomas*, and wait on you again presently. [Exit.

*Tr.* Nay, if you must be gone, e'en let's all go for the present, and discourse the rest over to Morrow. [Exeunt Omnes.

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ACT II. SCENE II.

*Being the Representation of several Apothecaries, weighing Rich Mens Brains in their Scales by Scruples.*

[Enter *Dr. Galen* and *Trueman*.]

*Dr.* **M***R. Trueman*, Methinks 'twas a pretty Diversion Yesterday, to hear the Apothecary brag of his Skill in Surgery and Physick; I could not imagine what he had to set up with, but a large Stock of Impudence. I know all his Medicines in his Shop did not cost above Fifty Pounds, and in six Weeks Time has he made an hundred Pounds of one part of it? Such Reflections as these would make a Man burn his Books, and curse the Gentility of his Education. It seems indeed a Wonder to me, that so many Gentlemen, who serve in Parliament, and have oft-times many younger Sons to provide for, do not find out a Way to suppress these griping Empiricks and Quacks, that their Children may be the better able to support themselves in a Genteel Profession, answerable to the Expence they have been at in their Education. In Troth 'tis a Thing worthy Consideration.

*Tr.* Truly, Doctor, I am of your Opinion; but in such Points our *English* Gentlemen, of what Sect soever, are generally of the same Temper with

with those they call Church of England-Men, that is, *lazy and slow in prosecuting a publick Interest, but active enough to promote their own private Advantage.* And this, to give you but one Instance, is evident enough in the Choice of a Parliament-Man, where the active Dissenter generally gets the Day, because the lazy Church-Man won't stir to manage a publick Cause, and choose honest Representatives, tho' his own private Interest may be often promoted by the Assistance of such a publick Friend.

Dr. We have an *English Saying*, that does a great deal of Mischief, which is this; *That which is every Body's Business, is no Body's Business.* Therefore I wonder that the College of Physicians don't petition the Parliament for a Remedy in this Case, and make it their particular Business.

[Enter Tom Gallypot hastily.]

T.Gallyp. College of Physicians! What of them? by your Leave, Doctor, I think the Company of Apothecaries very substantial Men, and are able to buy twice your College. They are Money'd-Men, and have an Interest almost every where. College of Physicians! they are Learned Men they say, but what's that to Money? Hah! Hah! Hah!

Dr. Look you, Mr. Trueman, I suppose you know this Gentleman is an Apothecary by his Carriage and rude Behaviour.

Tr. Know him, Doctor, aye very well; but I suppose he has been taking a large Whet this Morning.

Gallyp. No, Sir, but I han't; I understand the regulating my Health better than so. I that have practis'd Physick now near thirty Years, know better Things than Whets, as you call 'em.

Tr. Nay, Tom, if thee woul't have no Excuse made for thy Uncivility, I have done. Then for ought



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ought I know, Impudence is as necessary an Ingredient to an Apothecary, as Sugar of Pearl for your Pearl Cordials, with a Pox.

*Gallyp.* Sir, you are my Patient, so you may say what you please.

*Dr.* I have no Patience to hear this Fellow's Prating.

*Tr.* Nay, but prithee, Doctor, stay a little longer.

*Dr.* I beg your Excuse; I'll wait on you to Morrow. [Exit.]

*Gallyp.* Let him go, let him go, Mr. *Truman*—he's envious of my Parts—for under the Rose I can write a Prescription as well as any Doctor of 'em all; I learn'd that the first Thing I did, by reading Doctors Bills in my Shop.

*Tr.* So, I am glad you own your Instructors. But, hold, who is that coming hither so gravely? What's his Name?

[Enter Retorto Spatula'd Ulceroso.]

*Gallyp.* I can't call him readily to my Mind, but I know him very well by Sight. I use to meet him at Apothecaries-Hall.

*Tr.* Sir, your humble Servant. Pray don't you belong to the *Spanish* Ambassador?

*Retort.* [Stroking his Whiskers] No, Sir, but I am an *Italian* born; my Name is *Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso*. I was bred in *Italy*, what you call an Apothecary, by which I attain'd to the Knowledge of Physick, both the Theoretick and Practick part. I also exercise the Art of Chyrurgery, as Scarrifying, Cupping, Stupes, Rollers, and Bandage, &c. Besides, I can by Chymistry extract the Quintessence of the four Elements, and tame the red Dragon: And in fine, I can make up a Cordial, Bolus, or Pills, according to the best Mode in foreign Countries, as you may see in my Shop in ———lane.

*Tr.*

*Tr.* Hold, Sir, not too fast; after all, with your hard Names, I believe you are bred an Outlandish Apothecary; and they, forsooth, make up Things far better than our *English* Apothecaries do theirs.

*Retort.* O, Sir, infinitely better, in my Shop. I should be asham'd, if my *Pills* look'd not like true Gold, tho' but gilt: My *Bolus's* are put up all in gilt Paper, cut in fine Shapes and Figures, a Quire costs me 5 s. the cutting; besides, the Paper is pure *Venice*-Paper: My Cordials are all put into *Venice* Vials, &c. And all this *Alamodo de Italiano*, to make the Physick taste the better, work the better, and look the better. O fine *Italians*!

*Tr.* Now you say something, look the better; but to taste the better, or work the better, I don't well understand. Will a Vomit work the better for being in a fine *Venice* Glas? I think a little Nastiness for a Vomit makes it work the better. I knew a Doctor that us'd to stir it with his Finger, before he gave it, to make it nauseate the more.

*Retort.* O, Sir, that be very unhandsome. No *English*-man can do so finely as I can.

*Tr.* Then I must beg you Pardon, I believe they can all do as well as you pretend; but I should look on it as a needless Peice of Foppery, if they all should do as you do. And I am sure the Patient must pay more Sawce for his Medicines.

*Retort.* O, Sir, that's very true; a good Cook will be well pay'd for his Sawce, you know, Sir.

*Tr.* A Pox, but this is paying Sawce for the Use of Dishes, like a yound *Oxford* Scholar's Treat; if he spends 5 l. in Meat, 'tis odds but he pays 3 or 4 l. for the Use of Dishes and Linnen.

*Retort.*

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*Retort.* Sir, notwithstanding all this, I never reckon for a little *Bolus* above 11 or 12 s. made of very good *Dioscardium*, very good *Gascoin Powder*, and a little Pearl.

*Tr.* No, on my Word that's mighty kind, to take not above 12 s. for all your fine Dressing, and a Groats-worth of Medicines. And do you take any Apprentices?

*Retort.* Yes, Sir, I do, for about 100 l. a Lad.

*Tr.* Faith, and very well worth it too, and a great deal of Money sav'd, if you teach him all your Trades; for the Devil's in't if one don't hit. For the Education of a Son, to be a regular Doctor, is reputed 1000 l. Charge at long Run. Any Surgeon of Note will have 120 l. or more, an Apothecary 50 l. or more, a Chymist perhaps as much. Now, if you will teach my Son all these Arts and Sciences, I think I have a very good Bargain.

*Retort.* I'll certainly do it, Sir, never doubt it.

*Tr.* Well, agreed; I'll send my eldest Son to you, and when he is out of his Time, I'll bind all his younger Brothers to him, so each will have four Trades or Callings, won't they, Mr. *Retorto*?

*Retort.* Dye doubt it? I thought you had known an Apothecary better, than to disbelieve him in his own Calling. Nay, Sir, to be free with you, I'll teach you how to multiply Medicines so fast upon a Patient, that in a Weeks Time he shall get ten Pounds in some Cases, when the Doctor shan't get above 20 s.

*Tr.* That's a rare Art indeed; then I suppose you must attack your Patient with a Quadripartite Army of Medicines, drawn from all Quarters of your four Sciences.

*Retort.* I can do it, and will; and if you don't think this enough, here's my Brother *Comprehensive* a coming.

[Enter



[ *Enter Comprehensive.* ]

He can, besides this, teach him to make all sorts of Sweet-Meats, buy and sell Drugs, distil all sorts of Strong-Waters; nay, cut Corns, for a Need, to Persons of Quality.

*Tr.* O, Sir, then he is a Corn-cutter only to Persons of Quality.

*Retort.* No, not unless he pleases.

*Tr.* Nor any Thing else, unless he pleases. However, I am content my Son shall only learn your four Arts, or Sciences, as you call them. I think that's enough for One, especially if he learn thoroughly the last, that is, to multiply Medicines, so as to get ten Pounds to the Doctor's twenty Shillings.

*Retort.* That, assure your Self, I'll teach him perfectly: For all the Apothecaries in Town, now, understand it pretty well; and, I think, I understand it *exceeding* well.

*Tr.* Well, Sir, I thank you for your Kindness; but I'll see ye all at the Devil first, to learn how to swallow *Affasatida*, before ye shall have the Education of my Son. I think, if it be possible, ye have less Honesty than a Lawyer that has but one Cause in a Year to keep him and his Family out of —

*Compreh.* Sir, by your Leave, this is not fit Language for a Gentleman Apothecary to bear: He's a Brother of the Quill, and an honest Man, I'll justify it. He was Master of the Company not long ago.

*Tr.* That may be, and never the honest Man, if he teaches his Apprentices that Cheat. But, by your Leave, I suppose you are an Apothecary too, by your Talk. Pray, what may I call your Name?

*Compreh.* My Name, Sir, is *Jack Comperbensive*, originally a North-Country-Man, and Brother Apothecary to this worthy Gentleman, Mr. *Retorto*.

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*torto Spatula d'Ulceroso*, Apothecary, Surgeon,  
Chymist, and Doctor.

*Tr.* Aye, Sir, his Titles I knew before; and pray, Sir, how many have you?

*Compreh.* Sir, I am, in short, generally call'd Doctor only, but I also profess my self a Surgeon, an Apothecary, I should have said first, then Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Confectioner, Distiller, &c. and, to Persons of Quality, Corn-cutter. And—

*Tr.* Hold, Sir, pray a little, 'till—I'll take out my Table-book, lest I should mis-call you, and not give you your right Title.

*Compreh.* O, Sir, no matter, Sir, to give your self that Trouble; I answer to any one of them.

*Tr.* Sir, I am glad you do, for fear of giving Offence. Then pray, Mr. Corn-Cutter of Quality, (that was the last Title I heard) tell me, since you have so many Trades, which of all these were you bound to first? Or were you bound to 'em all at once?

*Compreh.* Corn-Cutter of Quality! What, could you pick out none but that; I told you I was usually call'd Doctor, and nothing else. I won't tell you what Trade I was bound to. One would think you had Sense enough to guess I was an Apothecary.

*Tr.* Good Sir, pray don't be so angry. How should I guess so many Trades to center in one Man?

*Compreh.* Then I see you don't know the Town. I thought you had told me you had been in Town above thirty Years.

*Tr.* Truly so I have, and have known Apothecaries call'd Doctors, which is but two Names; but you are Apothecary, Doctor, Chymist, Distiller.—Hold, call my Man to give me my Pocket-book out of—O! I have it by me in my Pocket. Faith, you must excuse me, I can't remember all your Titles.

*Compreh.*

*Compreh.* 'Tis no Matter, Sir; remember but Doctor, that's enough; I'll answer to that, if you please.

*Tr.* Mr. *Comprehensive the Apothecary*, is a better Name, in my mind; it does not please me to call you Doctor.

*Compreh.* Then call me what you please; I am sure some of the Greatest Men of the Nation honour us with that Title, and value our Skill above a Physician's often.

*Tr.* I am sorry they do; and do think it a great Fault in our Government, that Men of liberal and ingenious Education — —

[*Enter Pestle and Gallypot.*]

*Tr.* Now, Gentlemen, I see ye are all four together, I'll leave ye a little, and go see if I can reduce the Doctor to a better Temper ——. Your Servant.

[*Retires only behind the Hangings.*]

*Gallyp.* Come, Gentlemen, now we are got by our selves, let's talk a little about Trade: How stand Affairs? Is there any Business stirring? We ought to have a Meeting every now and then, to settle what ought to be the Prizes of our Medicines. Pray how do ye at your End of the Town prize a Dose of common purging Pills?

*Retort.* Why, Brother, about eighteen Pence, sometimes two Shillings, with an *Hauſtus* after them of Three and Six-pence.

*Pestle.* And can you live so? I believe all the Things cost you at least a Shilling out of Pocket.

*Retort.* No, God forbid! How could I live then? Indeed they cost me about Six-pence, and I take but five Shillings and Six-pence, sometimes less, and I think that's honest Gains: Hey, Brother!

*Compreh.* O very honest! Very fair! There's nothing can be fairer in the World! Shall I tell ye, Gentlemen? I not long ago had a Patient,

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who



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who accidentally had a robust heavy Fellow tread on a Corn that grew on his left Toe, which put him into some Pain. I perswaded him he was a little Feverish, so blooded him, and apply'd a Caustick to his Toe, (as I told him) to eat out the Corn; but unluckily eat to the very Bone, and made a pretty handsome Ulcer. Then I blister'd him, and distill'd some *Antifebrifuge* Drops, Specificks for him only, and good for no Body else besides. In short, he lay ill of this but eleven Weeks; and what do'st think he would have pay'd me for the Cure?

*Gallyp.* Faith, I can't tell; perhaps 40 l. But why did'st not call in a Surgeon at last, for a dead Lift?

*Compreh.* O Pox, Man! I saw I could do it my self, tho' but slowly. But Faith, I thank my Stars, I have learn'd now to use them like the Doctors; never call in either, but when I can't tell what to do my self.

*Gallyp.* Right, so have I: But what had'st at last?

*Compreh.* What do'st talk of forty Pounds! Indeed, as an Apothecary, not above thirty Pounds a Month, or so, was enough; but as Doctor, (and saving thereby many Fees) and Surgeon also, I ask'd him but 132 l. 12 s. 8 d. and he scrupl'd to give it me.

*Tr.* [*Peeps in from behind the Hangings.*] A Parcel of Canary-Birds; now your Rogueries and Cheats come out.

*Retort.* Prithee who was that peep'd, in and talk'd so? Was it not Mr. *Trueman*? Well, I like that Man's Company very well, were he not too censorious upon a Man for getting an honest Livelyhood.

*Gallyp.* Aye, he is well enough, but he has that disobliging Humour in him.

*Tr.* What a Pox, if I tell ye, that ye are Knaves and Cheats, when ye are so, this ye call a dis-obliging Humour. Leave off cheating then, and practise fair in your own Sphere.

*Pestle.* Cheats, and Rogues, and Knaves! That will bear an Action, I am sure. Let's at him at Law, and maul him. Have none of ye a Lawyer Clapt, or ( to speak more modestly ) has the High Scurvy ? Let us employ him. As we take his Money, let him take ours. I warrant ye we'll out-do him in making a Bill of Costs.

*Compreh.* That, Brother, I don't question : Besides, you know, if a Man be a Knave, 'tis an hard Matter to prove him so. Let's put him upon the Proof of any one Apothecary in Town. If he should at last prove it, why 'tis but one mangy Hound in a whole Pack.

*Retort.* Soft and fair, Brother : For suppose he should prove you, or me, Brother, to be that very Knave ye talk'd of. Don't venture Proofs. Come, let's threaten him with it, and he'll hold his Tongue a-course.

*Gallyp.* Gad, I won't venture it, not I.

*Pestle.* Nor I neither. Come, let's talk of something else.

*Retort.* Aye, prithee, Brother *Comprehensive*, tell me, did'st abate him any Thing of the Bill ?

*Compreh.* Yes, Faith, I did; being an old Customer, I abated the odd 32*l.* 12*s.* and 8*d.* and took a Goldsmith's Note for the other.

*Retort.* On my Word, pretty well pay'd too. I suppose he had a good Estate, and was a Knight at least. But prithee deal ingeniously with me; what did it cost thee out of Pocket ?

*Compreh.* Some-body will hear me, or else I would : I cast it up to a Penny, to satisfy my self what really I gain'd by my Medicines.

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*Gallyp.* No, No ; here are none but Friends ; prithe tell us ; I know you deal with Lords, Ladies, and Knights, who sometimes pay, and sometimes not : But when they do pay, be sure you mount 'em.

*Compreh.* To tell you the Truth, they cost—Hold, look if no Body be near us ———.

*Pestle.* No ; I'll look my self. [*Looks*] There's no Body.

*Compreh.* Then, to be plain, the prime Cost was 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*  $\frac{1}{4}$ . or near that : So I got in the 11 Weeks, clear Gains, not above 93*l.* of one Patient : That's all.

*Gallyp.* Would I had half a Score such. I cannot for the Life of me make above sixteen Pounds in twenty, clear Gains. I mean, not reckoning in my by-Fees of ten Shillings, and five Shillings, or so.

*Compreh.* No ! Come, that's pretty well too, considering you are only Doctor and Apothecary. But I am Surgeon and Chymist, &c. you know.

[*Enter. Trueman from behind the Curtain.*]

*Tr.* Is the Doctor, here ?

*All.* Yes, Yes ; and all run to him to know what's the Matter.

*Tr.* Hey ! I find ye are all Doctors. O, *Tom Gallypot*, go call Dr. *Galen*, and bid him go to my Wife, she's fall'n ill again.

*Gallyp.* Sir, he 'ent at Home. Can't I do it ? Sir, 'twill save your Fees.

*Tr.* How d'ye know he 'ent at Home ? Go, I say. I send for him, because I would save Money. I know last time how I sav'd Money by you indeed.

*Gallyp.* Well, if you will have the Doctor, I'll wait on him to your Lady. [*Offers to go out.*]

*Tr.* Stay a little ; now ye are all here together, I must tell you, with the rest, before you go, that there was Somebody behind the Curtain, when  
she



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the Medicines cost but six Pounds seventeen Shillings and six Pence; and an hundred Pounds was pay'd for them.

*All.* O the Devil! What, are we betray'd?

*Tr.* Betray'd, d'ye call it? No, but ye have told your Rogueries and Cheats in private, and I'll publish 'em to the World, with my own Sentiments about the Practice of Physick.

*Gallyp.* Aye, pray do, so you don't reflect on us; you use to do Things very fair sometimes.

*Tr.* Well, *Tom*, my Advice to a Patient, is, as soon as he is ill, to send for some Doctor of the lower Rank, of whose Learning and Skill in Physick he has an Opinion; and in case he grew worse, to send for one of greater Fame, Reputation, and Vogue in the World, to join in Consult: For the Diligence of the one, who has less Fame and Vogue in the World, (tho' perhaps equal in Learning and Skill really, tho' not thought so in the Eye of the World) may, and oft does make Amends for the suppos'd greater Skill of the other Physician, by which Means the Patient may more reasonably, and upon juster Grounds, expect a Cure. These, Gentlemen, are my real Sentiments.

*Gallyp.* Now, Master, I like your Discourse very well, seeing you make no Remarks on Apothecaries. Besides, perhaps it may open Peoples Eyes to employ me the sooner; for tho' I am an old Apothecary, I am but a young Doctor: For I visit in either Capacity, either as an old Apothecary, which is as good as a young Doctor, or as a young Doctor, and that's as good as t'other again.

*Tr.* But I thought you had left off Shop, and stuck only to your Doctorship.

*Gallyp.* So I do openly, but privately I keep a Shop, and side in all things with the Apothecaries against

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the Doctors. I am, and will be to such Families  
an Apothecary still, that pay well.

*Tr.* Aye, *Tom*, 16*l.* in 20*l.* is good Gains. Your  
Apothecaryship, I believe, out-does your Doctor-  
ship.

*Gallyp.* What, Sir? I believe you heard me jest  
a little among the rest. But pray no more Re-  
flections, I beseech you.

*Tr.* Well, I'll say nothing to you about your  
Degree, for to me you are an Apothecary still,  
and no other; to you as such, and to ye all I  
direct my Speech, 'tis my Opinion, that ye all  
ought to be forc'd to take moderate Prices, and  
be content with honest Gains.

*Pessle.* So we are. What would you propose?

*Tr.* In Troth, Mr. *Pessle*, my Proposal will sig-  
nify but little, I know; but were I to advise the  
Law-makers, they should make a Law, that no  
Apothecaries Bills should be pay'd, 'till first tax'd  
by two or more Doctors, appointed in every Di-  
strict, or Division, in and about the City of *London*.

*Pessle.* That's very fine indeed! How is that  
practicable?

*Tr.* Why not, as well as the Attornies Bills  
by the Prothonotaries?

*Pessle.* That's only when the Client thinks  
himself over-rated.

*Tr.* So should this be, when the Patient thinks  
himself over-rated in Medicines.

*Pessle.* Very fine again! You, and your Poli-  
ticks. You would make the Doctors our Gover-  
nors, would you? Good Mr. *Trueman*, we beg  
your Excuse, we are his Majesty's Free-born  
Subjects. And after all, pray, Mr. *Trueman*,  
how do the Doctors understand to make Medi-  
cines? How do they understand the Prices of  
Drugs? Puh, you talk you know not what. Come,  
let's leave him.

*Tr.*

## *The Dispensary.*

*Tr.* Mr. *Pestle*, by your Leave a little. How did all the Apothecaries learn to make Medicines at first? The Gentility of their Profession, I confess, has been a great Hindrance to them in reaping those Advantages as they might (and with more Honesty than any of ye) otherwise have done.

*Pestle.* E'en let 'em be genteel still: I don't think them indeed such Fools, as that they cannot make Medicines if they will; but why can't they keep their Learning and Gentility to themselves, and let us alone?

*Tr.* O, Sir, I am glad you allow 'em to be capable of learning to make Medicines, if they please. Now, Mr. *Pestle*, to tell you the plain Truth, I hear they have actually made several good Medicines at the College, and continue so to do. Thus they can make Medicines and prize 'em too.

*Pestle.* How can they tell tho' when a Medicine is good?

*Tr.* Very easily, Mr. *Pestle*; they have Taste and Sight to judge by, as well as ye.

*Pestle.* Suppose all this true, tho' I am resolv'd I won't believe it true; who, after all, shall give Attendance to observe the Operations of Medicines?

*Tr.* Who should but the Doctors themselves? They are pay'd for attending their Patients.

*Pestle.* Hah! Hah! Hah! Attending, I mean Administring Physick. How I should laugh to see a Doctor giving a Glyster, and the Bladder break and bespatter his Velvet Jacket: Hah! hah! hah!

*Tr.* I find you would be merry at such a Mischance as that; but that's but idle to object, because every Nurse does that Office a-course, and all that ye pretend to about sick Persons, or else are but sorrowful Nurses. As for Bleeding, the Surgeon ought to be employ'd. As for Chymical



Medicines, the Chymist is at hand ; and so for all others.

*Pestle.* Methinks your Head is full of Projects ; can't you find out one to serve them in ?

*Tr.* I don't pretend to be a Projector ; but I think the College would do very well to make all sorts of Medicines themselves, and sell 'em out at easy Rates. What they Design by forming a Fund by Subscription, I profess I at present know not ; but one of 'em told me t'other Day, that they design to make that a Fund for buying in Drugs, &c. and making of all sorts of compound Medicines necessary for the Sick, selling 'em out again for small Profit, sufficient only to pay about a dozen Servants, and the prime Cost of the Medicines, with a Penny in the Shilling over-plus to the College ; by which Means the Doctors will be sure to have such good Medicines, and so well prepar'd, as to rely on them not to be sophisticated ; or, for want of any one prescrib'd, to be supply'd by another in the Room of it, as you Apothecaries oft do : If you han't one Thing, you in your mighty Wisdom will put in another in the Room of it ; so that the Physician may prescribe 'till Dooms-day, and the Patient will be never the better, if ye substitute what Medicines ye please, and after that put what Prices ye please.

*Pestle.* Prices, Sir ? I sell as cheap as any Apothecary in Town ; I never have above 6 s. and 8 d. for a Pint of Pearl-Cordial in my Life, an you go to that.

*Tr.* Not so passionate, good Mr. *Pestle* ; I believe you sell as cheap as your Brethren, but all damn'd dear, and much to the Oppression of the Poor. To remedy which, they propose to sell a Pint of good Pearl-Cordial for 1 s. 6 d. or thereabouts. A Cordial *Bolus* for a Groat, which ye reckon sometimes 1 s. 6 d. and sometimes 2 s. A

Quart

Quart of bitter Drink for 1s. for which I my self have pay'd 5s. and 8d. and so proportionably for all other Medicines.

*Pestle.* Puh! What if they do? Our old Customers won't leave us.

*Tr.* What if they do? Why, then the poorer sort of People will buy of them, because they are sure of good and cheap Medicines. The better sort will think it Prudence to save 5s. in 6s. and 8d. if they can, to help pay Taxes, and not have a Bill after a great Sicknes brought in, enough to renew their Sicknes again. Even the richest of all will be apt to be influenc'd by their Physicians, when they tell 'em, that they are the only Medicines prepar'd which they can rely on. In short, every Body will be willing in their Illness, to go to such a Place, where they can with great Probability be assur'd of good and cheap Medicines.

*Pestle.* Good Mr. *Trueman*, you may e'en prate about stifling the Practice of Physick, 'till you are weary; I warrant ye, let 'em do what they can, we'll easily perswade People, that we are all very honest Men. — We always said you was ever a prying, busy, inquisitive Man, pretending to understand Things I am sure you don't understand. You have a mighty Opinion of your self. Come, let's leave him.

*All.* Aye, come, come, let's leave him.

[ *Exit four Apothecaries whistling with Glyster-pipes.*

*Tr.* 'Tis an old saying, *Si Populus vult decipi decipiatur*; If People will be cheated, e'en let 'em be so. I have done what lies in my Power to open their Eyes; and by telling the Truth, have gain'd other Mens Hatred: But,

*I ne'er to Flatt'ry was, or will b' a Slave:*

*He that loves Truth, is generous and brave,*

*And scorns the wealthy and the thriving Knave.*

*Exit.*

*Directions*

## *The Dispensary.*

### *Directions to make the Fanaticks Diafcor- dium.*

**T**AKE of the Herb of Hypocrify and Ambition, of each one Handful; of the Spirit of Pride, two Grains; of the Seed of Dissention, Discord, and Sedition, of each one Ounce; of the Root of Obstinacy, Stubborness, and Covetousness, of each one quarter of a Pound: Bruise the Herbs, break the Seed, slice the Roots, and pound them all together in the Mortar of Vain-Glory, with the Pestle of Contradiction; put in a Pint of the Water of Strife; to be infus'd over the Fire of feign'd Zeal, adding thereto four Ounces of Syrup of Self-Conceit.

### *The Use of the Cordial, is,*

When 'tis luke-warm, let the Dissenting-Brother take one Spoonful of it Morning and Evening, before Exercise; and when his Mouth is full, let him wink with his Eyes, make wry Mouths, and shed some few dissembling Tears, and then let him speak as the Spirit of Giddiness gives him Utterance.

### *The Effect of the Cordial, is,*

It will make the Schismatick maintain the Alchoran, assist the Pope to foment Rebellion, and call it by the Name of *Subjects Liberty*.

This *Diafcordium* is to be had at every Conventicle in *England*.

POEMS



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# P O E M S

Upon several OCCASIONS.

By Mr. T. BROWN.

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*A Pastoral on the Death of Q. Mary.*

SHe's gone! the brightest Nymph that blest  
[the Green.

No more the Beauty of her Eyes is seen.

Who can from Grief's Extremities refrain?

Or in due Bounds the swelling Tide contain?

Who can behold this dismal Scene pass by

With an unmov'd and unrelenting Eye?

London, thou Pride and Glory of our Isle,

Tho' in thy Bosom both the *Indies* smile;

Oh! ne'er forget that unauspicious Day,

Which thy best Treasure rudely snatch'd away.

Thy busy *Change* be for a Season dumb,

No saucy Mirth within thy Mansions come;

Let all thy Sons in mourning Weeds appear;

Each Face shew Sorrow, and each Eye a Tear.

T' express their Duty, let all Hearts combine,

And on this black, this sad Occasion join.

*Mourn drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,*

*Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.*

Ye

*Poems on several Occasions.*

Ye beauteous Virgins, that in moving Strains  
were us'd to sing her Vertues on the Plains:  
Ye Shepherds too, who out of pious Care,  
Taught every Tree *MARIA*'s Name to wear;  
Your rural Sports and Garlands lay aside;  
This is no Time for ornamental Pride;  
But bring, oh bring the Treasures of your Fields,  
(That short-liv'd Wealth which unbid Nature  
[yields.]

The mourning Hyacinth inscrib'd with Woe,  
The beauteous Lillies that in Vallies grow;  
And all the Flowers that scatter'd up and down,  
Or humble Meads, or lofty Mountains crown;  
Then gently throw them all upon her Herse;  
To these join lasting Bays, and living Verse.

*Mourn drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,  
The best belov'd MARIA is no more.* [Good,  
Ye dauntless Hearts, that for your Country's  
All Dangers scorn, and wade thro' Seas of Blood,  
In heavy Silence march around her Tomb,  
And then lament your own and *England*'s Doom:  
For Death has by this single Stroke, done more  
Than when (ten thousand slain) he stalks in Gore.  
Ye penfive Matrons, who by Fortune crost,  
In foreign Feilds have dear Relations lost;  
Now give a free and open Vent to Grief,  
Banish all Hopes, and think of no Relief;  
That bounteous Princess, who so justly knew  
What was to blooming Worth and Merit due,  
Who as she lov'd on Valour still to smile,  
Ne'er fail'd to recompense the Soldiers Toil;  
Is now (malicious Fate would have it so)  
Hurry'd, alas! to the dark Shades below.

*Mourn drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,  
Thy best belov'd MARIA is no more.*

Ye Mitr'd Heads, and likewise you that wait  
Upon the Altar in a lower State,

Be-

Bewail the Loss of so divine a Prize,  
And open all the Sluces of your Eyes.  
*Rome's* gaudy Poms her Mind could ne'er allure;  
Firm to her Word, and in her Faith secure.  
The sacred Scriptures were her daily Care,  
Her only Exercise and Food, was Prayer.  
Where can ye now so great a Pattern find?  
Where can ye meet so bright, so pure a Mind?

*Mourn drooping Britain, mourn from Shore to Shore,  
Thy best belov'd M A R I A is no more.*

But tho' proud Fate has done her utmost Spite,  
And bury'd all her Hopes in endless Night;  
Tho' rav'nous Death has seiz'd the richest Prey  
That ever did a Regal Scepter sway;  
Her Name shall live, and still continue fair,  
Fragrant as rich *Arabia's* Spices are:  
While *Albion* in triumphant State shall reign  
Queen of the Isles, and Goddess of the Main.  
While silver *Thames* in wanton Folds shall play,  
And Tribute to the *British* Ocean pay:  
While haughty *Lewis* shall remain abhor'd,  
And *William* be by all the World ador'd.  
Our grateful Tongues her Vertue shall proclaim  
Thro' all the distant Provinces of Fame:  
Still in our Hearts shall chaste *M A R I A* reign,  
Tho' dead, her Station there she shall maintain.  
Then Shepherds leave at last your mournful Lays,  
And turn your Songs of Grief, to Songs of Praise.



*Poems upon several Occasions.*

*An Epitaph on Mr. Robert Bound, of  
Chelmsford, in Essex.*

**E***ffare marmor posteris,  
Juxta Depositum jacet,  
Roberti Bound Generosi  
Civis Chelmsfordiensis, Cantio oriundi  
Viri integerrimi, Candidissimi.  
In cujus suavissima consuetudini  
Nec facilitatem gravitas,  
Nec gravitatem facilitas exclusit.  
Auram popularem nec ambivit nec sprevit,  
Mentis bene sibi conscia unice sollicitus.  
In seipso totus teres & rotundus  
Privatam, quam amplexus est, vitam  
Publicis virtutibus exornavit.  
Summa erga amicos constantia  
Erga pauperes charitate,  
Ergo omnis benevolentia & fide,  
Cum bonis hisce artibus senesceret,  
Maturus cælo,  
Desideratissimus terris,  
Piam animam efflavit; Nonis Dec.  
A. D. MDCXCVI Ætatis LXXV.*

---

*Prologue to a Musick Speech had in the  
Theatre in Oxford.*

**W***ELL! for a careful provident Bawd, say I,  
Give me my Mother University.  
Bless us! how neatly has she rank'd you here,  
Where drawn in Love's Battalia, you appear  
The Black, the Brown, the Fair, and the not Fair.*

I must confess the Case is alter'd now,  
 From what your narrow fulsom Box could show.  
 A Musick-Room, a fitter Name 'twould prove,  
 Call it a Stove, a Bathing-Tub of Love, (why,  
 Where Sweating Scholar faints, and knows not  
 And melting Tallow-Chandler drips hard by,  
 And all this Heat from Love, or else *July*.  
 But now you're welcome hither, in this Row  
 Painting does in its full Perfection show,  
 Streter above you, Ladies here below.  
 Did not such Malice in your Beauties reign,  
 We yet might hope a Golden Age again:  
 When *Nature* taught her untold Tale of Love,  
 And Passion from a ragged Gown could move.  
 But now those Days are gone, and saucy Art,  
 Mimick of *Nature*, acts the noblest Part.  
 E'en Passion is successless in this Age,  
 Unless set off by *Love's* high Equipage.  
 The ruffling Pantaloon declares the Flame,  
 And the well-ty'd Cravat-string wins the Dame:  
 Plain Lovers, like plain Linnen, e'er cashier'd,  
 In whose behalf no Point has e'er appear'd:  
 What Hopes then have unhappy we to please,  
 Whom niggard Stars made not so vain as these?  
 Alas! we hate your gentle stinking Water,  
 Loath distill'd Oils, but those of Mother *Nature*.  
 This knew our Fates, and plac'd us in a Town  
 Where Beauty is so thin, so rarely sown; (down.  
 The Nymphs o'th' Fleece, and the three Gates go  
 Like homely Peasants, us'd to wholesome Meat,  
 When Love invites us to your splendid Treat;  
 We'll gape and gaze, and make no hearty Meal;  
 Give us our sturdy Beef and Mutton still.  
 But let us not despair, I'll lead the Van,  
 And tho' I proudly say't, we Scholars can,  
 Altho' not act the Fop, yet play the Man.  
 We'll run at all, and freely take our Lot,  
 From the fair *Walcop*, down to foul *Bess's* Scot.

The

The Epilogue.

AS from a darken'd Room, some Optick Glass  
Transmits the distant Species as they pass;  
The Worlds large Landskip is from far descry'd,  
And Men contracted on the Paper glide.

Thus crowded *Oxford* represents Mankind,  
And in these Walls *Great Britain* seems confin'd.  
*Oxford* is now the publick Theatre;  
And you both Audience and Actors are :  
The gazing World on the new Scene attend,  
Admire the Turns, and wish a prosp'rous End.  
*Oxford*, the Seat of Peace, the quiet Cell,  
Where Arts, remov'd from noisy Bus'ness, dwell;  
Should calm your Minds, unite the jarring Parts,  
And with a kind Contagion seize your Hearts.  
O! may its Genius like soft Musick move,  
And tune you all to Concord and to Love.  
Our Acts, which has in Tempest long been tost,  
Could never rest on so secure a Coast.  
From hence you may look back on civil Rage,  
And view the Ruins of the former Age.  
Here a new World its Glories may unfold,  
And here be sav'd the Remnant of the old:  
But while your Thoughts on publick Cares are bent,  
Past Ills to heal, and future to prevent,  
Some vacant Hours allow to your Delight ;  
Mirth is the pleasing Bus'ness of the Night,  
The King's Prerogative, the Subject's Right. }  
Were all your Hours to fullen Cares confin'd,  
The Body would be weary'd by the Mind.  
'Tis Wisdom's part, betwixt Extreams to steer,  
Be Gods in Senate, but be Mortals here.



An Epitaph upon the Daughter of  
Mr. Robert Limpany.

**H**IC subtus dormit  
Elisabetha,  
Roberti atque Isabellæ Limpany,  
Filiola suavissima,  
Et, quod suavitati ipsi prætium fecit,  
Unica.

Hanc Parentum Precibus,  
Post Octodecim steriles Annos,  
Bonus sero tandem Concessit Deus;  
Concessam more brevi eripuit,  
Inter primos pene amplexus atque amores.

Egregium utrinque Documentum exhibens,  
Ne aut de assequendo  
Quodcunque Votis expetimus Bona,  
Temere desperamus Mortales;  
Ne assecuti etiam altra modum latemur.

In Lucem venit VI Idus Jan. 1691.  
VI Idus Oct. 1694. e luce migravit.

Quam eximie olim diligerent Vivam,  
Quam acerbè rure defleant Mortuam,  
Superstites Pater ac Mater,  
(Superstites quidem,  
Sed, cheu, non jam amplius aut Pater aut Mater )  
Hoc Narmore testatum valuere.

Poems on several Occasions.

To the Lord Chancellor in 1686.

When *Cataline* his Country's Fall conspir'd,  
Prest by his Wants, and with Ambition fir'd;  
When Villains offer'd to reform the State,  
*Rome* saw the Storm, and trembl'd at her Fate;  
Then *Tully* propt the fainting City's Cause,  
Curb'd the stiff Faction, and upheld the Laws.  
Charm'd with the Sweetness of his pow'rful Tongue,  
The learned Consul led the gaping Throng:  
So *Orpheus* tam'd the Beasts by his commanding  
He not enlarg'd, but he preserv'd the State; (Song.  
And 'tis as much to save, as to create.

Hence Statues to his Fame, the Senate rais'd,  
And ev'ry Muse ador'd, and ev'ry Science prais'd.

Such Fame has *Tully*, by these Methods, won;  
Nor has your Conduct (Sir) less Wonders done.  
Both heard the sturdy Rebels bark aloud;  
And both suppress'd the Risings of the Crowd.  
But greater Fame is to your Merit due;  
You quell'd the fiercer Monster of the two.

His Tribe at *Rome* was of a weaker Make,  
They rose and fought meerly for Fighting Sake:  
They wanted Pray'rs to cement their Design,  
And popular Texts to toll the Rabble in,  
To harden and confirm them in their Sin.

No pious Bus'ness was their great Pretence;  
No good old Cause, no Qualms of Conscience;  
Loud bold Harrangues the eager Party won,  
And Hopes of Plunder led 'em fiercely on.  
By no wild Impulse of Religion stirr'd,  
Their Lay-men manag'd the poor two-leg'd Herd.

Our Plotters, Heav'n into their Quarrel drew;  
Soldiers and Priests made up the motly Crew;  
Bold crop-ear'd *Levites* threw the Brands a-far,  
And made the Pulpit the first Scene of War.

Thus

Thus our dull Fools, by Gospel-Cant inflam'd,  
Wisely rebell'd, for fear they should be damn'd.

Not that fam'd *British* Prince, whose glorious Toil,  
From rav'nous Wolves has freed our harmless Isle;  
Nor he, that many-headed *Hydra* slew,  
Deserves such a Return of Thanks as you.

For Man, when Treason has debauch'd his Mind,  
Out-does the Brutal Fierceness of the Savage Kind.

Time was, when Loy'ty was a great Offence,  
And 'twas half Treason thought to serve our Prince.  
Of perjur'd Tools our Factors stood in Need,  
When *Ireland* kindly stock'd us with a Breed;  
Bold Sons of Earth, that did three Realms inflame,  
Seem'd with fresh Plots, and murder'd where they  
So grisly Comets from the Dung-hills rise, (came!  
Those upstart Scare-crows of the wond'ring Skies.  
At Length they fled from your approaching Doom,  
And prudently retir'd to starve at Home.

Nay, the fam'd Witness, that ingross'd the Trade,  
That the wide Province of Damnation sway'd,  
Before your Great Tribunal justly fell,  
You crush'd and tam'd that forward Tool of Hell;  
Tho' he one Plot could e'en improve to ten,  
And still increase like *Falstaff's* Buckram-men.

'Tis true, the poor Acknowledgment we raise,  
Is far beneath the Merits of your Praise;  
But ev'n the best, so great these Merits be,  
In this Attempt would fail as well as we.  
So when there's something to be drawn, where Art  
Is at a Loss, and cannot act her Part;  
Th' Unskill'd and Skilful do perform a-like,  
And a Church-Dawber's equal to *Van-Dike*.



Upon Mr. Creeche's Translation of  
Lucretius.

1.

LET not the *Thracina* Bard admire, (inspire,  
Whose powerful Strains, and list'ning Stones  
To keep just Measures with his Lyre;  
Tho' taught by his commanding Harmony,  
The Beasts forgot their native Cruelty,  
And to a universal Peace, did jointly all conspire.

2.

Thy sacred Hand does more,  
That does *Lucretius* again restore,  
Who was a mighty Solitude before:  
His rowling Atoms now we see,  
In Squardons, and just Measures lie,  
Ev'n in Confusion now appears a decent Symmetry.

3.

Nought but a heav'nly Hand could make  
These Atoms their old Nothing forsake,  
And a true decent Order take:  
Thy charitable Hand has greater Wonders done,  
And has *Lucretius* his own Errors show:  
Our modern Atheist grieves to see.  
His belov'd Sins so lash'd by thee,  
That do'tt in this deserve ev'n of Posterity.  
What Trophies can thy Victory out-do,  
That triumph'tt o'er the present Times, the past,  
(and future too?

*A Catch.* By Mr. T. Brown.

1.

LET the Woman be damn'd, (a mod'rate Fate)  
Or die an old Maid, as grey as a Cat,  
That her Lover refuses for want of Estate.

2.

Let her, that sets Man, like a Beast, to be sold,  
And above metal'd Flesh, loves a Lump of dead  
(Gold,  
Look green when she's young, and be pox'd when  
(she's old.

3.

But let those that are wise, condemn the dull Store;  
Wives chose by their Weight, will be weighty no  
(more;  
If for Gold they will wed, for the same they will  
(whore.

*A Paraphrase of Horace, of Vides ut  
altæ.*

1.

THE Hills (you see) are cover'd o'er  
With a grave Coat of rev'rend Snow,  
And *Thames* that did so lately roar,  
Fetter'd in Icy Chains, can hardly flow;  
A fullen Frost the Ground o'erspreads,  
The over-burthen'd Trees hang down their mourn-

2.

(ful Heads.

Come then, oblige us with a Fire,  
That may substantial Warmth inspire;  
Tho' now no drinking in the Plants goes round,  
But dull Sobriety's in Nature found;  
Think not this shall excuse your Beer,  
With Men 'tis the true drinking Season of the Year.

G g g 3

3. For

3.

For God's Sake let the Pow'rs above  
 Their Business mind, and govern all below,  
 If they think fit these Tempests to remove,  
 No more shall rugged *Boreas* blow;  
 No more the frozen Plants decay,  
 But smile as they enjoy'd a long-continu'd *May*.

4.

To learn your Lot, and future State,  
 Ne'er pry into the *Adamantine* Books of Fate;  
 But gratefully those Pow'rs adore,  
 That added this kind Hour to the old Score;  
 And be content with what is given;  
 'Tis all the free and voluntary Gift of Heaven.

5.

Ne'er think, in your declining Years,  
 To pay neglected Love's Arrears;  
 But while fresh Vigour does inflame,  
 Pursue, with Haste, the lovely Game;  
 Your Talent carefully improve, (Love.  
 Indulge the Day in Wine, and spend the Night in

6.

If now some Laughter, or betraying Noise, she  
 Will shew you where she panting lies; (flies,  
 Then all your Store of Rhetorick employ,  
 The blushing Dam'fel to enjoy:  
 If she hold out, then steal at least a Kiss,  
 Or take a Pawn for a more substantial Bliss.

*A Translation from Horace, of Mollis  
 Inertia, Feb. 85.*

1.

**H**OW such a Fit of Lethargy  
 My Senses has possess'd,  
 As if a Dose of *Opium*  
 Had bury'd me in Rest?

2. With.



2.

With often asking what's the Cause,  
You weary me, my Friend;  
The Satyrs which I promis'd you,  
I cannot bring to End.

3.

So poor *Anacreon*, as they say,  
Bewitch'd by pow'rful Love,  
Complain'd him often of his Wound,  
In melancholy Grove.

4.

The Mistress that you court, my Friend,  
'Tis fit you should adore;  
I, like a Fool, am *Phrygia's* Slave,  
Yet know she is a Whore.

*A Panegyrick upon Col. George Walker.*

*After the Manner of the Irish.*

OUR Gracious King gave him five thousand  
Pound;  
And out of the Rebels Lands, when they are found,  
He promises him a thousand Pound by th' Year,  
Which in a short Time will unquestionably appear.  
Likewise he promises him the Deanry of *Londonderry*,  
When that the Dean of *Londonderry* will die;  
But if the Dean of *Londonderry* will not die,  
He promises him the Bishoprick of *Londonderry*.  
More of his valiant Deeds and Worth, what need  
we then to cry-ah,  
Since *Walker George* has made amends for *Walker*  
*Obadiah*?

To Mr. D-----, upon his incomparable  
Ballads, call'd by him *Lyrick Odes*.

1.

**T**Hou Cur, half *French*, half *English* Breed ;  
Thou Mungrel of *Parnassus*,  
To think tall Lines, run up to Seed,  
Should ever tamely pass us.

2.

Thou write *Pindaricks*, and be damn'd !  
Write Epigrams for Cutlers ;  
None with thy *Lyricks* can be sham'd,  
But Chamber-maids and Butlers.

3.

In t'other World expect dry Blows ;  
No Tears can wash thy Stains out ;  
*Horace* will pluck thee by the Nose,  
And *Pindar* beat thy Brains out.

### *Upon Friendship.*

**H**Appy the Brace of Souls, that do conspire  
Against those Tyrants, Body and Desire ;  
Chast as unthinking Virgins, pure as vestal Fire.  
Of noble elemental Flames they're made,  
To nothing gross, to nothing mean betray'd ;  
They give out Men, but Angels are in Masquerade.  
The Forms of heavy Matter they despise,  
In Contemplation all their Pleasure lies ;  
Themselves they seek, and their own Country of  
the Skies.  
Together yok'd, so would two Turtles move,  
And draw the Chariot of unblemish'd Love ;  
So would they bill and coe, until they roost above.  
But

But let our frolick Prodigals o' th' Gown,  
 Dive for the tawdry Petticoat alone,  
 And waste God's Image, to make others of their own.  
 Let their foul Conscience be written ill,  
 Blotted with Woman, and her peevish Will;  
 Let am'rous Charms be there in Devilish Chara-  
 (sters still.

The Nobleness Nature gave us, she shall find  
 Free from the many Frailties of Mankind;  
 My Friend and I will sweetly guide each other's  
 (Mind.

We'll walk, and treat upon some calm Delight,  
 We'll neither wrangle about Wrong or Right;  
 Quiet shall rule the Day, and Innocence the Night.  
 And then, poor *Fortune*, what will be thy Share?  
 Alas! how small an Empire must thou bear,  
 When we divide each Joy, and lessen ev'ry Care?  
 Thus liv'd, methinks, those happy Youth of *Tore*;  
 Thus *Pilades* embrac'd his Friend before;  
 And thus, thus warm'd, *Orestes* melts and loves  
 (the more.

*On a Token sent me by a Lady.*

I Kifs'd the Present thrice, and thrice I said,  
 As Witches do for Lovers that are fled.  
 Like this kind Medal may the Mistress be,  
 And then again I kifs'd in Effigie.  
 Rich is the Metal now, and now Divine!  
 Unmark'd, it scorns to mix with vulgar Coin.  
 To the dull Lump a Soul *Corinna* gave;  
 A Soul unseen, and not to taste the Grave.  
 When am'rous *Jove* put on the Lover's Shape,  
 That woo'd his *Danae* to a silent Rape,  
 The glitt'ring Show'r had not a Drop like this;  
 Jingle and Show got him the tawdry Miss.

The



The Man is damn'd to Death, and to Disgrace,  
 Who ever dares the Royal Stamp deface;  
 But as the humble Laws have thought it fit,  
 They are above Reward, who have enobl'd it.  
 Methinks I see her with a gen'rous Way,  
 Put Life and Motion in the shining Clay:  
 I hear how unaffected, and how free  
 She told my Friend — Let that be drank for me.  
 Thus *Simile*, perhaps, (for Poets lie)  
 The only charming Fav'rite of the Sky,  
 From the Great Thund'rer big with *Bacchus* came,  
 Thus lighten'd round, and shot a pleasing Flame.  
 'Twas once disputed which the Strongest were,  
 The rasy Liquors, or the sparkling Fair:  
 All now agree it is the Woman's Due;  
 But, Madam, they must pay their Thanks to you.  
 Each jovial Glas your fair *Idea* gave,  
 Brighter than *Venus* from a stormy Wave.

---

*On Flowers in a Lady's Bosom.*

**B**Ehold the promis'd Land, where Pleasure flows!  
 See how the Milk-white Hills do gently rise,  
 And beat the filken Skies!  
 Behold the Valley spread with Flow'rs below!  
 Other Discoveries, *Fate*, let me not share;  
 If I find out, may I inhabit there.  
 The happy Flow'rs, how they allure my Sense!  
 The fairer Soil gives 'em the noble Hew;  
 Her Breath perfumes 'em too:  
 Rooted i' th' Heart, they seem to spring from  
 (thence,  
 Tell, tell me why, thou fruitful Virgin-Breast,  
 Why should so good a Soil lie unpossess'd?  
 Surely some Champion in the Cause of Love,  
 Has

Has languish'd here— more weary with the Sight,  
 Than vanquish'd quite ;  
 While the soft God took Pity from above,  
 And thinking to reward his Service well,  
 Bid him grow there where he so nobly fell.  
 So when the longing *Cytherea* found  
 The murder'd Boy, who long deceiv'd her Eyes  
 Under a Flow'r Disguise,  
 And pluck'd the curious Pofy from the Ground :  
 Fair *Cytherea*'s Bosom look'd like this ;  
 So blush'd *Adonis* in the Seat of Bliss.

---

*In Clericos Furantes.*

*J*uramenta libens popularia suscepit Anglus,  
*Pinguia ne amittat pascua nempe, sapit.*  
*Scote novi renuis jurare in verba Monarchæ,*  
*Ne sis perjurus ; Tu quoque Scote sapis.*

---

*Upon the Vintners Adulteration of Claret.*

**W**Hat Planet distracts thee ? What damnable  
 (Star,  
 To dash honest *Bourdeaux* with vile *Baraber* ?  
 Why should innocent *Claret* be murder'd by Port ?  
 Thou'lt surely be sentenc'd in *Bacchus*'s Court.  
 As for us drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown,  
 Or are decently poyson'd, what Loss has the Town ?  
 But to kill harmless *Claret*, that does so much Good,  
 Is downright Effusion of true Christian Blood.  
 Ne'er think what I tell you is Matter of Laughter,  
 Thou'rt curs'd for't in this World, and damn'd  
 (for't hereafter.  
 The

*The London Vintners Answer to Mr.  
Brown.*

**I**F what thou asserts, dear *Thomas*, be true,  
It is to get rid of such Chap-men as you,  
That I and my Brethren have learned to brew.

Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,  
Whether Dogs-turd or Honey, no Matter for that;  
For all our Designs but to poison a Rat.

He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,  
Departs without Chime of *Hopkins's* Psalter,  
And that you well know is no Matter of Laughter.

*A Panegyrick for Mr. Will. Fuller, up-  
on his full Discovery of the true Mo-  
ther and Birth of the pretended Prince  
of Wales.*

**E**ither long lost, or (possibly) ne'er found;  
Mislaid above, or else hid under Ground;  
After long Promises for whole Years past,  
*Billy*, thy Letters see the Light at last.  
So rare a Piece, 'tis richly worth the Gold  
For which thou'lt o'er and o'er the Copy sold.  
Now, kind Discoverer, tho' long kept hid,  
How ha'lt thou prov'd the Birth of this sham Kid?  
You've made all plain by Reason's pow'rful Dint;  
A greater Mountain-birth ne'er peep'd in Print. }  
Aye, this will do, or else the Devil's in't. }

Perhaps some snarling *Jacobites* will say,  
They have small Faith in thy true Mother *Grey*.

What



What makes them coſtly of Belief, and duller?  
 They dare not truſt her Oracle *Will. Fuller*.  
 What tho' the Critick World perchance may find  
 Thy ſmall Veracity to all Mankind:  
 That's a weak Argument on this Occaſion;  
 Thou may'ſt ſet up a Saint — to ſave the Nation.  
 Tho' both thy Character and Phiz look odly  
 To wicked *Tories*, ſtill they'll pleaſe the Godly.  
 What tho' ſome Starters at thy Story  
 May raiſe Objections up to ſhade thy Glory;  
 E'en laugh at 'em, dear Boy, as I'll do for thee.

If it be true, as Politicians tell ye,  
 To hide the Juggle of the Queen's ſham Belly  
*Ann* to the *Bath*, and Biſhops to the *Tower*,  
 Were ſent, to gain the lucky teeming Hour,  
 To forge a Monarch and ſecure their Pow'r.  
 But what of this? We need proceed no further  
 Than the black Story of his own ſad Murther.  
 If, as thou ſay'ſt, theſe *Mach'avels* to ſmother,  
 The dang'rous Birth kill'd its incautious Mother;  
 (Ah Butcher's Son! ſay, was it not too cruel  
 To cut the dear Mam's Throat of that ſweet Jewel?)  
 Would all the plotting Heads of ſuch wiſe Sages,  
 Expoſe the whole Intrigue to Boys and Pages?  
 The very Gallery Paſſage, that dark Scene,  
 Betwixt the true and the falſe Mother-Queen,  
 Thro' which the new-born Brat muſt make his Way,  
 Unlockt, unguarded, wide and open lay,  
 And *Billy Fuller* happen'd there at play:  
 He ſpies the Pan the new-born Brat convey'd,  
 And to each Management's a Party made.

Hail Youth! whoſe Prudence has our Senate led  
 Thro' Paths obſcure as *Nilus* Silver Head.  
 May Iron Bars guard thee from Popiſh Rage,  
 And Royal Courts ſecure the faithful Page.  
 Greater Rewards may publick Faith beſtow,  
 Than *Dangerfield* or *Bedloe* e'er could know;  
 Be thou as happy here, as they — below.

*A Lent-Entertainment ; or, A merry Interview by Moon-Light, between the Ghost of Mævius of ancient Renown, and the City-Bard.*

**P***Hæbus*, the witty, gay, and bright,  
 Was sunk beneath his tedious Light ;  
 And *Nature* had her Curtains drawn  
 O'er half the World of sable Lawn ;  
 The *Fairies* in the gloomy Shade  
 Danc'd Minuets, while *Hobgoblins* play'd ;  
 The weary *Clown*, with Toil oppress'd,  
 Renews his Strength by grateful Rest ;  
 Not so the Bosoms of the *Great*,  
 Whom Guilt and Cares corrode and eat.  
 This sweats beneath *Ambition's* Itch ;  
 And that by *Frauds* and *Rapines* rich ;  
 T'other profusely wastes his Time,  
 Nay, cracks his Brains to get a *Rhime*.  
 While various Mortals thus contrive,  
 By Blood and Factions, how to thrive ;  
 No smaller Pangs our *Doctor* seiz'd  
 How to scan *Verse*, than cure *Diseas'd*.  
 He long implor'd *Apollo's* Aid,  
 To save the *Sick*, and sing the *Dead*.  
 (To him both Attributes are due,  
 Of *Poet* and *Physician* too.)  
 The angry *God* his Incense burn'd,  
 And in a Fury from him turn'd.  
 While the neglected *Altars* smoak'd,  
 The *Priest* himself was almost choak'd ;  
 The *Bard* sunk down with his Despair,  
 Blasphem'd all Wit, and tore his Hair ;  
 But yet his Folly to evince,  
 He with King *Arthur* back'd his Prince,

And

And humbly begging both their Aids,  
He thus address'd the Royal Shades:

Ye mighty *Heroes* of your Times,  
Who cannot *die* but by my *Rhimes*?  
'Tis too too much that you should frown,  
Since every Poet knocks me down.  
Goodness waits always on the *Brave*;  
Sure there's no Malice in the *Grave*!  
Where have I done your Honours Wrong,  
Either in Record, or in Song?  
Alas! 'twas never in my *Will*;  
And 'tis no Crime to have no *Skill*.

As he proceeded to rehearse  
The *Hardships* put upon his Verse,  
And humbly crav'd both *Arthurs* Leaves  
To pin his Fame upon their Sleeves;  
Lo! and 'twas wond'rous to behold,  
(And can't be without *Terror* told)  
Of huge Size, a *Laureat* Wight  
Came prancing in from *Stygian*-night.  
The Wooden *Machine* at the Door  
*Neigh'd* thrice, in Homage to his Pow'r.  
His ghastly Brows with *Bays* were bound,  
The Product of *sulphureous* Ground:  
His Eye-Balls like red-hot *Bricks*,  
And in his Hand a Quart of *Styx*;  
Such *liquid* Flames, such *solid* Fire,  
Many would fear, but all admire.  
The Bars, and Bolts, and Locks, oh Wonder!  
All of *themselves* burst quite asunder.  
When he was to the Bed-side come,  
The *Bard* was struck with *Horror* dumb;  
The gentle Ghost advanc'd his Arm,  
And told him, *Brother*, there's no Harm;  
Come, thy *dejected* Spirits cheer,  
Who sings of *Heroes*, should not fear.

He



He wipt his Face, and trembling said,  
 I was surpriz'd, but not afraid;  
 Those verdant Rays that crown your Brows,  
 Your Candour, and your Goodness shows.  
 Poets are harmless, gay, and kind,  
 And should be to each other blind.  
 Since you are then a Son of Fame,  
 Forgive my Freedom — What's your Name?  
 Tho' scoundrel Poets here harass us,  
 You look like Prator of Parnassus;  
 And since a Bard of t'other World,  
 More Goodness has you hither hurl'd;  
 And you to my Assistance come,  
 To supersede my rigid Doom;  
 You know, wise Sir, — Yes, very well,  
 Quoth Spright, that you're the News of Hell,  
 The Scandal of the Rhiming Crew;  
 I blush to have been rank'd with you.  
 My Rhimes with me were long since rotten,  
 And, but for Arthurs, quite forgotten:  
 In your curs'd Poems I revive,  
 And now again in Scandal live.  
 Pray what has poor Habakkuk done,  
 Thus to be lash'd in your Lampoon?  
 His Character you should have spar'd;  
 He was a Prophet, not a Bard.  
 Job too does in your Poems languish,  
 And suffer almost bellish Anguish.  
 Were he now living, and thy Theme,  
 He could not help, but must blaspheme.

Sir, by your Favour, quoth the Bard,  
 Your Censures are unjust and hard;  
 I've done them Honour, as I think,  
 Or let my Name for ever stink.  
 Why, that's most certain, quoth the Spright,  
 And thou'rt a Coxcomb, by this Light;

So empty, senseless, and so dull,  
Thou'rt every School-Boy's Ridicule.  
A damn'd *Reproach* to Verse and Prose,  
As well as the *Gallenick Dose*.

What! faith the *Doctor*, in a Fury,  
I no *Physician*! ——— I assure you  
*Diseases* run from me affrighted;  
My Skill's so great, that I am *Knighted*;  
Such vast Discoveries I have made  
Throughout the *Esculapian Trade*,  
The *Cits* applaud, their *Wives* adore  
My num'rous *Verse*, and *Medic Pow'r*.

Come, thou'rt a *Scoundrel*, quoth the Ghost,  
Of *Wit* and *Cures* alike you boast.  
Know, I am *Mavius*, that of old,  
In *Thoughts* sublime, and *Matter* bold,  
Did every *versifying Ass*,  
By a Bar's Length, at least, *surpass*;  
And only am *out-done* by you  
In lofty *Noise* and *Nonsense* too.  
Then *Mavius* tore his wither'd Bays,  
And threw 'em in the *Doctor's Face*;  
Who, being *scar'd* at such a Scene,  
Has promis'd ne'er to *write* again.

An Epigram out of Martial imitated,  
Book 3. Epig. 54.

SIR *Fopling*, you're a Man of Fashion grown;  
The most accomplish'd Blade in all the Town.  
'Tis all the Ladies talk; but tell me this,  
What a fine Man of Mode and Fashion is?

H h h

'Tis

'Tis he that's all the Morning at the Glass,  
 To put each Curle in its most proper Place,  
 And in affected Forms to set his Face:  
 That smells of Essence, and the best Perfume,  
 Which does from *India*, or *Arabia* come:  
 That when one speaks, (as if he did not hear)  
 Hums o'er some wanton Seng, or modish Air:  
 That Legs and Arms in various Postures throws;  
 And seems to dance at every Step he goes:  
 That sits among the Women in the Pit;  
 And that he may be thought a Man of Wit,  
 He whispers to the next, as to a Friend;  
 Then in loud Laughter does his whisp'ring end:  
 That reads and writes Love-Letters to and fro,  
 And does each Gallant's Wench and Mistress know;  
 Who, tho' unbidden, is a constant Guest  
 At ev'ry Mask, at ev'ry Treat, and Feast;  
 But sits in Pain, for Fear the next should stir,  
 And so displace his Dress or Garniture:  
 Who knows *New-Market-Breed* so well, that he  
 Can tell you *Jack-a-Dandy's* Pedigree;  
 And down from long Descent, pretends to trace  
 The famous Swallow's, or fleet Dragon's Race.  
 How, Sir! what's this you say? Is this Buffoon  
 Admir'd so for a Spark throughout the Town?  
 Believe me, Sir, on Earth there cannot be  
 A more ridiculous, trifling Thing, than he.

---

*On Woman's Levity.*

*A Fragment out of Petronius.*

**T**Rust thou thy Ship to Sea and Wind,  
 But not thy self to Woman-kind;

For



For the unconstant Wind and Sea,  
Are faithfuller by far than they.  
All Maids are treach'rous in their Love;  
And if by Chance one constant prove,  
I know not how she e'er could be  
Made constant from Inconstancy.

---

*A Fragment out of Petronius imitated,  
beginning thus ---, Quisquis habet  
nummos, &c.*

THE wealthy Lord thro' Storms at Court may  
(sail  
Into Preferment with a prosp'rous Gale;  
On Honour's gilded Pinacles may stand,  
And have the World, and Fortune at command.  
He, by his tempting Gold's Almighty Charms,  
Can bring a Queen, or Princess to his Arms;  
And bribe her Father, tho' a King, like *Jove*,  
With a bright Show'r of Gold to grant his Love.  
He can be Lord Chief Justice, Counsellor,  
Can grace the Pulpit, and adorn the Bar,  
And foil the greatest Rook at *Westminster*.  
He, with nice Art, the choicest Verse can write;  
Can baffle *Dryden*, and the Men of Wit;  
The matchless *Cowley*, and Great *Waller* seem  
Rude, and unpolish'd, when compar'd to him.  
If you have Wealth, you may do what you please;  
The Judge or Priest your awful Nod obeys:  
All freight your Skill, and mighty Learning own,  
And you're a *St——t*, or *Pemberton*.  
All Things obey your Gold, and you may have  
Whate'eryour wanton Thoughts and Wishes crave.  
You, of all Pow'r and Grandeur are possest,  
Have Heav'n, and *Jove* himself too, in your Chest.

*A Fragment out of Catullus to Lesbia.*

**H**Appy the Man! thrice happy he,  
 And equal to a Deity!  
 He, if it sounds not too too odd,  
 Is greater far than any God;  
 Who sits and hears, and sees you, while  
 You sweetly speak, and sweetly smile.  
 As soon as I my *Lesbia* see,  
 My Senses all depart from me.  
 Nothing about me is secure  
 From *Love's* and *Lesbia's* mighty Pow'r.  
 My fault'ring Tongue now cannot speak;  
 My Heart swells up as it would break;  
 Each Vein is with her Love possest,  
 And gentle Flames glide thro' my Breast:  
 My Ears ring with a fancy'd Noise;  
 My Soul faints with excessive Joy;  
 My swimming Eyes, grown dull of Sight,  
 Are clouded with a double Night.  
 Thy Sloth hath done this Injury;  
*Catullus*, it has ruin'd thee.  
 Too much you wanton in soft Ease;  
 And that, alas! too much does please.  
 'Twas Sloth rich Cities first o'erthrew,  
 Destroy'd both Kings and Empires too.

*Song*

Song, set by Dr. Blow.

**G**O perjur'd, and if thou e'er return  
To view the *small* Remainers of my *Urn*,  
When thou shalt *laugh* at my *religious* Dust,  
And ask, Where's now the *Colour*, *Form*, and *Trust*  
Of Womens *Beauty*? And perhaps with rude  
Hands rifle th' *Flow'rs* which the *Virgins* strew'd:  
Know, I have pray'd to *Pity*, that the *Wind*  
May blow my *Ashes* up, and strike thee *Blind*.

---

*A pensive Thought at the Rose-Spunging-  
house in Woodstreet, and left there  
by T. Brown.*

**N**O N *adversa videns me fractum fata coarctum,*  
*Carcer corpus habet, mens coaperto volat.*

---

Casimire, Ode 23d. Book 4th.

*To the Grasshopper.*

I.

**B**Left Epicure of Race Divine,  
Who drunk with Heav'n's dewy Wine,  
On some cool shady Tree do'st sit,  
And sing upon the Top of it;

H h h 3

Whilst



Whilst with the cheerful Musick of thy Voice,  
Thou mak'st thy self, and silent Woods rejoyce.

## II.

Now, since the tedious Winter's past,  
And welcome Summer's come at last,  
(Which, with swift Wheels, still hurries on,  
And still is eager to be gone)  
Chide the Sun's Haste, with Mirth the Day prolong,  
Make *Phæbus* stop his Course to hear thy Song.

## III.

As the most happy Glorious Day,  
Just brings it self, and shews us Joy;  
So Bliss but smiles on us, and then  
Snatches it self away again.  
Our empty Joys too fleeting still appear,  
But solid Grievs too long and tedious are.

*Algernon Sidney's Letter of Advice to  
his Friend, concerning the Education  
of his Son. By T. Brown.*

Since 'tis your only Study, and your Care,  
How to dispose of *Bob*, your Son and Heir,  
I'll give you my Advice, Sir, in this grand Affair.  
If *Bob's* ingenious, and a Boy of Parts,  
Do not debauch him with the lib'ral Arts.  
Those jilting Whores, instead of Silk and Satin,  
Equipt in Linsey-woolsey, *Greek*, and *Latin*,  
Will spoil his Fortune if they once come at him.  
But if he is mercurially inclin'd;  
Of Wit sagacious, and heroick Mind.  
He'd best pursue those honourable Courses  
Of picking Pockets, and of taking Purfes;  
And I'll prescribe the Lad a safe and true Gate,  
How to avoid the dreaded Path to *Newgate*;

Least

Least bloody Judge and Jury, should transport  
The Boy to *Tyburn* — Send him to the Court ;  
Where in a Fortnight's Time he'll learn his Cue,  
Under ———

To pick the Pockets of a free-born Nation,  
In furnishing two Dishes for Collation :  
Like learned Cooks, as all Men grant they are,  
To make the self-same Sauce to Peace and War.  
What better are we for this boasted Quiet,  
If we must pawn our Birth-right for our Diet ?  
But since it is by Providence decreed,  
That Liberty and Property must bleed ;  
This only Comfort will their Suff'rings ease,  
That, like good Christians, they depart in Peace.  
You cannot, Sir, do better for your Lad,  
Than bind him an Apprentice to this Trade :  
The King's his Surety, and will not neglect him,  
But with a Standing-Army still protect him.  
Yet if *Bob's* Talent lie not in his Brains,  
Make him a Parson, Neighbour, by all Means.  
His Road unto Preferment, Sir, is chalk'd,  
In all my Life I ne'er knew Blockhead balk'd.  
As rankest Weeds in richest Soil are found,  
So Spiritual Hemlock thrives in Holy Ground.  
The Church and State, like Sharpers, cry out  
(Halves ;

One claims the Fools, the other all the Knaves.  
Thus, Sir, I've shewn you how your Son may rise,  
But do as seemeth good in your own Eyes :  
For if your *English* Stomach can't digest  
The rav'ning Courtier, or the Jackal Priest,  
Teach him your self, and let the Son inherit  
His Father's Acres, and his Father's Merit ;  
Ere Sense, that, like *Aurora*, does make Way  
For brighter Reason the ensuing Day.  
With *Noll's* great Image fill his dawning Soul,  
His Fancy flatter, and his Judgment rule.

H h h 4

May's





*En! Cives, pictura loquax, præroga malorum,*  
*En! quæ Saxonibus fata minantur ait.*  
*Hic grandi assurgit pompa venerabile bustum,*  
*Reliquiasq; tenens urna, Jacobe, tuas!*  
*Hic luce effulgens, positoq; Britannia luctu,*  
*Aspicit exultans Cæsaris ora novi.*  
*Dum solii infelix rivalis, mæstus & exspes,*  
*Volvitur, inq; imas præcipitatur aquas,*  
*Belgicus inde Leo — quin tu damnabere flammis,*  
*Impia Niliacis, fæta tabella notis!*  
*O Cerebrum felix! Et divinare peritum!*  
*O lepidum ingenii luxuriantis opus!*  
*Quin pergas, bone Vir, nondum extricata lateſcit*  
*Materia auguriis plurima digna tuis:*  
*Mæste sagax; repete examen, quæ præbuit unam*  
*Chartula figmentum, Zoile, mille dabit.*

*On Dr. Garth's Sickneſs, 1703.*

**M***Achaon ſick! in e'ry Face we find*  
*His Danger is the Danger of Mankind!*  
*Whoſe Art protecting Nature can't expire*  
*But by a Deluge, or a gen'ral Fire.*  
*More Lives he ſaves than periſh in our Wars,*  
*And faſter than a Plague deſtroys, repairs.*  
*The bold Carouſer, and advent'ring Dame,*  
*Don't fear a Fever, or reſuſe the Flame:*  
*Safe in his Skill from all Reſtraint ſet free,*  
*But conſcious Shame, Remorſe, or Piety.*  
*Sire of all Arts! defend thy darling Son,*  
*Reſtore the Man whoſe Life's ſo much our own;*  
*(On whom, like Atlas, the whole World reclin'd)*  
*And by preſerving Garth, preſerve Mankind.*

The

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T H E

London and Lacedemonian Oracles.

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*Written by Mr. T. BROWN.*

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*In which he undertakes to answer all witty and ingenious Questions, for the Diversion, as well as Satisfaction of the Curious.*

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The INTRODUCTION.

**L**AST Night being very restless in my Bed, I thought fit to divert the Time with Sporting an Author, remembring that of Perseus, Nocturnis juvat impallefcere Chartis. The first Book I laid my Hand on, prov'd some select Comedies of Aristophanes: Turning them over, my Eye stay'd on that Place in his Comedy of Clouds, where he brings in Socrates and Chærephon measuring the Leap of a Flea from one's Beard to t'others. I laugh'd so heartily at the Fancy, that I soon forgot the Inquietude of the past Hours, and resolv'd to spend those to come with more Satisfaction, by reading the whole Comedy over; which by that Time I had done, it grew toward Morning, and that made me think of taking a refreshing Nap to keep my Body in its due Temper: But the Wit of Aristophanes had banish'd Sleep from my Eyes, filling my Head with a thousand pleasant Fancies, 'till Fortune, that took Care of my Health, had, by I know not what Means,

*Means, laid one of those Papers, call'd, The Athenian Mercury, by me, being destitute either of Opium or Poppy-water. I had scarce run over one Paragraph, when I found a Heaviness descend on my Eyes; the welcome Harbinger of approaching Slumbers, which soon follow'd after. The Mercury had no sooner perform'd its Office, but I found my self entertain'd with this Dream or Vision: Who should come to me, but Aristophanes in his own proper Person, I having methought that Comedy in my Hand, which I had just before perus'd; she shew'd me a thousand Beauties I had pass'd over unregarded: From this he pass'd to enquire of me the News of the Town; I mean not as to Affairs of State, or any of the unpleasant Movements of the Body Politick, but as to what related to the Beaux Esprites, the Men of Thought and Over-Thought, the Brothers of the Quill, and the like: Whether the Soul of the Virtuoso's of our Age were agreeable to that of his Socrates, &c. I assur'd him the very same extravagant Whims were still in Being, and every Day reviv'd: Anaxagoras his Mountains, Valleys, and Dwellings in the Moon, were now form'd into regular and distinct Countries; and we were as well acquainted with that Planet, as Diogenes with his Tub: That we had not made large Discoveries there, but had also many a laborious Trifle to exalt the Earth among the Planets too: That if the same Anaxagoras held the Sun to be a Piece of burning Iron, no bigger than the Morea, we had some not long ago, that were of Opinion, that it was fallen I know not how many thousand Miles nearer the Earth, than it was in his Time. You were not the only People, (said I to him) that were so happy as to be admitted to the Knowledge of the Plurality of Worlds by Democritus; we have since divided them into their several distinct Classes and Turbilibs: Nay, if your Poets borrow'd from your Philosophers some of their Systems to adorn their Works, our modern Philosophers have*



have found out Secrets of Nature in your Fables, worth the reducing to Practice; as that of Medea's renewing the Youth of Æsop. I confess we were not so successful; but the Reason, was because we rather follow'd her Prescription to the Daughters of Pelias, than what she practis'd her self. Here methought the Poet could not forbear laughing heartily. We have had (continu'd I) Pumps, Looms, and Machines, which you never dreamt of in your darker Days; and the Virtuoso's of the Athenian Society, have found out, that a Tummel revers'd, is full as good for the Eyes as Spectacles. Athenian Society (interrupted he) say you! why is there any of that Nation yet in being, whose Noddles are cast in the same projecting Mould they were in my Days? I find, that our Correspondence was false then, that gave an Account, that the Kingdom of Philosophy, which made such a Splutter there in my Time, was dwindl'd down to the honest Mechanick; and none aspir'd higher than his Trade, or the Knowledge of a Country Pedant. Or have the Ancient Race transmigrated to these happy Isles, to make all run mad with Whims and Nonsense, with a Grave Magisterial Face? No, no; my jovial Poet, (return'd I) these are only a Company of unknown, nameless Undertakers, who pretend to answer all Queries which are sent them from all Degrees and Qualities, from the Prince to the Peasant; but particularly such as are sent by the Fair Sex; for whom they have a most profound Veneration, that is, from the Lady in her cock'd Commode, to the Oyfter-wench in her lawful Occupation at the Tavern-door. But why (interrupted he) do they call themselves Athenians? I know not, (return'd I) unless it be by the Resemblance they have to a certain Bird, for which that City was famous of Yore; tho' by the Vigour and Force of their Reason, the modest Gentlemen aim'd not so high, as to equal themselves to the Birds of Minerva, but only emulated the Modern Athenians, selecting  
the

the silly and trifling *Queries* of the Blue and Green Apron-Men, and casting aside all the Ingenious and Witty, as Alien from their Design and Purpose; for which, when they are reprimanded, they think it sufficient, wisely to answer, That they who sent those *Queries*, thought them as wise as any: As if, because every Fool thinks his own Product fair, that therefore there is no real Distinction betwixt Wit and Dullness, but the fond Opinion of the Person concerned. Thus, when the Ingenious Mr. de la Croix discover'd, in one Supplement, about forty or fifty gross Faults in both Words and Sentences, this grave Assembly say for Answer, that a Dash of a Pen will mend them. So many Dashes, (interrupted he) would but disfigure the Paper; and therefore I am of Opinion, that the Fire would do it more to the Purpose. These are the wretched Answers, they give, (pursu'd I) and pretending to gratify the Learned World, weakly busy the Press with impertinent Questions of Apprentices and Chamber-maids; and instead of enquiring into the Solution of witty and judicious Points, relating to History and Philosophy, which have been sent them, they have everlastingly stuff'd their Papers with Receipts for Fleas, &c. and such like wise Lectures. There was, a little after my Time, (said Aristophanes) when the Itch of Scribbling grew more common, and diffus'd a damn'd Blockhead of a Poetaster in Athens, nam'd Choerilus, who writ the Athenians Victory over Xerxes, and the noble Acts of Alexander the Great: But out of all his voluminous Crambo's, there were but seven Verses that would stand the Test of Reading, and for them he receiv'd seven Pieces of Gold; but for every one beside, a Buffet on the Face; which amounted to so plaguy a Number, that he could not see out of his Eyes for a Twelve-month after; and forswore the horned Hill of Parnassus, as a more inhospitable Place, than the Mountains of Caucasus. It is Pity, that you that pretend to improve all that

was

*was good among us, should want some such Punishment for those Scoundrels that presume to scribble in Spite of their Stars; and I desire, in the Name of all the Old, that these New Athenians may be regulated according to that laudible Custom of our Days. I perswaded him this Punishment would be too severe, since for all their Buffets they would not have one Piece of Gold. But to find out a Punishment more agreeable to our Times, I thought the setting up a Query-Office in Opposition to theirs, would mortify them as much as the Office of Insurance from Fire by the Friendly-Society did that of Barebone. He was satisfy'd of the Equity, as well as Reasonableness of my Resolve, and desir'd me to insert these following Queries to his self-adopted Country-men, that he might imploy 'em as well as he had his Socrates and Chærephon.*

Query. **W***Hat was the Opinion of the Ancients about the Soul?*

*Ans.* Their Opinions were almost as various as their Persons, and many of them as absurd as others are wonderful. Some thought, that the Soul perish'd with the Body; some, that tho' it a great while out-liv'd the Body, yet it had its Period, and once should be no more; others arriv'd, by the Force of Reason, to a presumptive Knowledge of its Immortality; some took the Soul to be nothing else but the Heart. *Empedocles* held, that the Soul was only the Blood that incircld the Heart; some would place it in the Brain, or at least would have the Brain its chief Seat or Throne. These Opinions found Opposers of such as held only, that all this was false, without establishing any Truth in the Place of these suppos'd Errors they pretended to remove. *Zeno*, the Founder of the *Stoicks*, held, that the Soul was a Fire, perhaps borrowing his Opinion from that Fable of the old Poets of Greece, who made *Prometheus*



*Prometheus* steal Celestial Fire from the Chariot of the Sun, to give Life and Motion to that Image he call'd Man; for it was no better than an Image, when *Pallas* was so taken with his Ingenuity of forming it, as to profer him any Thing in Heaven for the perfecting of his Work. But methinks there is nothing more pleasant, than the Fancy of *Aristoxenus*, who, being a Musician, as well as a Philosopher, would needs have the Soul nothing else but a certain Harmony proceeding from the well-dispos'd Motions of the Body, like the proportion'd Notes in singing, and instrumental Musick; tho' perhaps one would imagine, that *Aristoxenus* had a Mind to put a Complement upon his Diversion, and make the Philosopher truckle to the Musician; yet he only reviv'd that Opinion, which was long before deliver'd by *Plato*. *Xenocrates*, tho' he deny'd, that the Soul had any Form or Body, yet contended that it was *Number*; the Force of which, he thought to be very great in *Nature*, as *Pythagoras* had maintain'd before him. His Master *Plato* suppos'd a threefold Soul; the principal Part of which, as the most honourable, he plac'd in the Head, that is *Reason*; from which he separated two other Parts, *Anger* and *Desire*; *Anger* he plac'd in the Bosom, and *Desire* beneath the *Midriff*, betwixt the Heart and the Lungs. *Dicearchus* will needs have it, that the Soul is nothing at all but an idle empty Name; and that the World is much in an Error, to use this Distinction of Animal and Inanimate Beings, since neither Man nor Beast, nor any Thing which comes within the Notion of a living Creature, has any Soul; and that the *Power* by which we move, think, or do any Thing, was equally diffus'd through every living Body; nor by any Means separable from it, since it was nothing but one indivisible

indivisible Essence with the Body so made, as by the Benefit of Nature it should live and think. *Aristotle*, the greatest of the ancient Philosophers, (tho *Cicero* always prefers *Plato* to him) after he had consider'd those other four Kinds, from whence he deriv'd all other *Beings*, supposes a fifth Nature, the Origine of the Soul or *Mind*; for to think, to provide for Events, to learn, to teach, to invent some Things, and remember many more; to love, to hate, to covet, to fear, to be troubled, to rejoyce, and Things of this Nature, he cannot conceive to be in any of those four Kinds. So that he advances a fifth Kind without a Name; and therefore calls the Mind or Soul (by the new Name of) *ὑπερέχον*, as it were a continual or perpetual Motion. I think I have enumerated all the Opinions of the Soul, except that of *Democritus*, who makes the Soul, as well as all Things else, be compos'd of the fortuitous Concurrence of Atoms.

*Plutarch* and *Stobæus* say, that *Thales* first affirm'd the Soul to be *αὐτεκίνητον*, a Self-moving Nature. *Aristotle* (*de Anima liber*, Cap. 2.) calls *κίνητικον* in Respect to the Motion it gives to other Things; in which are included both Parts of the *Platonists*: A Substance, having within it self a Power to move it self and other Things. This Opinion first rais'd by *Thales*, was entertain'd in the Schools by *Pythagoras*, *Anaxagoras*, *Socrates*, &c. 'till excluded by *Aristotle*. *Thales* held, that the Load-Stone and Amber had Souls: The first, because it draws Iron, the second Straw. He farther asserted those Things we count *Inanimate* to have Souls. He was the first, according to *Cherilyus*, that held the Immortality of the Soul of Man, learning it from the *Egyptians*.

Some say, *Pherecydides* first asserted the Immortality of the Soul. *Anaximenes* held, that our  
Souls

*Souls*, by which we live, are *Air*. *Anaxagoras* held, that the Soul is *that which moveth*, that it is *Aerial*, and has a Body of the Nature of *Air*; and that it dies as well as the Body.

*Socrates* held the Soul to be immortal, proving it with this Reason, what is always moveable, is immortal, but that which moveth another, or is moved by another, hath a Cessation of Motion and Life; that the Soul is pre-existent to the Body, endu'd with Knowledge of eternal Ideas, which in her Union to the Body she loses, as stupify'd, or in a Dream, 'till awaken'd by Discourse from sensible Objects: Thus is all her Learning only Reminiscence, or a calling to Mind her first Knowledge. The Body being compounded, is dissolv'd by Death; the Soul being simple, passeth into another Life incapable of Corruption. The Souls of Men are divine, to whom, when they go out of their Bodies, the Way of their Return to Heaven is open, which to the Best, and the most Just, is most expedite. The Souls of the Good after Death, are in a happy State united to God in a blessed inaccessible Place, the Bad in convenient Receptacle suffer condign Punishment.

*Heraclitus* says, That the Nature of the Soul is so profound, that it cannot be found out by any Means; he only asserted, that it is as all other Things are, *an Exhalation*; that which is within, and that which is without, being all of one Nature, it is incorporeal, and always in Fluxion; that its being mov'd, is Self-evident of Souls, that the dry are the Wisest and Best.

*Xenophanes* held, that the Soul is a Spirit, and that there were many things beneath the Mind. *Protagoras* held the Soul to be nothing more than the Senses.

*Epicurus* conceives the Soul to be corporeal, some more tenuous or subtile Body, made up of



most subtile Particles; he was of Opinion, that those that held it incorporeal abus'd the Word, and play the Fool exceedingly; for except it were such, it could neither act nor suffer, and not be touch'd by any thing, but would be as a mere Vacuity, which is such, that it can neither act nor suffer any thing, but only affords a free Motion to Bodies passing through it.

Now, that the Soul acts and suffers something, is manifestly declar'd by its Senses and Affections, as also by the Motions by which it impels the Members, and from within governs the whole *Animal*, turns it about, transports it into Dreams, and in general, by its Union and Consent, mix in one Compound with the grosser Matter, which usually, upon this Occasion, is more particularly term'd *Body*. He calls it a most tenuous Body, for that it is made up of the most tenuous and most subtile little Bodies, which, as they are for the most part exceeding smooth, so are they very round; that the Sense is the Soul of the Soul.

*Diogenes* held the Soul to be Air, and *Hippo*, that it was Water. What other Opinions of the Ancients there may be of the Soul, they are reducible to some of these.

Query. *A certain Querist of the fair Sex, being in great Doubt what to do in this following Case, desires the Answer of her humble Servants the Athenians?*

*Ans.* She having by Nature a Constitution that is so abundantly stock'd with LOVE, that she cannot contain, but a Face and Person that scares all Men from making any Address to her, is extremely troubl'd in Mind how she shall comply with God's first Commandment, *Increase and Multiply*; unless some of the Members of that Society will cast a charitable Eye of Regard on her; if so, we shall take care to give them exact Directions to find her out.

Query.

Query. *What is Scepticism?*

*Answer.* 'Tis thus defin'd: A Faculty opposing *Phænomena's* (or Apperances) and Intelligibles all manner of ways, whereby we proceed through the Equivalence of contrary Things and Speeches first, and Suspension then to Indisturbance; we call it a Faculty from the Power thereof: By *Phænomena's* we understand Sensibles, which we oppose to Intelligibles. These Words all Manner of Ways may be referr'd to Faculty or Power simply, it may likewise be apply'd to Opinion betwixt *Phænomena's* and Intelligibles, since we oppose them several ways, *Phænomena's* to *Phænomena's*, Intelligibles to Intelligibles, or one to another; wherefore, to include all Oppositions, we say all *Manner of Ways*, or all Manner of Ways of *Phænomena's*, and Intelligibles, not inquiring how *Phænomena's* seem, or how Intelligibles are understood, as taking them simply. By *contrary Speeches*, we mean not only Affirmation and Negation, but simply those which are repugnant. *Equivalence* we call an Equality, as to Belief and Unbelief, so as neither of the repugnant Speeches is preferr'd as more credible than the other. *Suspension* is a Settlement of the Intellect, whereby we neither affirm nor deny any Thing. *Indisturbance* is a Composure and *Tranquility of Mind*.

Query. *What Nation invented Painting?*

*Answer.* I am not of their Opinions, who not being able to wave their bigotted Veneration for that Nation, which gave Birth to the divine Author of our Religion in Inquiries of this Nature, will needs perswade the World that we owe the Invention of this noble Art to the Off-spring of *Abraham*, as well as the other Arts and Sciences; and that from them the *Egyptians*, from the *Egyptians* the *Græcians* successively improv'd them, and arrogantly challeng'd them as their

own Productions. I must confess, I cannot see any such mighty Reason for their Opinion, but that I may, without Impiety, or the least Irreverence for the Christian Faith, declare my self of a contrary Opinion: For by the Account of all History, sacred and prophane, that Nation has a much different Character, than what is agreeable to a Mother of rare Arts and Sciences, being always more devoted to their Gain, than to imploy their Time on fruitless Observation. And I am sure, the *Ægyptians* had too mean a Value for them, to admit them as Teachers in any Thing: For at their first coming into *Ægypt*, all the Interest of *Joseph* was not sufficient to gain his Brethren any greater Favour, than a Frontier Province, remote enough from the Court, to live in, where their greatest Study, was, to look after their Flocks. And from the *Ægyptians*, *Aaron* learn'd to make the Golden Calf; and *Bezaleel* and *Aboliab* were beholding to an extraordinary Inspiration, not to the Use of any Arts among them. But of all the Arts, none certainly can be less in Reason deduc'd from the Children of *Israel*, than this of Painting, since so little Advantage could accrue to those that first busy'd themselves about it. And if we may add, as a supernumerary Reason, the Inclinations of their Posterity, we cannot suppose them so ingeniously given, as to mind any Art, that contributed not immediately to their Interest. I must therefore conclude, that some more easy and contented Nation was the first Designers of this *Gentleman-like* Profession. To pronounce magisterially in this Case, and decide it to any, would be more than the most Judicious of the Ancients durst do, who were, by many hundreds of Years nearer its Birth, than we: Yet I am apt to believe, the *Ægyptians* were the first Painters or Statuaries, as well as Philo-



Philosophers ; tho' I cannot allow their Vain-glorious Brag, that *Picture* flourish'd six thousand years with them, before it pass'd into *Greece*. Tho' the Original of this Art is obscure, yet this I may say, that whatever People may in Justice pretend to the Invention, *Greece* alone brought it to Perfection, and therefore may the better be allow'd to arrogate it wholly to her self, tho' it be controverted what part of *Greece* gave Rise to it, some attributing it to *Sicyones*, an Island in the *Ægean* Sea ; others to *Corinth*, where, by drawing Lines round the Extremities of the Shadow of a Man, was rudely made the first Step to *Picture*. The next advance was into one Colour, call'd by the *Greeks*, *Monocheoma*, that is, of one Colour. But in a little Time it became more stately, and arriv'd to that Beauty in which it was in the Days of *Apelles* ; nor lost it much of its Lustre in its Transmigration from *Greece* to *Rome*, 'till the Dissoluteness of some Emperors, and the Weakness of others, suffer'd the Empire to be over-run, first with Ignorance, then with Barbarity ; for the Inundations of the *Huns*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Lombards*, destroy'd all that was fine in this Art, 'till by *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Urbino*, *Angelo*, and the rest, it was reviv'd almost to as great an Excellence as in the Age of *Apelles*, whom, with the rest of his Contemporaries, I cannot help preferring before any of our modern Artists in Painting, as well as Statues, if we may believe the Account which some of the Ancients give us of those admirable Pieces they themselves had seen.

Query. *Is there any such Thing as the Philosophers-Stone ?*

Ans<sup>r</sup>. If we believe the Chymists, they will tell us many fine Stories about it : That as the Seed of any Vegetable transmutes that Humidity of

the Earth proper to it self, into its own Form and Nature; and thus from a little Seed become a great Tree. So if the Seed of Gold or Silver be cast into any baser Metal, it will convert it into its own Nature. But then for this one seeming Reason, they provide abundance of Obsecurities and Enigmatick Subterfuges for you to lose your self in, if you attempt to pursue the imaginary Treasure, as the *flying Dragon*, the *Spirit of Tellus*, the Marriages and Conjunctions of *Sol*, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, &c. with *Amalgama's Hermetical Feelings*, and an infinite Number of such strange kind of Whims, as if they writ with a Design not to be understood. Thus *Faber* has deliver'd one hundred and twelve *Arcanums* to do Wonders, if you believe the Title of each Secret; tho' I never heard of that Man, tho' a profess'd Chymist, that durst pretend to understand one of them. So fearful they are of having their Minds discover'd by any but the *true Sons of the Art*, that they make every Thing a Mystery even to themselves. They'll tell you indeed of one *Artifus*, that liv'd a thousand Years, and of a *French* Scriv'ner that built I know not how many Hospitals and Churches, one by the *Aurum Portabile*, and the other by the *Powder of Projection*. Happy Men! that out of so many Thousands, whom the Witchery of the Golden Hopes has betray'd to this vain Attempt, and only arise to this more than Miracles: Nay, the Scriv'ner cannot be suppos'd to have had either Time or Money enough to have pass'd through all the tedious Experiments requir'd to its Perfection. The Great Duke of *Florence* has, among his choice Collection of Rarities, a Nail that is half Gold and half Iron, which, as they would have you believe, was chang'd from that baser Metal, by the only Touch of the Philosopher's Stone, which

it seems had not Force enough to transmute the whole. But this is a Trifle fit for the *Athenian Mercury* to duel upon, and give you a tedious Account of *Lullius, Bacon, Reply*, and the rest of that mad Tribe of canting Scriblers.

And now for Variety, and to comply, as near as I can, with your delicate Gust in Poetry, I will propose a few

*Queries in Metre.*

Quest. Self-nam'd Athenians, let it, pray, be shewn,  
(For sure 'tis obvious to your mighty Wits)  
*Why Farts burn blue when through a Candle blown,  
And yet that's yellow which the same Arse shits?*

For a Rhiming Answer to this difficult Question, I must, doubtless, be referr'd (for that's your Method) to something that you have already printed. Well then, let's see; What says the Oracle?

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*Hail Bard Divine! unknown, we must adore,  
Thy Eagle Pitch out-soars our baggard Flight:  
Our glimmering Lamp within will flame no more,  
Quench'd by too unsupportable a Light, &c.*

Your Servant, Gentlemen; I thank ye, and confess this is most incomparable Fustian, and superfine Stuff, but nothing to the Purpose of my Question, no more than it was to that with which it was first printed. Once more —

Quest. Tell me, ye Men of doughty Quill,  
And shew in Heraldry your Skill,  
Which Order's best, and valu'd most,  
Knights of the Stocks, or of the Post?  
Mistake me not, for I'm sincere,  
I mean no Sham-Athenians here,



*Attho' their Mansion of chief Fame  
 Stands by a Market of that Name :  
 Yet must I needs confess, their Writing  
 Deserves no other sort of Knighting ;  
 Nor to a Sir can make Pretence,  
 Unless were join'd with Reverence.*

*Quest. Tell me, in fine, what Scorn is due to those,  
 Who bid us all our Doubts to them propose,  
 Yet answer none, where difficult and hard ;  
 But call them Riddles, and not worth Regard ?  
 When Oedipus, if we may credit Fame,  
 Clearing a Riddle, got a Hero's Name.  
 Excuse th' unequal Instance that I bring ;  
 For what Comparison is in the Thing ?  
 Athenian Rubbish, and a Theban King.*

*Query. Whence have we our Opium ? Whether is  
 it Hot or Cold ? If Hot, why Narcotick ? If Cold, why  
 Sudorifick ? Let it be what it will, how comes it to have  
 that Deference for those Animal Spirits that are re-  
 quir'd for the Motion of the Heart, and for Respira-  
 tion ; as very often to spare them, whilst it seizes the  
 others that communicate with the Organs of the exter-  
 nal Senses ?*

*Ans. Here is a Chain of intricate Questions  
 indeed, design'd, I believe, to puzzle or daunt  
 the new Undertakers ; but I assure the Querist  
 he will find himself mistaken, especially as to the  
 last part : For who, tho' never so mean-spirited,  
 could despond in such a Matter as this, when he  
 has a fair Promise from such a Famous and Lear-  
 ned Society as the *Athenian Mercury*, that they  
 will take the Pains to view his Endeavours, and  
 correct his Failings. This Encouragement, with  
 the Desire of Self-Instruction, will make us conti-  
 nue and give our Thoughts of such Questions as  
 those acute Gentlemen have been unwilling to  
 answer ;*

answer; tho' they must of necessity examine 'em now, since they have openly pass'd their Word to the Bookfellers, and especially to their intimate Friends the Coffee-houses, that they would declare themselves upon the Questions of the *London Mercury*. I must confess, this Consequence of their Promise will prove troublesome to them; yet am satisfy'd they are generous, and will stand to their Word. So to the Question;

1. We have our *Opium*, some from *Greece*, some from the Kingdom of *Cabaia* in the *East-Indies*, and some from the Territories of *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*; for it is a Tear that distils from *Poppies* that grow in them Countries, when, at certain Times of the Year, Incisions are made in the Heads of those Plants. What is had this way, is the purest and best, and therefore kept by the People for their own Use, who send us that which they press out of the said Heads, and call *Meconium*.

2. Notwithstanding that *Opium* disables the Spirits for a Time, from the Performance of their Duty, and stupifies, as Narcoticks do that are granted to be cold; yet I hold it hot, by reason of its bitter Taste, piercing Smell, and sudorifick Effects; but chiefly, because it is almost altogether sulphureous, which none can doubt of, that knows how inflammable it is, and how easily dissolv'd in the Spirit of Wine. Now, how such a Substance can be narcotick, is not as hard to solve, as it may seem strange at first Sight; for it is clear, that any Thing can be narcotick, which can for some Time obstruct the Commerce of the internal and external Senses: And it is as plain, that any thing can effect this, which can either fix the animal Spirits, stop the small Passages of the Brain where they are form'd, or hinder their Influx into the Nerves, a Substance that

that is sulphureous, and consequently of ramous and pliable Parts, can do either or all three. And consequently *Opium* can be together Narcotick and Hot.

Finally, The reason why *Opium* does stop the Influx of the Spirits into the Organs of the external Senses, whilst Respiration and the Motion of the Heart, go their ordinary Train, is, I believe, because the Insertion of the *Carotids* into the Brain, is nigher the Origin of the Nerves, that convey Animal Spirits into the first, than them that supply the latter; whence it may very well happen, that the little Quantity of *Opium* that is ordinarily prescrib'd, is altogether taken up in obstructing the first small Passages it meets with; and that none, or at least a very inconsiderable part of it, reaches the *Cerebellum*, where the *par Octavam* has its Origin. And to this, that it is very probable that these Nerves are wider, and the small Channels of the Brain that lead towards them, more open, by reason of the uninterrupted Motion of the Animal Spirits in them Parts, than others are where this Motion is often discontinu'd; so that they cannot be so easily obstructed as the latter.

There is a Plant that grows on Mount *Libanus* in *Syria*, which the *Arabian* calls the *Golden Herb*; it begins to appear in the Month of *May*, after the *Snow* is thawed; in the *Twilight* it appears all in a *Flame*, and continues like a *Torch* until *Morning*, without *Diminution* of its *Substance*. Moreover, the People of that Country think, that the *Transmutation* of *Metals* might be compass'd, but they dare not dig it up, because such as have attempted it, dy'd on the sudden, and in the *Undertaking*. Pray your Thoughts upon these surprising *Phanomenons*.

*Answ.*



*Answer.* Supposing the Relation true, all the Parts of it may be solv'd with one very simple Conjecture: Only supposing that this Plant grows in a bituminous and sulphureous Soil, which is always exhaling Steams in great Quantity, which being condensed by the Cold of the Night, kindle into a Flame; which is no greater Wonder, than to see the fat Exhalations of Church-yards burn like Flame in the Air. Now, when the Sun is risen, he rarifies them Vapours, and so thin, that they mix with, and lose themselves in the ambient Air. As to the Transmutation of Metals, it is a groundless Thought of the Vulgar; but as to the sudden Death of those that attempt the digging up of this Plant, it may be true for ought we know; for it's like enough, that a great Quantity of them Steams, which probably being gross, are Narcotick, may either still the Motion of the Blood, or fix the animal Spirits; and so of Necessity bring sudden Death.

*Query.* *Whether the young Student's Library, propos'd by the Athenians, be not the cast Common-Place-Book of some antiquated Pedagogue?*

*Answer.* 'Tis very probable; for the Authors selected seem to be such as were most likely to fall within the Acquaintance of a Pedant, whose whole Life had been destin'd to the teaching of Boys to decline *Amo*, and to tell their Fingers; and the instructing of ignorant Peasants in the Knowledge of their Christian Names, and the Church-Catechism. This Medley of Authors seems to be well sorted; *Virgil's Æneids*, and the Works of *St. Austin*; *Lucian's Dialogues*, and *Dr. Hammond's Practical Catechism*; the Works of *Aristotle*, and *Culpeper's Midwife*; *Horace* and *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*; *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and *Dr. Sherlock of Death*; the Call to the Unconverted, and *Martial's Epigrams*. In short, the Man who  
made

made this Collection, was a very necessary Man in his Generation: For here one may learn to cap Verses, and turn a Pancake; save Souls, and cure Corns and kib'd Heels; steal a Flourish to adorn a Country-Sermon; and set forth a Breaking-up Declamation: So that the Improvements the first Design may receive from so learned and judicious Society, as that of the *Athenians*, will render this Miscellany as useful as a Pacing-Saddle, or the late famous Engine to part Cream-Cheese; very necessary to be read by *Torkshire Vi—rs*, and their pious Dairy-Maids, School-Boys, Fiddlers, Fencers, Midwives, and *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether it is not the real Interest of the Athenian Society, rather to endeavour the keeping up of the London-Mercury, than its Discontinuance?*

Ans. The *Roman* Historians tell us, that it was once very hotly debated in the Senate, what they should do with their rival Republick, *Carthage*; some were for utterly demolishing it; but others were as earnest to have it still preserv'd, out of a prudent Consideration, that if that City were once destroy'd, the *Romans* would prove reisty and effeminate. And now let the *Athenians*, if they please, (since they have a Predicator amongst them) make the Application.

Query. *What is the Reason why a Chequer is plac'd at Ale-house Doors?*

Ans. This Question was some Months ago sent to the *Athenians*, by the same Token that they were pleas'd to say, That without Doubt, a Reason might be found for this Custom, somewhere or other in History; but that for their Part, having other more material Questions upon their Hands, they would not give themselves any farther Trouble about it. Now, there is no great Mystery in the Matter, nor is a Man oblig'd to turn over his *Selden* or *Spelman* to find it out:

For

For all that need to be said on this Occasion, is, That Ale-houses in the Days of *Tore*, were Places of Gaming, where our sober Ancestors us'd to pass away an Afternoon, or so, at Chess; and therefore, for Distinction Sake, they plac'd a Chequer over the Door, just as now where a Billiard-Table, or a Green and two Bowls are painted on the Sign; any Person may be confident, he is not far from a Billiard-house, or a Bowling-green.

Query. Of what Antiquity is Dancing upon the Rope? And what may be suppos'd to give the first Rise to that Sport?

Ans<sup>r</sup>. Though the latter End of *August* be the fittest Time to answer this Question; yet, since the Querist has been so importunate of late, we can tell the Antiquity of it is unquestionably very great: For (not to mention any more) *Terence*, who liv'd a considerable Time before the Birth of our Saviour, mentions it in his Prologue to the *Hecyra*; where, taking Occasion to complain of the Thinness of his Audience, and the ill Success of his Play, he ascribes it to the Peoples being so mightily taken up at that Time with a Rope-Dancer; *Ita populus studio stupitus, in Funambulo animum occuparat.*

'Tis somewhat difficult to assign the Time precisely when this Sort of Recreation first appear'd in the World; but it is no ill-grounded Opinion, that it commenc'd a little after the Invention of the Theatrical Sports; which derive their Original from the merry Meetings of the old *Pagans* in Vintage-Time; where they first offer'd Sacrifice, and then fell to good Eating and Drinking; and at last, when they were in their Cups, those that were the Top-Wits of their respective Villages, pelted one another with Doggrel, and Country Railery; which prov'd the first Occasion of Comedy; and others, who valu'd themselves upon



upon Feats of Activity, would divirt the Company by dancing and leaping upon Leathern Bottles, that were well greas'd and anointed; and so this Exercise, prehaps, gave the first Hint to our active Sport, which now makes up so much of the Entertainment at *Barthol'mew-Fair*. And as the *Romans* borrow'd their Comedy from the *Gracians*; so it is not improbable, that to them likewise they owe their Rope-Dancing.

Gentlemen,

**I**N *Tour last London Mercury*, you very clearly stated the Controversy about that famous Passage in *Josephus*, lib. 18. cap. 4. concerning our Saviour, viz. *Whether it werereally genuine or not, or whether interpolated by the pious Frauds of the primitive Christians*. It appears very odd to me, that *Josepheus*, who was so exact an Historian of the Affairs of *Juday*, should be so highly silent, and say nothing of our Saviour. For, tho' the Place where this Testimony of his, concerning *Christ*, appear not altogether so proper for it, yet if this be not really the Testimony of *Josephus*, he no where else takes Notice of him. But, Gentlemen, granting this Passage to be spurious and forg'd, yet would it not be better, and more for the Promotion and Propagation of Christianity, to have the common People believe it to be true? I my self have heard it urg'd by a Reverend Divine, as a collateral Proof of the Miracles our Saviour wrought; nay, he did not Stick to quote even *Seneca* too, tho' that Philosopher no where takes Notice of him, except his Epistle to *St. Paul*, and *St. Paul's* to him, be of any Weight. However, after all, I believe the Design of that Reverend Gentlemen was good, and purely to possess his Auditors with a greater Regard and Respect for the Truth of our Religion. 'Tis very necessary that your next Mercury should answer this, and so put an End to thy Dispute. I am

Your humble Servant.

*Answer.*

*Ans.* Since there has already, in our last, been so much said of this Matter, a few Lines will dispatch an Answer to this Ingenious Gentleman's *Queries*. His first Objection carries but little Weight with it, which is this: Because *Josephus* does no where else make Mention of our Saviour, than in this Place, that therefore he must do it *there*. Now, *Josephus* does no where in his Work take Notice of the *Infanticidium* by *Herod*, which an exact Historian, one would think, ought to have done: But the most accurate Historians that have come to our Hands, have doubtless omitted several Things done in their own Times, and left them for others to relate. *Eusebius*, lib. 1. cap. 8. *Ecclesiast. Hist.* indeed quotes *Josephus Antiq. lib. 17.* as disingenuously as he does several others, where he makes him relate the Punishment with which God afflicted *Herod* for the Murther of the young Children, leaving but the Names of *Juda* the Son of *Sariphaus*, and *Matthias* the Son of *Margalothus*, who were slain by the Command of *Herod*, long after the Murther of the young Children, which *Josephus* mentions not at all. But if this Passage were genuine, how could it possibly have escap'd the Notice of *Justin Martyr* in his Dialogues with *Trypho*? Or how should *Tertullian* and *Clemens Alexandrinus* so strangely forget to urge its Authority against the *Jews* they disputed with, and combated? And lastly, Is it not a Miracle, that none should ever take Notice of it 'till *Eusebius's* Time, who, 'tis very probable, was the first Starter of it? *St. Hierom* translating that part of the Testimony, *ἐστὶν ὁ Χριστός*, does not say, *Hic erit Christus*, but *Credebatur esse Christus*. *St. Hierom* was very well acquainted with the Frauds of those Times, and believ'd it very improper for a *Jew* to say those Words. Cardinal *Earonius* says, That

in an *Hebrew* Manuscript he found those Words scratch'd out; and 'tis very likely (if it be true what *Baronius* says) that he that did it, had detected the Forgery.

To the latter part of this Gentleman's Letter, we have no more to say, but that we think Christianity has no need of the Supports of Artifice, Forgery, or Contrivance. At this Rate, the *Sybil's Verses*, and *Agbaras's Epistle*, are to be esteem'd authoritative and useful; whereas they rather serve to expose our Holy Religion to the Insults of *Spinosa's* Gang. At this rate, the Learned Men of this late Age have trifled away their Time; Monsieur *Baluze*, and our Learned Protestant Divine *Blondel*, might have spar'd the Trouble to the World and themselves. The Fables of the *Donum Constantini*, King *Lucius*, and the *Thebaan Legion*, shall be cry'd up; and for our Protestant Interest, that of Pope *Joan*. Our blessed Saviour call'd himself Truth; let it be therefore our Business to find it out and adore it. *Lactantius* says well in his Institutions, *Summum sapientia gradum attigisti quando falsa intellexeris*.

Quest. *Whether the Herb which we commonly call Fern, bears or produces any Seed? And how, or which way, it is to be sav'd?*

Ans. There is a considerable number of Plants reckon'd among the *Imperfecte*, or such as have neither Seed nor Flower, which by later Discoveries are found to be by far the most fruitful of any, in producing of Seed: So the *Fern*, *Polypody*, *Maidenhair*, *Spleenwort*, and the rest of the *Capillary* Plants, were call'd *Asperma*, and never known to bear any Seed, until the Invention of Microscopes, by which it was discover'd, that these little Heaps of Dust that appear'd on the back-side of the Leaves of these Plants, were so many Heaps of Seed; but so small, that one single Grain  
was



was not visible to the naked Eye. Hence such Plants are called *Epiphyllisperma*, because they bear their Seed on the Leaf. And the best way certainly to gather or preserve the Seed of them, is to pluck one of the Leaves with the ripe Seed upon it. So the *Fucus*, or *Alga marina*, in English *Sea-wreck*, was reckon'd among the more imperfect barren Plants, until that Learned Naturalist Dr. *Tancred Robinson* first discover'd, That these Bladders, so conspicuous in the Leaves of the *Wreck*, were the Seed Vessels of that Plant, and that they contain perfect Seed within them. Neither do I in the least doubt, that all kinds of *Moss*, *Coral*, *Sponge*, &c. and even *Mushrooms* themselves, have Seed, or that it shall lie long undiscover'd in them, tho' as yet we have no certainty of it.

Qu. *Quid Baccho Nymphas adhibes temerarie  
Caupo, Cum quo sit natus debeat igne mori?*

Resp. Dispare Dii sexu vincuntur, Amice, domamus  
Sic *Bacchum* Nymphis, sic *Venerem* maribus.

Query. By what means was it, that the Sepulchral Lamps of the Ancients, did some of them burn 1000, others 1500 Years.

Ans. The *Querist* tells us, That he believes himself able to make such; but I hope he'll pardon us that we do not believe him; for we are so far from that, that we believe there never was any Lamp made to endure so long. It's true, *Monfieur Des Cartes* has taken much pains to adapt his Philosophy to this *Phænomenon*; but we may, without injury to that Great Man's Memory, say, That several more Instances may be given for his being concern'd for the Explication of Appearances which never were.

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We have receiv'd a Letter from the Gentleman, whose *Query* about the Explanation of the 175<sup>th</sup> Verse in *Juvenal*, Sat. XI.

*Qui Lacedæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem:*

we answer'd before. This Gentleman is, it seems, not pleas'd with the Conjecture we make how it is to be understood, but tells us, That *Is. Vossius* (who, he says, understood Bawdry very well) interprets that passage to a very obscene Sense, &c. We were not ignorant how *Vossius* would have that place to be understood; but we think we have but little reason (notwithstanding what *Vossius* has said of the matter) to depart from believing the other Interpretation

*Not. in Catul* we before gave of it to be true.  
*P. 59.* *Pityisma* is no more than the Wine

either squirted from between the Teeth (as we generally try that way whether the Wine be good or not) or else some little left in the Glass, and flung upon the Ground. In this sense *Chremes* in *Terence's Heautontimorumenos* speaks: *Pitissando modo mihi quid vini absumpsit? Sic, hoc, dicens, Asperum pater, hoc est: aluid levius sedes vide Relevi dolia omnia, &c.* We think this a very fair Instance of its signification. *Vossius* (of whom the *Quirest* knows the Epigram,

*Quod si non placeat salex Catullus  
Effati cape nequiora Vossi.)*

is mighty willing that this passage should be thought Bawdy; and indeed that Satyr of *Juvenal* gives great countenance to his Conjecture, which treats of a Vice not fit to be named. As to the passage in *Apuleius*, we like not the reading either of *Lipsius*, or our *Price*. It may be read either *deterrimæ fortunæ* in the *Gen. Case sing.* and under-stand

stand *mancipia*, or some such word; or *discrimina fortuna*; or, if that don't please him, *retrimenta fortuna*. *Apuleius* is not strict to *Latinity* (for so much he confesses himself) and nobody ought to be accountable for his negligence.

We have not yet had leisure to consult our Books about the Receipt to make *Lacedemonian Porridge* for the *Querist*, who says he was old, and would willingly leave off eating *Flesh*, if he could find the way to make that *Broth*. We advise him rather to find out the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Receipt for making of *Porridge*, with which the *Taylor's Wife* would have the whole Bill paid.

Qu. *When was the Surplice first instituted, and by whom?*

A. I doubt not but many Habits, Rites, and Customs, both of the Jewish and Heathen Temples, were admitted into the Christian Church in its very Infancy; and among those I reckon the *Surplice*. The Jewish Priests had peculiar Vestments, which they put on when they officiated, and so had the Heathen; their sacred Garments were of Linnen, and for colour VWhite; and in the like habit did the ancient Ministers of God encompass the Altar, as one of the Fathers expresses it, in imitation of the Angels (by whose name Bishops and Priests are sometimes called) standing about the Throne of God, of which the Altar was looked on as a Representative. Now of Angels we read, That whenever they made their Appearances on Earth, their Garments were VWhite and Shining.

Gentlemen,

WE are two Husbandless young Creatures; a Gentleman is now in Love with one of us, but dispenseth his Frowns so equally, we could never yet

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make



*make a reasonable Conjecture which it was, tho' each of us has Vanity enough to decide in her own favour. One night this Gentleman pass'd a Compliment on us to this purpose: If he were a Monarch he could marry the One; and could be satisfied to beg his Bread with the Other. Quere, Which of these was the greatest Complement? Kind Gentlemen, pray resolve this in your next Mercury, and you will mightily oblige, at least, one of*

Your humble Servants.

*Ans.* VVhy truly, Ladies we are absolutely of Opinion, that the last was the greater Complement; for if the Gentleman designed any Favour at all in his Expression, it must certainly fall on her side, by how much the more probable it is, that he will sooner be a *Beggar* than a *Monarch*. Though for the first Husbandless young Creatures Comfort, we assure her that we have a young Gentleman for her in our Society, upon condition she bring Food with her as well as Appetite; for he will by no means be satisfied to beg his Bread with her. So we take our leaves for this time of the Ladies, advising them, friendly to be as speedy as they can in getting Husbands; for if the VVar lasts long (as 'tis likely it will) they must expect the Commodity to be scarcer, and advance at least 20*l.* per Cent.

*Qu.* VVhat was the Jus Nigrum made of, that Plutarch tells us was eaten by the Lacedemonians?

*Ans.* 'Tis a hard matter positively to say of what it was made, there is indeed so little room even for conjecture. The *Lacedemonians* were of all People the most temperate in their Diet, as *Plutarch* in *Vita Lycurgi* witnesses; and this σιτοδεία, or sparing Diet of theirs, was for these Reasons, of which *Xenophon*, and *Plutarch* in his *Laconick Institutes*)

*Institutes*) that they might be the better able to endure Hunger when oppress'd by War; and besides, they imagin'd it both healthful, and to cause a greater agility of Body. But this μέλας ζωμός was a sort of Broth that was design'd chiefly for their Old Men, the Young being allow'd Flesh; and that this Porrage was in the greatest esteem among them, beyond any other Dainties, *Plutarch* testifies in *Laconicis* and in *Lycurgo*. Τῶν δ' ὕλων εὐδοκίμῃ μάλιστα παρ' αὐτοῖς μέλας ζωμός, ὥστε μήτε κρεαδὶς δέδιξ' ἢ τις πρεσβυτέρης, &c. That the Composition of it was pieces of Flesh and Blood boil'd with Salt and Vinegar, we conjecture from *Plutarch de tuenda valetudine*, where he says, That the *Lacedemonians* used to give their Cooks Salt and Vinegar, and bid them procure the rest from the Victims. If this will not satisfy the Learned Gentleman that sent the *Query*, if he will have a little Patience, he may doubtless expect a better Account from the most Learned Society of *Athenians*.

*Query.* Whether the Reformed Churches beyond Sea do not all make use of a Form of Prayer, or which of them does not? And whether they do not approve of the Liturgy of the Church of England, or which of them declares against it?

*Ans.* Dr. Durel hath fully evinc'd to the World, that the Reformed Churches do use Forms of Prayer; the *Lutherans* throughout all *Europe*, and *Calvin's* Liturgy, is most commonly bound up with the *French Bibles*; and *John Knox* himself penn'd a Liturgy for the *Scotch Presbyterians*: The way of *extempore* Praying was borrow'd by the *Dissenters* from the Emissaries of the *Romish Church*, who by the Pretences of purer Devotion, sought to bring the Common-Prayer into dis-repute. In the same Book is prov'd, That the Reformed Churches do approve of our Liturgy; and it is

plain they do, because in the *Harmony of Confessions*, so often printed at Geneva, &c. the XXXIX Articles of our Church (in which it is well known, that both our Discipline and Service are asserted, as consonant to God's Word) always find a chief place. And whatsoever some private hot-headed Men may have said to the contrary, in their Letters to their private Friends, I know of no Church that hath express'd her open dislike, either of Liturgies in general, or in particular of our excellent Service.

Query. *The Athenians excused themselves from giving a Latin Answer to the Question which began with Fare Age, Vol. 6. Numb. 12. because (forsooth) they would not make an Olio of all Languages. Q. Why then did they trump a Greek Epigram upon Quid Baccho Nymphas, since Greek will certainly help to make it an Olio as well as Latin?*

Ans. We believe the Pretence of the *Olio* no more than they themselves do; for we find them liberal enough of their *Greek* and *Latin*, nay, and *Hebrew* too, when they can have it on free-cost. So that we must e'en impute it to the narrowness of their Poetical Genius, which can perform no Feats out of *English* (and in that but very sorry ones, the Lord knows) till such time they shall vouchsafe to convince us to the contrary.

Query. *Whether any of the Lacedemonian Society has a private Pension from the late King and Lewis the XIV<sup>th</sup>, as is suggested in the Postscript-Letter to the Athenian Mercury, Numb. 18. Vol. 6?*

Ans. Not a Farthing more than the *Athenians* had from the *Presbytery* at *Edinborough* or *Geneva* last year, for discharging the Dissenters of the Guilt of *Schism* in one of their *Mercuries*. Indeed, to put the *Athenians* out of their road, who pretend to answer all Quellions after us (tho' with what success may easily be seen by their  
Answers



Answers to the Questions out of *Virgil, Juvenal, &c.*) we started up a set of ridiculous Queries, and answer'd them as ridiculously. We are sorry to hear that some well-meaning Men have been offended at two or three Passages in them; tho' if a favourable Interpretation were allow'd them, we are confident they wou'd not appear Criminal: It would be too tedious to descend into particular Justification of them in this place, and therefore we must e'en leave them to the Reader's candour. However, before we part, we present our Service to the *Athenian* Gentleman, who answer'd the Question out of *Lilly*, and make bold to tell him, That since he was so kind to bestow the *Titubo*, and *Poto*, and all that, upon one of our Society (who out of a just Consideration of his own unworthiness, thinks he no more deserves them than any of the *Athenians*) he is desir'd to take *Nubo*, with the three scurvy Impersonals *Piget*, *Pudet* and *Tadet*, (home with him) to relieve and comfort him under the Fatigues of Matrimony.

Qu. I desire your Opinion of V. 309. Satyræ 14. Juvenal.

——Dolia nudi      Non ardent Cynici.

*Prateus* in loc. saith, *Dolia* (quippe fictilia, seu testacea) non sunt incendio obnoxia: But I cannot be reconcil'd to his Opinion, because *dolium* singly signifies differently from the same word, when joyned with fictile, or the like word.

*Ans.* The Invention of that Criticism is not owing to *Prateus*: *Lubin* in his Notes on that Verse, had told us the same thing out of *Pliny* before. Nor doth *Prateus's* Reason please me, for if by *non ardent* we must understand *non sunt incendio obnoxia*, *Diogenes's* Tub was certainly as liable to

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be burnt as Marble or Ebony, which the Poet mentions. Nor is the *Querist's* Argument against *dolium* without *futile* cogent, while the Satyrift mentions *Diogenes*, whose House it was, and every body at *Rome* knew what manner of Tub that Cynic lived in. The Satyrift means no more but this, That *Licinius* kept his Servants always upon the Watch, to observe that no Fire broke out and defaced his rich Household-stuff, his Statutes of Gold and Silver, of Brass and Ivory, and the nobler Marbles, the loss of which would not easily be repair'd (for he is proving the Truth of that sage Observation, V. 305. — *Misera est magni custodia census.*) But the Cynic's Tub (and therefore I would read it—*At lata testudine*, &c. to make good the *Antubesis*) was proof against Fire, it had past the Flames once already, and, if it happen to be broke, another is easily purchased, or the same easily mended. — *Eadem plumbo commissa manebit*; which is a plain Intimation, says *Lipsius*, that it was an earthen Tub, for they bound the pieces of such together with Lead. *Diogenes Laertius* says, That the Tub belong'd to the City of *Athens*, and that the Cynic himself in his Epistles confess'd, That having spoken to his Friend to provide him a House, he in the mean time made the Tub in the *Metroon* serve him instead of an Habitation. This Tub *Diogenes* in his Epistle to *Apollexis*, who had promis'd to fit him an House, calls *κοχλία*, and says, that he did light on it by chance; bidding *Apollexis* rejoyce with him, that he had found out a way of living according to Nature. The Critick *Ménage* would have this Tub to be of Timber, because *Lucian* says, That he roll'd it up and down; but withal he acknowledges, That an earthen Tub (which certainly was thick as well as big) might be tumbled up and down in a soft and smooth place.

Qu. *Whether the Athenians be not as able to write a Natural History, as Ogilby was to translate Virgil, Shadwel Juvenal, or Dursley Horace?*

Ans. No sure; for tho' they have the advantage of finding some part already well done by the Ingenious and Learned Dr. Plot, &c. an Advantage the others were not so happy in, yet they have not the Wit or Judgment to steal well. They have just the Reverse of *Midas's* Fate; for what was before *Gold*, turns to *Dross* as soon as defil'd by their Touch. They would have taken it for a malicious Observation, if any other had taken notice that *Sparta* was become a Sports for *Athenian Owls*; but coming from themselves, it cannot be construd a malicious Reflection upon them, who (poor Fools) spoke Truth (the almost only time they have hitherto done it) at unawares, *without thinking*, which they are not much addicted to. Thus they daily manifest, That tho' they have a *S A L T* among them, it is not of the *Salis Attici*. And now we are not behind hand with them so much as in a Quibble.

Query. *Why the Text in St. John's first Ep. relating to the Trinity, is wanting in most of the old Manuscripts in all Languages?*

Ans. Perhaps it was never there; and I am inclinable to believe so, because among all the Orthodox Fathers of the Church, in the Ages when *Arianism* was most prevalent, I cannot remember, that any one uses this Text as a Proof against these Enemies of the Divinity of our holy Saviour, which undoubtedly they would, had it been in their Books; but if it were there, and ever erased, it was probably done by those very Hereticks, when only a few *Orthodox* remain'd, and the whole World, as St. *Hierome* complains, wonder'd to see it self turn'd *Arian*.

Query.



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*Query. The Athenians, in their Proposals for a Natural History, speak of a Rain-bow appearing in an entire Circle. Qu. Which is the greater Rarity, Sense in an Athenian Mercury, or such a Rain-bow?*

*Ans.* The latter sure, for we don't think it impossible, but the *Athenians* may sometimes (as a great Author says) deviate into Sense. These Proposals the *Athenians* have copy'd *verbatim* from Dr. Plor's Enquiries, bating some ingenious Additions of their own, such as that of the Circular Rain-bow, which came out as a Fore-runner to the rest of the Nonsense they were resolv'd to speak about the Rain-bow the next *Mercury*; when amongst other things, they tell us, that is impossible the Rain-Bow should not be perfectly round, unless the Wind could blow an imaginary Angle of 45 deg. I would advise them henceforth not to refute things they don't understand; and since this appears to be such a mighty Riddle, I'll tell them how it can be solv'd in few Words, without blowing of imaginary Angles; *viz.* The smallest change of the Figure of those Guts of Water will make an alteration of the Angle, under which the Colours must be seen, if they should be alter'd from Spherical in the least degree, instead of an Angle of 41 and 52, the Colours must be seen under an Angle much bigger, or much less according to different Cases.

*Qu. How Old is the Custom of saying Grace before Meat?*

*Ans.* We have reason to believe, as Old as Mankind; since it seems very natural, that we should invoke the Blessing of the Author of our Being, on that which has such an immediate Influence towards the Preservation of it; its an allowable Pleasantry, we should tell our Reader, its as old as *Dido*, who, poor Lady, wanting a Chaplain (which perhaps might be the reason of her

her being so fond of *Æneas* ) after the House was hush'd, and a Bumper fill'd, begins Grace her self to this purpose:

*Jupiter ( hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur )  
Hunc letum tyriisque diem trojaque profectis  
Esse velis, nostrosq; hujus meminisse minores.  
Adsit letitie Bacchus datur & bona Juno.*

Qu. If there were no Light, would there be any Darkness; and so of other Contraries?

Ans. Tho' Darkness be nothing but the privation of Light, yet we have annex'd a positive Idea to it; if there never had been any Light, there must necessarily have been a Privation (or to speak in the Language of the Schools) a Negation of Light, but such as would not have caused in us that Idea, which now we call by the Name of Darkness: The Gentlemen who sent us this Query, sent us some others, which we have not leisure to Answer at present.

Qu. Whether Nutmegs or Moral Honesty be most reconcileable with the Climate of Scotland?

Ans. To tell you the plain truth on't, Sir, the more Southern part of the Island, hath not much to brag of its Fertility in either of these Fruits; our Neighbours in Scotland have this much at least to say for themselves, that be their Principle Good or Bad, they stick by it.

Query. How did the Lacedemonians punish Adultery?

Ans. Why really, not at all that I can read of: Nor do I see what Reason they had to order any Punishment for a Crime they could not be guilty of; for *Lycurgus* (who was their Law-giver, and perhaps as Crafty a Legislator as Antiquity can furnish us with) gave Indulgence to those whose Inclinations did not lead them to  
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approve of a Marry'd Life, or as *Xenophon* expresses, εἰ τις αὖ γυναῖκί μὲν συνοικεῖν μὴ βέλοισι, &c. and yet were desirous of Progeny, let him (says the Sage *Lycurgus*) if he like the Woman, and that she be fertile, agree with the Husband upon the matter as well as he can, πείσαντα ἑχούσα δὲ ταύτης τεκνοποιεῖν, that it may be lawful for her to make Children (as the true Translation is) for him. *Plutarch* witnesses as much, and *Nicolaus de moribus Gentium apud Stobaeum* tells us, that this Privilege was given to Strangers as well as their own Citizens. *Plutarch* gives us the Reason of the *Legislator*, because he look'd upon Children to be the Commonwealth's in general, not respecting the fondness of particular Parents, so that he encourag'd his Citizens not to have a sole regard to satisfy a lustful and warm Appetite (which now a days we only aim at) but to consider the Publick Good and Advantage, *Plutarch* in *Lycurgo* & in *Apotheg.* brings in one *Gerardus* relating a certain Fellow that ask'd the same Question of him, as the *Querist* does of us, to which we refer him, Modesty and our Inclinations obliging us to deal kindly by our *Querists*; This is indeed contrary to Divine Precept, and one would think Natural Reason too; but I suppose the chief Reason that invited *Lycurgus* to allow a Communication of Wives, was to take effectual means to exclude Jealousie and Suspicions, and reconcile greater Friendships among them: For doubtless, he that would not grudge the Use of his Wife to a Friend, would hardly deny him any thing else; and what was a great Happiness, likewise to remove all Quarrels, Dueling, and the Devil and all (too frequent among us, which might arise concerning a bare Woman) This surely kept them in Concord and Agreement, which whatever Nation enjoys, must necessarily



cessarily flourish, as without it, it must as necessarily be ruin'd and destroy'd.

*Query. A Gentleman, who was affronted by another, order'd his Servant to lay wait for him from whom he receiv'd the Affront, and to Bastinado him soundly: It happen'd that I came by, and the Servant thinking me the Person, beat me most unmercifully. Qu. If I have not an Action against the Master; or whether Ignorance will excuse the Fact?*

*Ans.* Ignorance of the Fact does not excuse the Person that did the Wrong: In our Law we never examine his purpose or intent, *factum videmus*; but our Law is, that Purposes in a Person that commands another to act, cannot be transferr'd from one Person to another. A commands his Man to Rob B, and he Robs C. A is not guilty of that Robbery; but if it be to lay Poyson for B, and he lays it for C, whereof C dies, A is guilty of his Poysoning; for the Poyson acts upon any, and was a natural Agent: In the other Case the Agent was a voluntary Agent, and follows his own Will, not the Will and Pleasure of A.

*Query. Gent. I am resolv'd to go round the Earth on Foot; I desire to know whether my Head or Feet will travel most, and how much the one more than the other?*

*Ans.* Sir. Be pleas'd to send us your Height by the next, and the Road you resolve to take, that is, whether it be a greater or lesser Circle, and we shall give you as exact an Answer, as the Question is capable of; but that we may not balk your Curiosity, supposing you to be as tall as an ordinary Man, if you will be at the Expences of levelling all the Mountains in your way, and promise to trace the *Equator* like a Rope-dancer, your Head will travel about seven Paces more than your Feet; tho' we must confess, to solve  
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the Question exactly, requires the *Quadrature* of the Circle; and this informs us of the great loss we are at for want of it in solving such an important and useful Question as this is.

Query. *Whether the Knowledge of Men or Things be the better?*

Ans. Of Men undoubtedly; for Men are one of the Noblest Parts of those things which are worth our Knowledge. But if this Gent. mean *Whether if a Man were to be confin'd, either to study Men or Books, which of the two is most eligible?* I still answer, the study of Men; for its seen, that those Men who only converse with Books, imbibe many Notions which are altogether impracticable, and become, for want of Conversation, proud and morose, conceited and ill-bred; whereas Conversation with Men (especially after some acquaintance with Books) makes a Man easily; and without the trouble and sourness of Confinement, an accomplish'd Man, i. e. a Sociable Creature, a Man of Practice and Use, to which all ought to be directed.

Query. *Having rec. i. v'd great Satisfaction in some Philological Questions I sent you, I desire to know how the Consonant was pronounc'd by the old Romans?*

Ans. Priscian tells us, that the Digramma *f* and *v* had formerly the same Force; and this we own it sometimes had, both when it was set before Words beginning with a Vowel as in *is vis* contractedly out of *is ver*, *is vesp* *vespera*; as also when it was plac'd in the middle, as in *ovum*, *ovis* *ovis*, *divas*, &c. where it exactly discharges the Office of the Digramma; nevertheless, there are several Reasons that incline us to believe that the old Romans pronounc'd *v*, just as we do our *w*, and no otherwise; for the Grecians always express'd it by *v*, as *Virgilius* *ῥήϊναι*, *Valens* *ῥαυναι*; and the Provincial Latin almost  
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## Lacædemonian Oracles.

constantly uses *w* for *v*, as *Vasto* to waste, *Vinum* Wine, *Vallum* a Wall, *Vena* a Wen, *Vidua* a Widow: To this we may add, that the *Germans*, and most of the Modern Nations in *Europe* (except our selves) pronounce it after this manner.

Query. *Unde Martiali qui tradidit or a Capistro  
Sic odis lusus, O Hymenæe, tuos.*

*Unde Dionæam percurrere jussus arenam,  
Cum famori Conjux conserit alma semur,  
Friget, & ad nullum surgit certamen amoris.  
Sed jacet, ignavo crimen onusque toro?*

*Ans.* For a Frolick we'll answer this Question à l'*Athennienne*—Faith and troth, dear Sir, we believe you are a naughty Man, and if the Truth wear known, a dealer in the Mathematicks, — a *Virtuoso* in Natural Philosophy—a Wag, a meer Wag no doubt on't,—nay, we fancy you have red Hair and a long Nose, but let that pass, we won't be positive—Why here is a *Question* with a Witness — *Unde Martiali, &c.* it is nothing in the World but downright Bawdry and Obscenity, — and as one of our Authors, *Paulus Horatius* has it, *Obscenum est quicquid extra scenam geri oportet*, so much by way of Etymology, to shew our Learning; you have indeed Sir, to give you your due, wrapt up your Present in a clean Handkerchief, and so forth; but what of all that? You have mistaken your Men, Sir; you have gone to the wrong Houe—We *Athenians* are a Set of morose starch'd Fellows; some of us are already in the State of Matrimony, by the same Token, that *one of us has a Wife, that never Long'd but she knew the Person.* The next are in a fair way to it; very pretty Rogues, and Swinging Fortunes let me tell you, and we'll give them brave Joyntures in *Beotia*, and d'ye think now we'll answer such a libidinous



*Prologus* Question. — So much to the Gentleman, to excuse our selves from answering him in that scurvy Language call'd *Latin*, which is ten times worse than *Hebrew*; — As for the *English* Reader, he may satisfie himself that it is a prophane wicked Question, and let the *Lacedemonians* do what they will, we for our parts will sow none of your what d'ye call 'ms, your Cushions to the Elbows of Iniquity: However, because we will not spoil his Longing for good and all, he may guess at the meaning of it by the following Reply,

*The Reason is plain, for he finds to his sorrow.  
What was Mutton to day will be Matton to morrow.*

*Qu. Charus erat Phœbo Corvus, dilecta Minervæ  
Noctua; Cur junctos odit uterque Deus?*

*Ans. Garrula avis Phæbo placuit, taciturna Minerva,  
Invenit gratum sic sibi uterque Deus.  
At periit priscusque lepos & gratia junctis,  
Bubo tacere nequis, tu quoque Corve loqui.*

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